

September 9, 1964

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 9, 1964

Vol. 32, No. 15

CONTENTS

Special Features

TV Preview: "Down the Darling" 16, 17
Gardening: Dahlias 60, 61
COLOR IN YOUR HOME Centre lift-out
Extra: 16-page BUTTERICK PATTERN CATALOGUE

Fiction

A Song of Sixpence (serial, part 1),
A. J. Cronin 26, 27
Sleight of Hand, Faith Baldwin 29
Career Girl, Roberta Yates 30, 31
Small Round Man From Texas, Arthur Porges 33

OUR COVER

● London milliner Madame Vernier
designed this "flying saucer." The
hat, in a beautifying blush-pink,
has a shallow crown and wide,
sweeping brim trimmed with a
bow. More Vernier hats, page 23.

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Regular Features

Social 10, 11
TV Parade 15
Beautiful Australia 21
Letter Box, Ross Campbell, Dorothy Drain 35
Mandrake, Crossword 42
Stars 46
Teenagers' Weekly 73-79

Fashion

Spring's Headly Elegance 23
Dress Sense, Betty Keep 25
Needlework Notions 41
Fashion Frocks 69
Butterick Patterns 71

Family Affairs

How a Child Grows 37
At Home with Margaret Sydney 38
Be Your Own Handyman 42, 43
Collectors' Corner, Home Hints 49
Wildflowers With a Japanese Accent 51
Cookery: Classic Stews 55-77
Low-calorie Recipe 56
Prize Recipes 57
Transfer 59

WORTH REPORTING

● One of our favorite pictures is on
page 8, showing Liz Taylor, scissors and
cigarette-holder in hand, doing a sewing
job on a film costume for her husband,
Richard Burton.

BUT then we always
marvel at the go-on of
actors. Twenty years ago,
even in the midst of a world
war and its aftermath, we
marvelled at the go-on of
the sex goddess of that era,
Rita Hayworth.

In September, 1943, Rita
Hayworth married actor

Orson ("The Genius")
Welles. From this marriage,
Rita said last year, she'd had
"four wonderful years and
a darling baby."

The "darling baby,"
Rebecca Welles, 19, recently
announced her engagement
in Pasadena, U.S.A., to
fellow-student-actor Michael



● Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles (left),
young and in love 20 years ago. Above, their
daughter, Rebecca, and fiance Michael Flores.

Flores, 21 (see picture above,
right).

Rebecca spent part of her
childhood in the household
of Aly Khan, her mother's
next husband. Also in the
house were Aly's two sons
(one of them is now Karim

Aga Khan) and Yasmin,
daughter of Aly and Rita.

A year ago Rita Hayworth
said of Rebecca: "She's a
lot like her father. I'm
hoping this will include his
talent. And she's stubborn—
as I am."

MR. DECIMAL CURRENCY

STUART DEVLIN, 32-
year-old Victorian Educa-
tion Department art inspec-
tor who designed the coins
(opposite page) for Austr-
alia's decimal currency, looks
more like a swimming in-
structor than an artist.

He is 6ft. tall and has a
skimpy crew-cut (right).

Youngest art inspector in
the Technical Schools
branch, Mr. Devlin trained
in gold- and silver-smithing
at the Gordon Institute of
Technology in Geelong, his
home town, and studied in
America and at the Royal
College of Art, London.

His wife, Kim, was nurs-
ing at St. Luke's Hospital,
New York, when they
married. They have a flat
at Prahran, but it's small,
so he rents a studio nearby.

All 300,000,000 coins
minted will bear his initials,
but he hasn't yet initialled
four of the designs.

On the one-cent piece his
"S.D." is between the glider's
whiskers; on the 10-cent coin
it is between the lyrebird's
claws. The letters are so



small they can be seen only
through a magnifying-glass.
Mr. Devlin says he has
been drawing since he can
remember. His father was a
painter and decorator and
he has two brothers who are
designers. One specialises in
furniture, the other in
engines.

We think his designs for
the currency have the rare
quality of charm.

When he called the twist
on the tail of his lizard "a
bit of fun," we agreed so
wholeheartedly we gave three
echoing Australian cheers.



PICTURED with Mr. Walter J. Nichols, of Mor-
isset, N.S.W., is a very special clock. Well over
150 years old, it was the first post office clock in
Australia and belonged to Mr. Isaac Nichols, first
postmaster in Australia (1809) and great-grandfather
of Mr. Walter Nichols.

Cookery book

WE regret that owing to
shipping delays our
new cookery book, "Step by
Step Cookery," by Mar-
guerite Patten in conjunction
with Leila Howard, of our
Test Kitchen, will not be
available until the end of this
month.

All orders received since
we published the order
coupon will be sent out as
soon as possible.

The first post office
was in Sydney, near Cir-
cular Quay, and until
Mr. Isaac Nichols' death
in 1819 the clock was in
a window, giving accu-
rate time to passers-by.

Handed down in the
family, it's still in perfect
working order.

Mr. Walter Nichols
plans to donate it to the
Sydney G.P.O.'s historical
museum.

the
CROYDE
look

in suits and dresses
for you—at fine
stores everywhere

When children
seem "nervy"
try this, mother, for
recovery overnight

Most children don't realise the
importance of keeping "regu-
lar". When they seem off-colour,
grouchy or tired (or lose their
appetite) wise mothers suspect
temporary constipation. Keep
the easiest answer in your
medicine cupboard—Laxettes.
Laxettes are squares of delicious
chocolate that contain tasteless
phenolphthalein, the gentlest,
surest laxative known. Easy to
give. Easy to take. No water.
No spoon. No gripping. No
embarrassing urgency. Just
Laxettes at night—and to-
morrow an easy thorough motion
and a happy, healthy child.
Only 3/3 at your chemist. In a
new pack that protects the
chocolate. When Nature forgets
—remember Laxettes.

The Bulletin
INCORPORATING THE AUSTRALIAN PHOTOGRAPHY
THE MAGAZINE FOR
INTERESTING
PEOPLE!

THOSE LIVELY WILD-LIFE COINS

● There's nothing stilted, but even a suggestion of humor on the "tails" side of the decimal coins which will reach Australians' pockets in 17 months. Designer Stuart Devlin, of Melbourne, admits he is proud of his wild-life designs, but says he still has some changes. "The glider and lyrebird are final," he said, "but the others will undergo a few modifications. I'm not happy with the magpie in the South Australian panel of the coat of arms, and I'm thinking of changing the emu's head." This is Australia's first full set of coins designed as a matching group, and all the creatures are uniquely Australian. (Sheep and wheat, which figure on current coins, will have a place on the decimal notes, still on the designers' desks.)

1 CENT—Feathertail glider, the smallest marsupial, also called "flying mouse." Drawing from photographs, Mr. Devlin at first gave it five toes on each foot. It wasn't till he handled a glider preserved in formaldehyde that he realized it has four toes on the hind legs. It lives from north Queensland to south-east South Australia; eats insects, nectar at night.



2 CENTS — Coin shows a frilled lizard (harmless reptile from the tropical north) trying to frighten an enemy by opening its big mouth and bigger neck-frill. It grows to a length of 2ft., mostly tail.



5 CENTS—Ant's-eye view of echidna, or spiny anteater, in its natural defensive position. This and the platypus are the only egg-laying mammals. Mr. Devlin (who has studied in U.S.) calls it "kind of cute."



10 CENTS—Male lyrebird dancing and displaying. Color picture shows it on one of the small mounds which it builds as dancing stages in the scrub. Lyrebirds live in damp gullies in the eastern States, and mimic other birds with such virtuosity and resonance that the imitation often seems better than the original. Mr. Devlin studied hundreds of photographs and handled stuffed birds and animals in museums while preparing the many preliminary sketches from which his designs evolved.



20 CENTS—Platypus in its underwater search for food. Mr. Devlin remarked: "Under water his eye doesn't show as it does on the coin, but opening his eye like that was a licence I had to take to make it look right." He is happiest about the platypus representation and found it "an interesting problem to represent an animal under water on a metal coin." Platypuses live in burrows in the banks of creeks and rivers in eastern States, are very shy.



50 CENTS—Fitting the heraldic kangaroo and emu in a circle was the artist's biggest problem. Mr. Devlin took about 100 photographs of kangaroos at the Healesville Sanctuary in Victoria and at the London Zoo and studied many emus.



● All except the one-cent and two-cent coins will have milled edges. The one- and two-cent coins will consist of a mixture of copper, zinc, and tin; the five, ten, and 20 cents of copper and nickel; and the 50 cents silver and copper.

Figures of kangaroo, emu, and lyrebird by Mr. Norman Chaffer, spiny anteater by Mr. B. J. Marlow, frilled lizard by Mr. Harold Cogger, feathertail glider by Mr. B. F. Bateman, platypus by Miss Betty Fleay.

NEXT WEEK

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SWEET TARTLETS

... they're a sweet treat any time.



★ The latest overseas dance craze is called "THE SWIM." In



Teenagers' Weekly you'll find easy directions on how to dance swimmingly (the step shown here is called The Dunk!).

Plus:

- ★ Rose Cloth needlework offer.
- ★ Pretty Paris fashions in color.
- ★ The beauty of garden rockwork.



TENNIS: Mesdames G. Denny, A. B. Jamieson, H. Moffet, A. J. Petrie-Hay, at the Embassy.



LADY MCINTYRE, wife of the Australian Ambassador to Tokyo, with butler Rio-san, arranges the last-minute details before a dinner party in the Embassy dining-room.

SHE HAS BUSY DAYS AHEAD

By GEORGIE SWIFT

● "I think the Olympic Games will be like a marathon of Australia Days," said Lady McIntyre, wife of the Australian Ambassador to Japan, Sir Laurence McIntyre, C.B.E.

THE Australian Embassy in Tokyo is noted for its welcoming atmosphere and Lady McIntyre's friendly, easy manner, which people of all nations notice and remark on.

And Australia Day (January 26) is a big day — there are two receptions, one for the Diplomatic Corps and Japanese Government officials, the other for Australian residents in Tokyo.

Lady McIntyre's friendliness does not stop at the accepted so many calls, so many receptions a year.

For instance, when Sir Laurence was the Ambassador in Djakarta, she taught English conversation and bridge to the wives of members of the Indonesian Foreign Office.

In the midst of a busier social life in Tokyo, she manages to be the chairman of the International Ladies Benevolent Society, which works for Japanese charities.

"Being made chairman was a great honor," Lady McIntyre told me.

"But I had to find out who, among the Japanese women, would be happy working together.

"Some of the old families

will have nothing to do with the newly wealthy ones, or else there might be a century-old family feud."

Lady McIntyre's life does not include the usual housewife's chores, as there is a Japanese staff, headed by a butler called Rio.

But she does spend time planning and considering whether her guests will get on together.

"I like a home atmosphere when entertaining," she said.

"Exhausting"

Every week is a busy social one for Lady McIntyre. Generally, there are two luncheon parties at the Embassy, as well as the usual Diplomatic party rounds.

"We seem to spend most of our time travelling from one engagement to another.

"It is exhausting when trying to get to two late afternoon receptions and a dinner in the one night.

"This is when I think the main requisite for an Ambassador and his wife is good health and a sense of humor," said Lady McIntyre.

She is a keen tennis player, and a group of her friends come to the Embassy for tennis every Thursday morning.

When Sir Laurence and Lady McIntyre holiday at the villa maintained at

Karuizawa for the Australian Embassy's staff and their families, they play in the tennis tournaments at the club.

It was while playing tennis in a tournament here that the Crown Prince Akihito met his wife, then a pretty commoner, Michiko Shoda.

Lady McIntyre speaks some Japanese, which she finds useful when travelling.

"I did not speak Japanese to the Emperor," she said.

"It is not done, even if you speak it perfectly. You speak English to his interpreter.

"I met the Emperor when invited to luncheon at the Imperial Palace. When an Ambassador and his wife arrive in Tokyo, or are leaving, the Emperor invites them to luncheon.

"There are usually eight guests. The food is Western and served on gold plates."

She continued: "Once a year, each Embassy invites to dinner a member of the Imperial family — one of the Emperor's brothers or sisters."

The Australian Embassy is one of the finest in Tokyo, ranking second to the U.S. Embassy.

Set in a four-acre garden, it is an impressive and rare sight in Tokyo, where every-

thing seems to be on postage stamp scale.

In the residence, Lady McIntyre has a large glass cupboard filled with her 12 pairs of Kokeshi dolls which she collected on visits around the countryside.

They are small and wooden, with humorous expressions.

The garden is one of the showplaces in Tokyo. Recently the trees and the stones were valued at £50,000 sterling.

The stones are the standard lanterns, water basins, stepping stones and the "dry" river, streams, ponds, and waterfall — the water being replaced by stones, representing rushing water in quiet, still water. Even the waterfall is one large stone.

Tea house

This garden is part of the original estate, designed over 300 years ago, and reflects the influence of the tea masters on the noble families during the 14th century.

The tea ceremony house is now the tennis pavilion.

Sir Laurence and Lady McIntyre have been in Tokyo for three years and this term has been extended to take in this year's Olympic Games.

They have two sons, Denis, 21, and Colin, 19, who are both students at Cambridge University.

"It is a problem bringing up children when your husband is in the Diplomatic Corps. Their schooling is difficult," said their mother. "They miss out on a close family life.

"And we, the parents, missed out on those wonderful parts of a child's school life — their sports day, prize-giving, and the school concerts."

EMBASSY residence from the garden.



BIMBO—

The dog with the heart of a nurse

It was a lucky day for fencing contractor Sandor Gubonyi six months ago when an alsatian pup, abandoned and half-starved, wandered into his camp and adopted him.

As Sandor called, "Come in, you poor skinny little rat," he did not know that she would soon save his life in an ordeal lasting at least ten days.

Sandor, a 50-year-old Hungarian migrant, was fencing for Mr. John Ney on the 4000-acre station "Baktha," 75 miles from Julia Creek, in north Queensland.

While he was cranking his tractor it moved forward and ran him down, dislocating his spine at the neck and rendering him helpless.

His fencing camp was miles from the homestead. He is a bachelor and rather a solitary man who enjoyed the isolated life. He would not, therefore, be expecting visitors, and he lay alone for ten days until he was found—alone, except for his dog, which he had named Bimbo.

Mr. Gubonyi is now recovering at Princess Alexandra Hospital, in Brisbane, where nurses call him "the Iron Man." And there he has told the story, as he so gratefully remembers it, of Bimbo's devotion.

Protector

The dog was his nursemaid as he lay beside the tractor, sometimes unconscious with shock, and later in the tent. Even his arms were paralysed.

Bimbo snapped and snarled at the crows which flew at his face, and in the heat of the day she stood so that her shadow fell across his face. Even so he turned nearly blind with the glare, but his eyes are recovering now.

The dog would not leave him until nightfall, and then she would slip away for a few minutes to get herself a drink of water.

Unfortunately she could not bring any back for her master. She could do no more than cuddle down beside him and keep him warm.

Like all good bushmen, Sandor had a 44-gallon drum



● Sandor Gubonyi (at left), whose life was saved by Bimbo (above), recovering in hospital in Brisbane after his long ordeal in the outback. Joan Lupton and Sue Baxter are among the staff who took over the role of nurse from the dog.

of water on his utility truck. He was unable to stand, but managed to kick his rifle down from the truck, hoping he would recover the use of his arms before long and shoot a hole in the drum.

It was hopeless. As the days passed he could not lift the rifle, let alone aim it. Bimbo looked on, "crying" helplessly, nosing the gun about, but unable to do more.

"She cried all the time and licked my face whenever I spoke to her," he said. "Her shaggy coat swept the dust off my eyes."

On the third or fourth day (time was getting blurred) he started crawling. He knew he would have to reach his camp, more than half a mile away, if he was going to survive.

He wriggled backwards on his head and heels, taking two days to get there and skinning his head and shoulders in the process.

Bimbo guarded him all the way to their fly-tent home.

The crows showed no mercy to the man pushing along on his back at a snail's pace. Bimbo growled fiercely at them and fought them off.

When he reached the tent and saw the bowl of washing-up water on the floor, the dog, in her simplicity, wanted to get to it first. She had every advantage over the man.

Sandor had to call her off sternly and buffet his good

"She looked very offended, but didn't take more than a few gulps a day.

"I was able to plunge my face in the bowl and drink, but I never want to drink soapsuds again."

Then there was the drama of the honeypot. Bimbo came back into her own over this.

Sandor managed to kick the jar off the table, and it broke so that he could lick

up. When he went to sleep she would nudge him awake and rest her nose on his face, whining sympathetically.

"Now and again she would sit back and let out a long, sad howl. I asked her to go for help, but I could not use my hands to point or she would have understood. Ah, so nearly human."

Recovering

At the end of a week Sandor knew his chances were getting very slim, but he still had enough fight in him.

"Mr. Ney found me on the tenth or eleventh day," he said.

"He called the Flying Surgeon, and here I am."

The nurses and I took it in turns to flip the ash from Mr. Gubonyi's cigarette as he told the story through puffs and in between bites of strawberries.

Though he was making a remarkable recovery, his arms and hands were still out of action.

"It's good to have a smoke," said the Iron Man from his iron bed.

"Don't you think you should find a wife to look after you?" I asked him.

His startled look showed that he enjoys his single blessedness, and it is my guess that he will be back in his fencing camp as soon as he can make it.

Bimbo stayed with Mr. Ney for a few days and then was placed in the care of a Julia Creek taxi-driver and milkbar owner, Col Brady, who is a friend of Sandor. (He took the picture of Bimbo on this page, waiting for her master to come home.)

Sandor lost two stone from his normal weight of 10 stone. Bimbo, too, was dehydrated through exposure and thirst.

The telephonists at Princess Alexandra Hospital told me that people are ringing up all day wanting to see this man about this dog.

By MARJORIE STAPLETON

friend aside with his head and feet in a battle for survival. The worlds of dog and man had separated through their instinct for self-preservation.

Mr. Gubonyi laughs at it now, while admitting it was no joke at the time.

"So nearly human," he remarked. "But not quite. I said, 'Leave it for me, Bimbo, dear old girl. Go find a water-hole, baby.'"

at it. Then came the ants, swarming over the honey and his face.

Bimbo washed his face the only way she knew. Her warm, rough tongue scooped the ants away.

"Good thing I'm not a vegetarian," said Sandor. "I reckon I ate a good lot of those little fellers."

The Iron Man tells his story with quiet fervor.

He said he kept talking to the dog to keep his courage

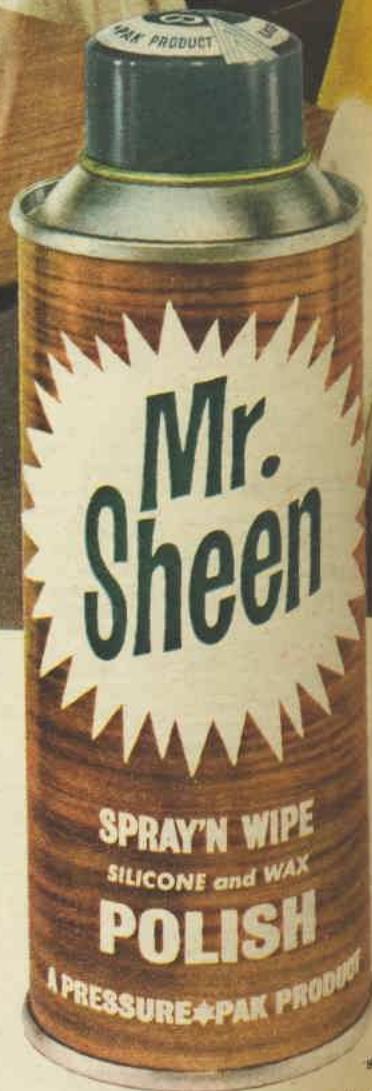


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SPRAY ON MR. SHEEN—WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE



'KING' LOST 23 STONE

By BILL WILSON, in New York

● Everybody coming into Kansas City for the annual TOPS convention wore baggy suits, or frocks which had been drastically taken in at every seam.

AT restaurants they ordered cottage cheese salads.

TOPS Clubs Incorporated had reserved 2000 hotel rooms in Kansas City. At the Hotel Muehlenbach, convention headquarters, a panel strung across the ballroom floor read:

"Trail to happiness . . . weight loss 638,241 pounds." And underneath: "TOPS Clubs — Take Off Pounds Sensibly."

TOPS is to rich, fatty, and starchy foods what Alcoholics Anonymous is to hard whisky. Club members help each other with encouragement and support when confronted with the image of Satan in the form of mouth-watering chocolate cake with thick, creamy filling.

Keeping it off

At the annual convention TOPS members who have resisted temptation most uncompromisingly are awarded prizes — and a TOPS king and queen are crowned.

If they can keep their fingers out of the refrigerator, they are promoted to KOPS, TOPS' sister organization, Keep Off Pounds Sensibly.

Allan Teich, an accountant, and Barbara Ann Johnson were this year's TOPS king and queen. Miss Johnson used to be a character actress — but she can't play stout-lady parts any more, after losing 14 stone.

Mr. Teich took off more than 23 stone sensibly — "by eating less," he said. "There really are no shortcuts."

Nobody among the 71,800 members of the TOPS Clubs could match the performances of the new king and queen — they could only stare with admiration and envy. But the inspiration of Miss Johnson and Mr. Teich will stay their hands from the cake tin for a long time.

At the annual TOPS convention, prizewinners address the members, explaining their individual problems and techniques in taking off pounds.

"Got it made"

"Calories are what count," said a lady from Pocatello, Idaho, who had shed five stone in six months. "If you get used to being hungry all the time, you've got it made."

A handsome ballroom-dancing teacher today, Glen Garner weighed 21½ stone when he joined TOPS two years ago.

He told the convention he had asked himself, "If I weigh 300 pounds when I'm 20 years old, what will I weigh when I'm 30?"

He described how he had trimmed down to 14 stone in six months (he found eating lettuce every time he got hungry a big help). Mr. Garner was crowned king TOP at the 1963 convention.

Alta Baker, 1963 queen, told the TOPS members her doctor ordered her "to diet or die," after she had suffered



1963 TOPS queen and king, Alta Baker and Glendon Garner, at their coronation. Left: Alta Baker at 21 stone, when her doctor told her to "diet or die." She now weighs 11 stone. Right: Glendon Garner at 21½ stone. He now weighs 14 stone.



a "stroke-like attack and almost complete heart failure." Eleven months after she joined TOPS she was crowned queen of her local chapter.

Her weight loss of 10 stone — down to 11 stone, from a size 48 to a size 14 dress — won her the national title.

Mrs. Jean le Blanc, a Californian housewife, admitted she lost more than seven stone through fear.

She told the convention she was afraid of having to sing a "pig" song at her local TOPS meeting if she didn't weigh-in with a substantial weight loss each

week. Fear kept her on a diet of 500 calories a day.

Fear of humiliation is only one of the ways TOPS keeps its members in shape. If they feel like tucking into a banana split or a strawberry ice-cream sundae after the purgatory of an unappetising low-calorie diet, they are encouraged to telephone fellow members of TOPS.

Members who are called in this kind of emergency are on their honor to spare no effort in dissuading the caller from eating unwisely and too well.

TOPS are warned to stay

away from "gimmick" diets that promise miracles of weight-reduction, and are told to seek their doctor's advice on dieting.

The first meeting of TOPS was called by Mrs. Esther Manz, of Milwaukee, in 1948. At that time Mrs. Manz loved to cook — and to sample her cooking in generous helpings — and was a well-rounded 15 stone.

Group therapy

She read an article about Alcoholics Anonymous and the group therapy and encouragement techniques A.A.

used, and decided to apply the same principles to people whose problem was food, not drink.

She called three friends who shared her wish to take off pounds, and drew up a club charter. Thus TOPS was born, and like Topsy it grew.

The organisation was incorporated as the non-profit TOPS Clubs Inc. in 1953, and today has more than 70,000 members in all States in America.



TOPS KING this year, Allan Teich, and Frances Garner (who was runner-up to the TOPS queen in 1962) graduate to TOPS' sister-organisation, KOPS. Left: Allan Teich was 23 stone heavier when he joined TOPS. Right: Frances Garner pictured before TOPS helped her lose 202lb.





KING HENRY II (Peter O'Toole), on the steps of Canterbury Cathedral after the murder of Thomas Becket, stricken by grief and guilt, announces to the Saxon throngs that Becket will be prayed to in England as a saint.

Richard Burton is the star...



BLOND wig on Liz surprises Burton.



LIZ mends Burton's robe.



LIZ rides with Burton to location spot.



● Wherever Richard Burton went while filming "Becket" in England, wife Liz Taylor was pretty sure to go, too. Though she wasn't in the film.

LIZ visited the set daily, the constant companion of her Welsh Richard, who as Becket co-starred with the Irish actor Peter O'Toole, cast as King Henry II of England.

She usually arrived before lunch, and at the end of the day's work at Shepperton Studio she would then drive back to London with Burton.

Producer Hal Wallis let Liz know she was welcome by giving her a special canvas chair with her name on it — a gesture Liz appreciated.

One day, just for the fun of giving Burton a surprise, she turned up in a blond wig.

But when he tore one of his costumes she set to and mended it for him. And she rode with him to Northumberland when location shots had to be made there.

The film is of Jean Anouilh's much-acclaimed play "Becket," the story of

the tragic conflict between Thomas Becket and King Henry II in 12th-century England.

A pleasure-loving young man early in life, Becket becomes the boon companion of the King, who makes him Chancellor.

Together they romp through the kingdom, Becket the Chancellor constantly supporting Henry in his never-ending clashes with the Church.

On the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry chooses Becket to fill this high office.

Becket, however, takes his new position most seriously, opposing Henry now where Church interests run counter to those of the Crown.

Incident follows incident until Henry's historic question "Will no one rid me of this meddlesome priest?" brings about the outrage that has never been forgotten.

Four of Henry's knights silently ride off and commit the murder of the Archbishop in Canterbury Cathedral.

"Becket," a Paramount release, will have its Australian premiere in Sydney on September 17. The Western Australian season also begins this month. It will be released in other States soon after.

KING LOUIS VII of France (John Gielgud, centre) escorts Becket (left), whom he has befriended, to meet King Henry.



SO OFTEN a star, Elizabeth Taylor is only a visitor on the set of "Becket."

ROARING with laughter, King Henry feasts with Becket (Burton). Henry had used a fork for the first time.



and Liz (always on the set) the looker-on



FRENCH girl (Veronique Vendell) listens to King Henry and his Chancellor, Thomas Becket, discuss affairs of State. In the days before Becket became Archbishop of Canterbury, he shared the King's pleasure-loving ways.



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Ita Buttrose's **SOCIAL
ROUNDABOUT**

MANY young country and city people are planning a gay weekend in Muscellbrook in September, with the highlight of their stay the Muscellbrook Bachelors and Spinners' Ball on September 5.

Several committee members will be entertaining houseguests for the weekend, among them Sue Bell, of "Pickering," Denman, Elizabeth Ward, of "Durham Farm," Martindale, Arthur Bragg, of "Rossdale," Aberdeen, and Bim Thompson, of "Widden," Kerrabee.

Bim is taking a party of 16 friends to the ball. They'll include his sister, Jane, and her fiancé, Tim Fenwick, who've chosen St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for their marriage on February 26, his step-sister Marilyn Martin, Tina Whitney, Biddy Hordern, John Body, Gayford Thompson, and Margaret Mackay. Incidentally, Margaret will celebrate her 21st birthday at a party her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay, will give at their home, "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, on October 3.

The day after the ball, Bim will be host at a barbecue in the garden at "Widden" before his guests speed off for home.

FROM the United States comes word of Mrs. Lucy Falkiner Burton, who has just arrived there for a month's visit before returning home in October. She has spent the past five months in Europe, and in London saw Mr. and Mrs. John Human, and Mrs. Ken Hill, who'll be back in Sydney in a couple of weeks.

INVITATIONS are out for a formal buffet dinner which Cherry Hopkins will give at her Warrawee home on September 26. Guest of honor will be Warwick Purser, who'll celebrate his birthday at the party. Cherry's planning a special dinner menu, which she'll complete when she returns home from Surfers' Paradise in a week's time. She's holidaying there with her father, Mr. David Hopkins, her brother, Harry, and sisters Shirley, Barbara, Jill, Catherine, and Stephanie, who leaves on September 4 for California to continue her arts course at Los Angeles City College.



ABOVE. Mr. Robert Helpmann and Mrs. Stefan Haag at the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Opera Company and The Australian Ballet's reception at the Belvedere Hotel. Mr. Helpmann is guest choreographer for the Ballet's 1964 season. It opened at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, last week.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Ronald Robinson and his bride, formerly Miss Isabel Campbell, daughter of Alderman D. M. Campbell, of "Nandine," Glen Innes, and of the late Mrs. Campbell, after their marriage at St. Patrick's Church, Glen Innes. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. G. F. R. Robinson, of "Larwondaree," Glen Innes, and of the late Mr. Robinson. A reception was held at the Glen Innes Town Hall.

A WEDDING in England next May is planned by Jeanie Hobbs and John McIlrath, who have announced their engagement. Jeanie, who has been holidaying here since last October, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hobbs, of Avon Dassett, Warwickshire, where the marriage will take place. At the moment, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, who arrived here in June, are staying with Jeanie at Darling Point at the home of Mrs. Hobbs' mother, Mrs. J. M. Hoskins. They'll sail home in Arcadia on September 14, and Jeanie and John, who is the son of the late Sir Martin and Lady McIlrath, will fly to England next year.

ALSO planning to marry next year are newly engaged Susan Spedding and John Mitchell. Susan, who is wearing a beautiful engagement ring which features an oblong-shaped sapphire set between diamonds, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ron Spedding, of Darling Point. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, of Darling Point.

DIARY date . . . the Golden Committee's gala premiere of "The Night of the Iguana" at the St. James Theatre on September 9 to aid the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

I LIKE the unusual mementoes of singer John Larsen's career — miniature dolls, dressed to represent his roles in numerous musical operettas. His latest acquisition is a Baron von Schober doll, to mark his current role in "Lilac Time," which opened at the Tivoli Theatre last week. The collection has pride of place in his dressing-room. Mr. Larsen and his wife and daughter, Anita, have just moved into a new home at Mosman, not far from Taronga Park Zoo. He tells me he's thinking of buying a season ticket to the Zoo, as he's sure his daughter will see that they're both frequent visitors.

RECEIVING congratulations on the birth of their first child are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Thompson, of "Bonholme," Rydal. They've named the baby Sally Mai — the second name after her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Mai Thompson, of Double Bay.

FINALISING last-minute packing details are Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Allison, of "Dunoon," Holbrook, who will move to a new property at Barraba early this month. They were in Sydney a few weeks ago with their daughter, Edwina, not only shopping for items for their new home, but also making arrangements for a dance at Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay, on September 25. Edwina, along with Rosemary Bettington, of "Coolie," Merriwa, and Virginia MacRae, of Vacluse, will be guest of honor.





PRESIDENT of the Australian-American Association, Mrs. Ashley Tyrrell, with Mrs. Norman Jones at the Association's 28th annual general meeting and cocktail party held at Menzies Hotel, Sir Howard and Lady Beale were guests of honor at the meeting.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Evan Birss leaving St. Martin's Church, Killara, with their attendants (from left) Mr. Nicholas Lloyd, Miss Suzanne Lammert, Mrs. Penny Davis-Rice, and Mr. David Schneeberger. The bride was Miss Rosalind Lloyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Lloyd, of Killara, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. E. M. Birss, of Christchurch, New Zealand, and of the late Mr. C. Birss. A reception was held at Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd's home.



FROM CANBERRA comes this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Ian McLeod with bridesmaid Miss Marilyn Bradfield, after their marriage at All Saints' Church, Ainslie. The bride was Miss Beverley Bradfield, daughter of Mrs. Enid Bradfield, of Gordon, and of the late Dr. S. G. Bradfield. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. R. A. McLeod, of Toowoomba, Brisbane, and of the late Mr. McLeod. The bride wore a satin and lace gown.



AT RIGHT, Miss Susan Lucy and her fiance, Mr. Geoffrey Lavery, who are planning to marry at Easter. Miss Lucy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stuart Lucy, of Killara, and Mr. Lavery is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lavery, of "Sutton Park," Loggans. Miss Lucy is wearing a diamond engagement ring.



LEAVING the Memorial Chapel of St. George the Martyr, H.M.A.S. Watson, Dr. Michael Nelson and his bride, formerly Miss Penelope McNicoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David McNicoll, of Bellevue Hill. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Selwyn Nelson, of Darling Point.



AT RIGHT: Miss Sue Nagel and Mr. Michael Holden, of Woollahra, who have announced their engagement. Miss Nagel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Nagel, of Black Rock, Vic.

Housewives' champion will lecture here

● A silver-haired American, who spends so much time improving other people's homes that he rarely has time to work around his own beautiful house, arrives in Australia this month on a housing-guidance tour.

HE is Stanley Edge, president of the Housing Guidance Council of America and of Stanley Edge, Associates, Washington, D.C.

Mr. Edge will conduct home-marketing seminars, "New Horizons in Houses," to be presented by The Australian Gas Association and The Australian Women's Weekly in four States.

Stanley Edge is internationally known as a pioneer in new home merchandising based on market research.

The Housing Guidance Council, which he founded, has its headquarters in Washington D.C.

It is a group of American and Canadian home builders who have qualified for membership by high standards of design, workmanship, service, and responsibility.

The Council helps member builders plan styling, arrangements of rooms, and built-in fittings to suit today's families.

Though his work deals with the larger problems of housing, Mr. Edge is equally interested in the day-to-day problems of the housewife.

He believes that housewives are ready to revolt

against "the engineers" who have been designing their kitchens.

He says that for too long women have been accepting too many irritating flaws in planning — like trying to squeeze 12in.-high cereal boxes into 11in. shelves and carrying articles one at a time to the refrigerator because there is no nearby bench.

"Thus far, engineering has been most important," Mr. Edge said in his Washington office. "The emphasis has been on how to make a table surface that is resistant to heat and alcohol or on how to build an efficient dishwasher.

"But what is the use of this if the housewife has to put up with badly designed shelves or insufficient storage areas to keep her china and cutlery?"

The importance of good design inside and outside the home with full use of the latest techniques and materials will form a large part of the message Mr. Edge will deliver to the seminars of builders during his Australian visit.

For the kitchen is not the only area that would benefit from better planning, he believes. Take the bathroom.

"Why, oh why, must this very important part of the

house often be full of unsightly and insanitary cracks?" he asked.

Mr. Edge, 51, commutes to a contemporary home that contains many of the virtues he expounds.

He is so enthusiastic he flies 100,000 miles annually promoting the Housing Guidance Council.

And understandably all this travelling has been to the detriment of his favorite hobby as a home handyman. In fact, he recently sold many of his power tools and now finds time only for an occasional round of golf and some gardening.

Own plot

While in Australia he will not try to convert young marrieds from their overwhelming preference for a home of their own on a suburban plot of land. He's all in favor of this Australian fancy.

"The civic planners may like to see more people in high-rise apartments in the inner city areas," Mr. Edge observed, "but what they want is not always what they get."

But he would like to see more Australians installing air conditioning in their homes.

"Believe it or not," he said, "there are still some

people in the United States who consider such 'tampering with God's laws' as sinful. But why tolerate unnecessary discomfort?"

For America, and Australia, too, Mr. Edge predicts "the darndest revolution" in building in the next few years, as people become more and more style-conscious.

"At the moment," he said, "they are somewhat confused—as they used to be about furniture."

"No longer will they think a colonial house must be two-storied or that a contemporary one must necessarily be in the ranch style."

Once that happens, he believes, builders who do not appreciate the value of style will be "sitting round wondering where their business went."

In the way of trends, Mr. Edge forecasts growing popularity for butlers' pantries and for homes designed in a Spanish-colonial style.

He makes these predictions with the experienced eye of a man who spent many years as a general marketing consultant before entering the field of home building.

But the biggest forces acting against new products and techniques are outmoded building regulations, unwillingness on the part of many people to accept new methods, and "busybodies" who fight against progress.

"Big companies may spend millions developing a new product, but what is the point if everyone ignores it?" Mr. Edge asked.

"The firms will soon realise it is more profitable to just keep on in the old traditional way."



MR. STANLEY EDGE, founder and president of the Housing Guidance Council in America, who will conduct housing seminars in four Australian States.

Lectures on design and decoration

● Britain's leading interior decorator, the Hon. John Siddeley, will arrive in Australia soon for a lecture tour on interior decorating.

THE lecture tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

Mr. Siddeley will lecture in five States.

His lectures will be entitled "Living for Comfort, 1964" (dealing with the exhibition that will travel with him) and "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now."

Here are the details of his lectures in New South Wales:

SYDNEY: October 19-23 inclusive. "Living for Comfort, 1964" at 11 a.m., "Art and Architecture, in terms of interior design from then until now" at 2.45 p.m. on the Sixth Floor, Market Street store, David Jones Ltd. Tickets 10/- Available from Monday, September 21, at the Booking Office, Ground Floor, David Jones Ltd, Market Street.



CONTEMPORARY HOME of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Edge at Tusculum Woods, near Washington, U.S.A. At right, the exterior, showing the sheltered outdoor living area. Above, the living-room. Antique furniture in the dining-room blends successfully with modern furniture and decor. Both these pictures were taken for "Better Homes and Gardens."





N.S.W. FINALISTS in the National Bake-off Contest are, from left, Mrs. J. Bradbury (the winner), Mrs. K. Charker, Mrs. B. Cohen, Mrs. N. Fletcher (runner-up), Mrs. C. Geddes, and Mrs. K. Gallagher (who won third prize). Right: State winner Mrs. Bradbury threw up her hands when results were announced. She will compete for the National Baking Queen title in Melbourne.



STATE BAKE-OFF WINNER

● A housewife whose husband was a "guinea pig" for her culinary experiments will reward him with a car—her prize as winner of the New South Wales section of the Fourth National Bake-off Contest.

I LOVE cooking but I've got quite a reputation to live up to—both my mother and my mother-in-law are wonderful cooks," said 25-year-old Mrs. Joan Bradbury, of Newcastle, N.S.W.

Mrs. Bradbury needn't worry—she out-baked five other State finalists to win a car and an air trip to Melbourne to compete in the National Bake-off Finals on September 7.

She burst into tears when radio personality John Donne presented her with the key to the car.

"I am so excited," she said. "We haven't got a car—I can't even drive."

"My husband is working out in the country at the moment. I can't wait to tell him—after all he's been the

guinea pig for all my recipes."

The Bake-off got under way at 9 a.m. The finalists (Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. B. Cohen, of Dover Heights; Mrs. C. Geddes, of Canberra; Mrs. N. Fletcher, of Campsie; Mrs. K. Charker, of Corral; and Mrs. K. Gallagher, of Hunters Hill) were tense with excitement.

The contestants were quiet as they beat eggs, chopped nuts, sliced tomatoes, and measured ingredients.

Mrs. Bradbury's winning entry—Spiced Apple and Nut Cake—came from a recipe she found a few years ago.

"It's really just an ordinary tea cake," she said, "but I use evaporated milk in-

stead of ordinary milk and top the cake with walnuts and brown sugar."

Mrs. Geddes, a vegetarian, had created her own recipe for her Cheese Choisettes.

"I'm always experimenting and making up my own recipes," she said. "My husband and I particularly like this recipe—it is made mainly of cheese and nuts and can be served either as a dessert at dinner or as a snack with drinks."

Newly married Mrs. Cohen was baking Dutch Ginger Slices.

"The recipe has been in my husband's family for years," she said.

"His grandmother gave it to his mother, who has since

given it to me—it's a favorite in our family."

Mrs. Fletcher's Brandied Prune and Apricot Slice was a combination of several recipes—her husband loves fruit cake and she is always looking for new variations.

By JENNY IRVINE

On the judging panel were: Mrs. Ellen Sinclair, head of The Australian Women's Weekly Leila Howard Test Kitchen; Mrs. M. Bamford, of "Mother's Choice Flour"; Miss Una Clarkson, of the Sydney County Council; and Marville Margarine's Home Economist, Mrs. Midge Kalnin.

While the judges retired to inspect and taste the entries, the contestants talked about cooking and the prize for the National Baking Queen—a trip to Tokyo for the Olympic Games.

(Mrs. Cohen's husband works with marathon runner Bob Vaag, who is competing this year.)

They fell silent when the judges returned to announce the prizewinners.

Mrs. Fletcher, with her Brandied Prune and Apricot Slice, won second prize—an electric range—and Mrs. Gallagher's Toffee Apple Slice won third prize—a food-mixer.

Mrs. Fletcher "couldn't cook a thing" when she was first married, but has had

lots of practice since—she now has seven grandchildren.

Mrs. Gallagher had been planning to buy a food-mixer to replace her old one.

Said the winner, Mrs. Bradbury:

"I promised my two little girls (Christine, 4½, and Annette, 3) I would get something in Sydney that they could give to their father for Father's Day. It was going to be something small—but now we can all give him a car."

National first prize, for which State winners are eligible to compete, is a luxury cruise for two to the Olympic Games in Japan, plus £500 cash.

The National Bake-off (September 7) and crowning of the Baking Queen will be held in Melbourne.

Mrs. Ellen Sinclair, head of our Test Kitchen, will be one of the judges.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

By Mary Broker

THE last time I discussed office equipment was in connection with two manufacturers of office furniture—Schels and Brownbuilt, whose shares have both had slight rises since.

But the industry I wish to emphasize in this article is that of the office-equipment suppliers.

This industry benefits only slightly from new office structures. Just as businessmen want to dispose of outdated furniture, so modern photocopying and other machines come in for greater demand.

A point here, of course, is that progress makes modern machines infinitely more desirable, since there have been vast improvements in this type of machinery over the past ten years or so.

The companies engaged in this industry also stand to receive a great deal of benefit

from the changeover to decimal currency within the next few years, as there will be substantial replacement and modification of existing machines and other business equipment.

(By the way, I was quite delighted with the designs for the new coins, which seem to embody a certain national significance, even if the word "dollar" does not.)

The first company, Olins

Consolidated Ltd., has just produced a really excellent result for the year to June 30, 1964.

Consolidated net profit rose by 76.5% from £99,000 to £175,000.

Earning rate on capital increased by takeovers is up from 27.8% to 31.9%, and dividend is increased from 12½ to 15%.

This must be especially pleasing to shareholders, who

also were lucky enough to be given a 1-4 bonus issue in March, 1963.

Olins, as it now is, was formed only a year prior to this, in March, 1962, so you can see it is still in the proving stages on the stock market.

The group consists of seven divisions. The three most important are the business machines division, which handles computers,

calculators, wrapping machines, etc.; the reprographic division, handling photocopying, microfilming machines, etc.; and the office-equipment division, which operates in steel furniture, filing, and systems installations.

The other divisions are involved in the electronic, engineering, chemical, and export divisions.

With future growth likely to follow on the excellent trend of the past, the 5/- shares do not look too high at 21/6.

One hundred would cost about £108, and your dividend would be £3/15/- per year at the present increased 15% rate.

The second company, Macdougalls Ltd., is an even more recent newcomer to the Stock Exchange list, the shares having been floated only in March, 1963.

Macdougalls has the exclusive franchise throughout Australia for the well-known

Smith Corona—Marchant machines, which include typewriters and calculating machines.

Other products for which Macdougalls acts as an agent include Elliot Addressing Equipment, Victor Adding Machines, and a range of supplies and appliances.

Net profit in the past three years has shown a reasonable increase from £21,000 in 1961 to £25,000 in 1963 (the first as a public company).

This was only 16.6% on capital, but I feel the switch to decimals could be of great benefit to the company.

The interim report in late February was not over-informative, but did announce an improvement in net profit, which comfortably covered the interim dividend of 5%.

At 13/-, the 5/- shares give a reasonable yield of 3.8%. One hundred would cost about £67, and dividend at the current 10% rate would be £2/10/- per year.

Office space—glut or demand?

● Office-equipment suppliers bring to mind office space. Some time ago I discussed the tremendous increase in office space in Australian capital cities.

The position in Sydney has since been under heavy discussion, and views as to the over-supply in the immediate future have been many and varied.

My own opinion is that supply will very soon exceed demand (which by common sense cannot extend beyond the

level of increase in population). But I was interested to read a comment by a leading real-estate agent.

He compared the trend in Sydney with the trend in New York, where apparently builders operate along the same lines as car manufacturers. That is, a great many people like to have the new model, and as new and better office buildings shoot upward the people are only too ready to discard the model of six or so years ago.

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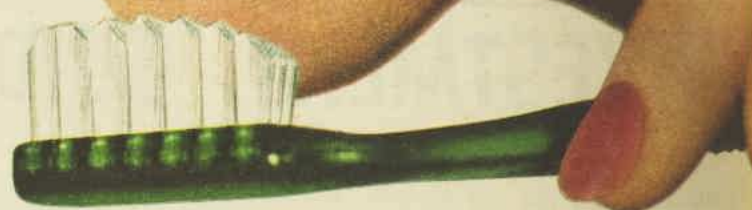
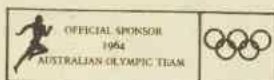
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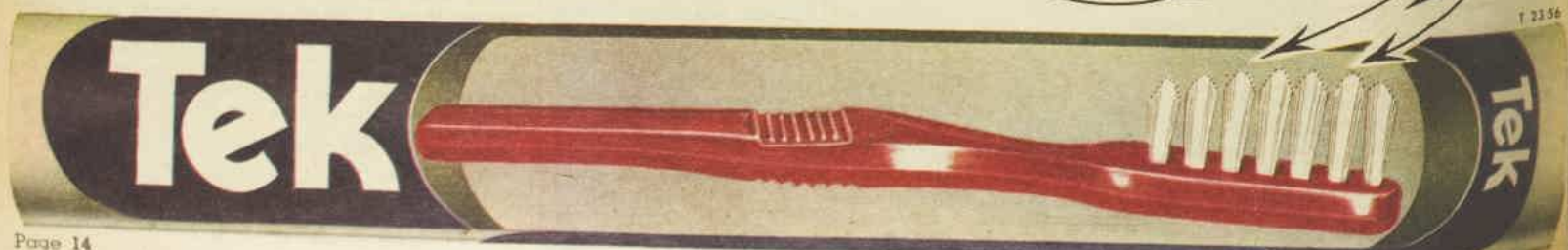
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Kathy Nolan joins the Navy

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Sex appeal is either there or it isn't. It doesn't matter whether you're in a burlap sack or a bikini." The latest to expound this home truth is Kathy Nolan, lovingly remembered by viewers as Kate, of "The Real McCoys."

KATHY said this when it became known that in her next role in a TV series, "Broadside," she will give new dimensions to overalls, the day-to-day costumes she will wear.

"Broadside" is a kind of female version of "McHale's Navy," and Kathy, its heroine, is Lieut. Anne Morgan, a motor-pool officer.

There's a new crop of blonde girls in Hollywood every 10 years. I don't want to be part of the passing parade," said Kathy.

"Some day I intend to be around to play all those old Ethel Barrymore roles, and you can't do that by counting the lines under your nose every morning."

"For a while I tried cheesecake and sex-kitten stuff, but I thought better of it. I want to stick around for a long time."

In the new comedy, Kathy and her crew of female sailors will play a bunch of lubricated girls who join the Navy to help win World War II.

"Some of us occasionally appear to be ruining the war effort, but it always works out all right," Kathy said.

"Broadside" and "McHale's Navy" are made by the same producer, Edward J. Montagne—I wonder will he get them tangled?

NEVER underestimate the power of TV—it permeates daily life.

Harassed and rushing madly to get to an appointment recently, I was pinned on the corner of Sydney's Pitt and Park Streets by a "Don't Walk" sign at the pedestrian crossing.

Evidently my feelings showed plainly as I gazed up at the TV traffic camera sticking out on the T. & G. Building. I nearly did a back-flip when a large, burly

character alongside waiting good-humoredly said to me: "Smile, lady, you're on 'Candid Camera.'"

Great cowboy, great lover

TCN9 has the funniest double for viewers on Sunday, September 6—William S. Hart as the great cowboy in "Fractured Flickers" at 5 p.m. and William S. Hart as the great lover

Coach to Virginia City via Alamo, Oklahoma," and William S. Hart is all over the screen seeking revenge.

Despite what you think he is saying in the picture (below), what he actually says in "Fractured Flickers" at this point is: "No. I designed it all myself. The furniture is Chippendale, there's a lovely white deep-pile rug, the walls are mauve, and I made the most darling dotted Swiss curtains."



● This is William S. Hart in his role as the great cowboy in TCN9's "Fractured Flickers."

in "Hollywood and the Stars" at 9.50 p.m.

William S. Hart was before my time, but he doesn't match up to my idea of cowboy or lover.

Maybe if I had watched William S. with "Hearts and Flowers" being belted out on the piano, I would feel differently.

The "Fractured Flickers" episode is said to use one of the classic great Westerns that William S. Hart made.

Apparently the irreverent men responsible for "Fractured Flickers" burlesque it unmercifully.

It is called "Apache Shane's High Noon Stage

Personally I think it is as incongruous as Hart as the great lover, but great lover he is at 9.50 p.m. and in very exalted company.

Apart from the differing techniques of the lovers featured, it is an interesting study in the ever-changing code of morality.



The film clips illustrate how Victorian morality had Hollywood in its grip during the silent-film days of William S. Hart.

The heroes—Francis X. Bushman, Hart, Wallace Reid, and Maurice Costello—were daring if they darted glances at their love, fast if they held hands.

The man who ended this era was Rudolph Valentino. His torrid love-making practically curled the celluloid in the 1920s, but filmgoers loved it and famous lovers Rod LaRocque, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, and John Gilbert wooed on in the Valentino tradition.

Today's lovers and yesterday's are featured, too, in what should be an eye-opening half-hour.

The only lover missing

seems to be the most famous one of the 1960s and the one who certainly has altered the accepted social code of morality—Richard Burton.

He surely should be at least among those present.

RICHARD BRIERS, worried as ever he was as the young barrister of "Brothers-in-Law," is back on ABC-TV as George Starling, the newly wed husband of the engaging young pair who star in the new half-hour series, "The Marriage Lines."

Kate, the bride, is played by Prunella Scales, a newcomer to the TV screen.

The first episode was quietly funny, had the sort of humor that seeps into the consciousness gently.

After being exposed for so long to the general American-type treatment of funny situations, when the point is made plain with the thump, thump, thump of the blunt-instrument treatment, the more realistic and subtle English treatment is very refreshing.

Documentary that missed

"A CHANGING RACE," ABC-TV's documentary about the integration of the Australian aboriginal, was very disappointing.

Therese Denny, an Australian who has made her name with the B.B.C. and is at present on loan to the A.B.C., produced it.

She used the living-camera technique, the new thing in documentaries, when the camera and the conversation of the people tell the story without commentary.

I often find this irritating. I like a commentary that fills in essentials. I found it especially irritating in "A Changing Race."

Australia is a big place. Although we don't differ in our speech we often differ in our approach to problems.

It would have been very interesting to know whether viewers were listening to a South Australian aboriginal or one from northern Queensland, N.S.W., or Western Australia.

Also I would like to have known when I was listening to a full-blood, a half-caste, or a citizen with a tinge of aboriginal blood—it all makes a difference.

I thought it was interesting pictorially, but disappointing socially. I expected more of Miss Denny, who has produced or been associated with many notable documentaries.



...shave my legs with a razor?

Never again! I've discovered new Silkymit which is so much quicker now and longer lasting, too. It's wonderful not to have to do it so often and razor nicks are a thing of the past. Why not try safe, simple Silkymit made specially to make your legs lovelier, smoother... Only 3/- for the glamorous new triple pack at all chemists and chain stores.

What is Hovis?

Hovis Bread is made from special Hovis Flour. This flour has added to it lightly toasted Wheat Germ so that Hovis Bread contains about eight times the amount in ordinary wholemeal. Hovis is not a blown-up fluffy bread, but a compact, wholesome and satisfying loaf.



WHY WHEAT GERM?

It's the very heart of the wheat grain—the embryo from which the new plant will grow. It might well be compared with the yolk of an egg. Wheat Germ is nature's richest source of Vitamins B₁ and E, with protein, iron and "unsaturated" Wheat Germ oil.



WHAT ABOUT FLAVOUR?

Hovis has an entirely new and distinctive bread flavour. The Wheat Germ is lightly toasted for flavour, then added back to the flour. The nutty taste of Hovis comes directly from its natural goodness.



Hovis

First baked in England, 1898

Hovis Bread is made from special Hovis Flour. Ask your baker to write "Hovis, Box 626, G.P.O., Sydney," for details.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Mamma once said: "Well, it's spring and many a young couple are going to be married and are, at this moment, planning their honeymoon. Some are going to the mountains; some are going up north; some are planning camping trips, while others are going to Surfers' Paradise. But, believe it or not, a lot are thinking of going on a cruise or hiring a boat and living aboard for a week or two or just lazing around and perhaps fishing." For you who are planning a honeymoon on a boat, either large or small, read Mamma's moral very carefully.

Mamma's Moral: There's nothing so unromantic as a seasick bride.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 9, 1964

ARE YOU SEWING?

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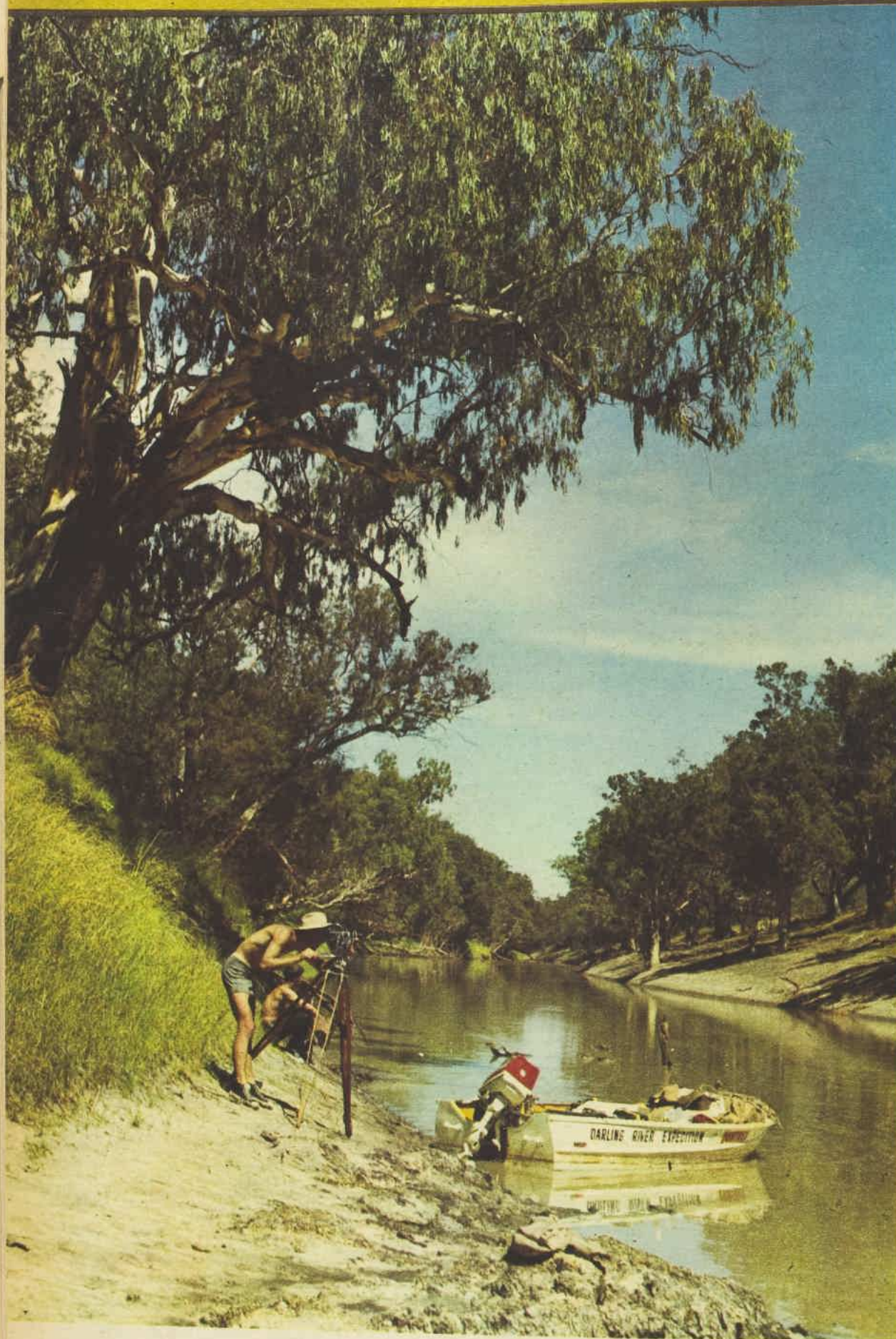
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DOWN THE DARLING



LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION Mike Leyland and Keith Davey on the Darling River about 30 miles downstream from Brewarrina, N.S.W. The boys believe they may be the first to have gone down the Darling from source to mouth. Sydney's Mitchell Library told them it has no records showing it has been done before.

Page 16

THE story of "Down the Darling," a "Project '64" programme to be telecast from TCN9 on Monday, October 12, sounds like a modern version of that famous old book "Three Men In a Boat."

The film was made last year by three young cameramen from Newcastle's TV channel NBN3 — brothers Mike, 21, and Malcolm Leyland and their friend Keith Davey, both 18.

The trip took them ten weeks, all their money, and two of their jobs, but gave them a taste of adventure and a first-class TV documentary.

The expedition, which they financed themselves, except for the 27-foot aluminium boat and outboard, took to the Darling River on March 3, 1963, at Mungindi, in northern N.S.W.

"We hadn't gone more than 100 yards when we broke the safety device on the propeller," Malcolm Leyland told me.

"We got it fixed and got on. The river level was about 8ft. lower than we expected, and we had to chop through fallen trees and haul the boat along with block and tackle at times.

"For the first three weeks we had a tough time. We couldn't use the motor as we expected. Sometimes we ran out of water altogether and had to haul or carry the boat through mud and sand.

"Sometimes we would have water, but not enough. We would push the boat into the water about neck deep and push it along, bump the next log, chop it through, push on again.

"We would go a whole day sometimes without starting the motor.

"For the first 200 miles we averaged about five to seven miles a day. We expected the whole trip to take three weeks, but it took us three weeks to get about 100 miles to Brewarrina."

The trip lasted another seven weeks. The story of it is hair-raising to listen to in spots. Most of the time they didn't know where they were — the maps they had were old and wrong, towns marked had died and disappeared; they broke their propellers, made new blades out of hammered-out baked-bean tins; lived on catfish and rice; had no oars and used a shovel and a frying-pan instead; and were treated by the people living along the river with kindness they are still marvelling at 18 months later.

They finished their trip at Wentworth, where the Darling joins the Murray, early in May with thousands of feet of film, some of which is causing great scientific interest.

When they got there they had £45, their boat, a car battery, their gear, film, and themselves to get back smartly to Newcastle, N.S.W.

They bought an old car, and with the help of a semi-trailer driver got the boat to Sydney and themselves home with only 2d left.

The whole thing has one of those sought-after happy endings — the three are all now working as cameramen at NBN3 and feel that "Project '64" has put a prestige seal on their documentary.

If "Down the Darling" is even only half as interesting as the story the Leyland brothers tell of its making, it should indeed be entertaining TV.

— Nan Musgrove

Television



AERIAL PICTURE of the Darling River taken 60 miles north-east of Wilcannia, N.S.W. The picture shows the twisting, turning bed of the river. The Darling is described by stockmen as a "three-to-one" river, which means three miles of river to one mile of road.



LEFT: Toward the journey's end, boat and passengers approach Pooncarie, N.S.W., not far from Wentworth, N.S.W., where the Darling enters the Murray River. The red-soil cliffs are a feature of the 1400-mile Darling path carved from Queensland to Victoria.

THE FIRST 100 miles of the trip took three weeks; the river was lower than expected and the boat had to be carried over rocks, logs. This picture was taken near Brewarrina, in northern N.S.W., in the bad 100 miles. The whole journey from Mungindi took ten weeks.

Wanderers return to the nest

*(Where lizards
collect the rent)*

● Hundreds of blinding white islands, rimmed with green shallows and set in an azure sea, form the Abrolhos Group, about 40 miles west of Geraldton, Western Australia.

FOR thousands of years they have been a magnet for seabirds of the Indian Ocean.

There are four main groups of islands in the Abrolhos and all have their birds.

In the southern sector is Pelsart Island, seven miles long, which is probably the world's greatest seabird sanctuary.

It is a fortunate person who can be at Pelsart when the wanderers return.

During the winter months the island lies in a strange quiet.

But on Half Moon Reef the breakers thunder. A few gulls drift downwind, alert for scraps from fishing boats, but the more majestic Pacific

Gull waits for larger prey.

On the reef White Terns dive for fish, while below water the ceaseless battle for life goes on.

Coral polyps, bathed in the warm waters, grow steadily to produce reefs which vie in spectacle, if not in species, with those of the Great Barrier Reef off the

The first in are the Sooties, with black backs and wings, shining white underneath.

Their call sounds like "wideawake," and this has given them another common name, though Sooty Tern is used by the naturalist.

Common Noddies, dark-colored birds with a white cap to break the monotony of the too-uniform plumage, soon join the Sooties.

Where do they come from? Nobody knows. Like clockwork every year the thousands of birds emerge from the unknown to breed on the hospitable Abrolhos Islands.

The years have seen a gradual accumulation of guano, which has proved a valuable source of fertiliser for the past hundred years.

The guano deposits prove that the birds' occupancy of the islands has been a long-term affair.

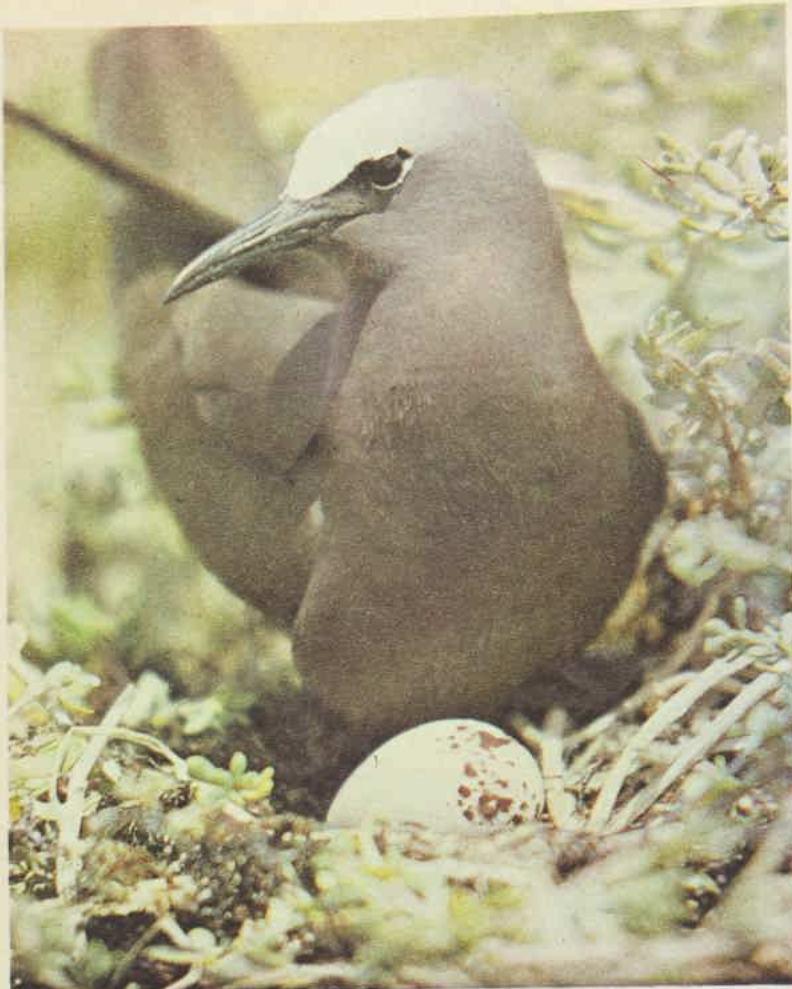
**Story and pictures
by VINCENT
SERVENTY,
naturalist, of Perth**

coast of Queensland. Winter storms throw up long lines of coral shingle which clink musically underfoot as you walk.

The underwater marvels are forgotten when the birds arrive. Shrill calls at night announce the wanderers' return.



SOOTY TERNS have a call which sounds just like "wideawake," hence they are commonly called *Wideawakes*. Found in western, northern, and eastern Australia, they nest on tufts of grass.



COMMON NODDY NESTING. On Pelsart Island, in the Abrolhos Group, skink lizards prey on eggs left unguarded. Common Noddies have dark plumage with a white cap, and arrive at Pelsart Island in early August each year, after the Sooty Terns, to nest in the bushes. No one knows where they migrate during the winter.

LESSER NODDY AND CHICKEN (below). Unlike the Common Noddies, Lesser Noddies are sedentary birds which are found in the Abrolhos Islands at all times of the year. The famous naturalist John Gilbert was amazed to see vast flocks of these birds, which build their nests of seaweed on the branches of the mangrove trees.





FLOCK OF COMMON NODDIES. When the birds return to the Abrolhos after migration they fly over the islands for several nights before losing their land-shyness and settling to nest.

The huge flock, flying at a great height, pours in over the island until by late afternoon the blue sky is filled with a screaming mass of terns.

Day after day the pattern is repeated, the birds coming in during late afternoon, flying over the island all night, then leaving to feed by morning.

Slowly land shyness wears

away and the first birds settle on the bushes. A few more days and the serious business of nesting is under way.

The Common Noddies nest on the bushes, the Sooties on the ground under them, while in the basement the sombre-colored Muttonbirds nest in long burrows in the sand.

Even the rent collector is present in these birdland apartments in the form of a long, sleek skink lizard, which takes toll of eggs which have been left temporarily unguarded.

On some islands in the Abrolhos Group are huge colonies of Lesser Noddies.

These are sedentary birds, found on the islands the whole year round.

The Abrolhos Islands are the only part of Australia in which the Lesser Noddy is found, but they are common in the Seychelles farther west in the Indian Ocean.

The famous naturalist John Gilbert was moved to wonder and amazement at them, and wrote:

"I have seen many vast flocks of birds, but I con-

fess I was not at all prepared for the surprise I experienced in witnessing the amazing clouds, literally speaking, of these birds when congregating in the evening."

The huge flocks still congregate in the mangroves, the only trees of any size on the islands.

Ospreys, beautiful birds of the hawk family, are seen all year round in the Abrolhos.

They build imposing nests, sometimes in trees, but usually on the ground. When the chickens hatch, the parent bird feeds them on raw fish, carefully selecting morsels free from bones.

Although ospreys occasionally perch on the masts of fishing boats, near the nest they are very shy, and it is difficult to photograph them.

Spectacular Bosun Birds, with their vivid orange beaks and long red tail feathers, are regular visitors to the islands.

Fortunately all the Abrolhos is a fauna sanctuary, and the seabird colonies have not suffered at the hands of the crayfishermen.

Tourist camps have been

established from time to time on the islands, and a move is now being made to reopen them.

Still, naturalists must not be greedy, and others should be able to see one of the most marvellous sights in Australia, the seabird colonies of the Abrolhos.

However, nature, though prodigal here, is not inexhaustible.

Care must be taken with the siting of camps to make sure there is no disturbing of the nesting birds.

With the going of the birds, half the charm of the islands to tourists would also be gone.

With careful conservation the camps will add a new jewel to the tourist riches of Australia.

OSPREY NEST (left). Ospreys are magnificent birds of the hawk family. Their nests are truly amazing structures.

BOSUN BIRD (right). Sailors named it the Bosun Bird because its tail feathers resemble a marline-spike.



Then one day the birds come in force. A dusky cloud appears over the reef and moves. The cloud breaks into a series of whirling spots, each a bird. From a distance they are like smoke. The great masses swirling over the islands have been mistaken for bushfires.



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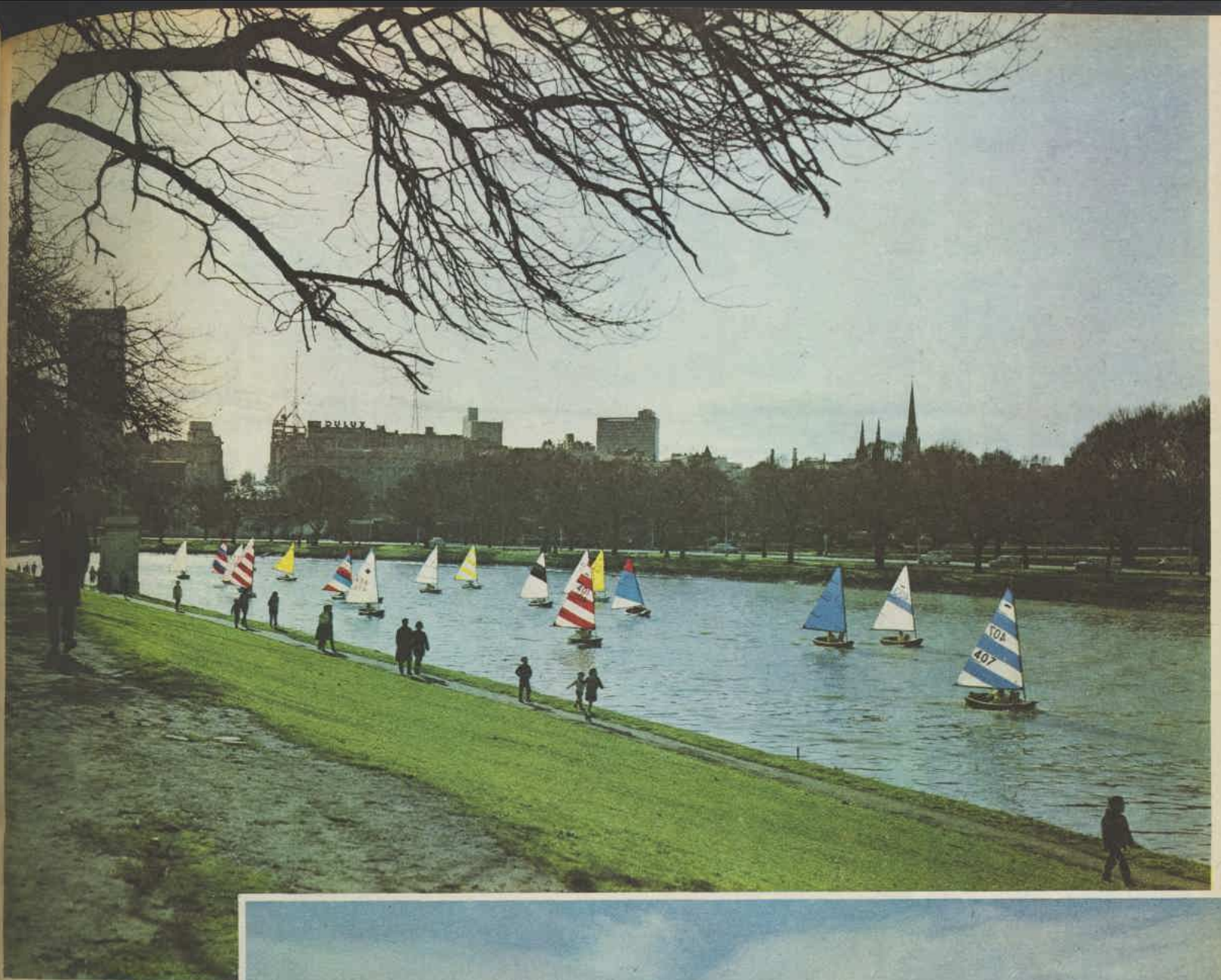


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MULTI-COLORED sails of the "Frostbiters" of the Royal Brighton Yacht Club, which takes the place of the glenora-class yachts in winter, brought photographers to the banks of the River Yarra in Melbourne when races were held on a recent Sunday afternoon. As a rule these "Frostbiters," which are 8ft. dinghies with the yachting class name of Sabot, race in the shelter of the Middle Brighton breakwater. The city's profile makes the distant background of the top picture, from the Conzinc Rio Tinto Building to the triple-spired St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Swan Street Bridge crosses the river in the picture at right, taken from the Henley Staging.

Pictures by Les Gorrie



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Spring's heady elegance

● These four hats were designed by Madame Vernier, Princess Marina's favorite London milliner. They present a fresh beauty and femininity in spring hats. Sweeping brims show a new elegance of line; and newer than the all-flower hat is a mingling of leaves and blossoms.

— BETTY KEEP



● Breton in coarse straw (above) has a wide, flat crown and jaunty upturned brim. A long chiffon scarf attached to the brim can float free or be draped around the wearer's neck. The breton is one of the most popular hat shapes for the coming spring-summer season.



● Spectacular hat (right) has a large halo-like brim made in rose-pink organdie petals. Tiny organdie roses and green leaves are scattered prettily over the petalled brim. The hat is worn to frame the face.

● Givenchy-inspired hat (below) of shiny flat straw has a rounded crown and brim made entirely of straw leaves. The crown is finished with a flat straw bow. The brim divides at one side. The hat shows the superb Vernier workmanship and talent for intricate detail.



● Princess Marina included this yellow-and-white hat (left) in her spring wardrobe. The hat, with breton-type proportions, swoops to a point above the upturned brim and is finished at the back with a flick of straw.



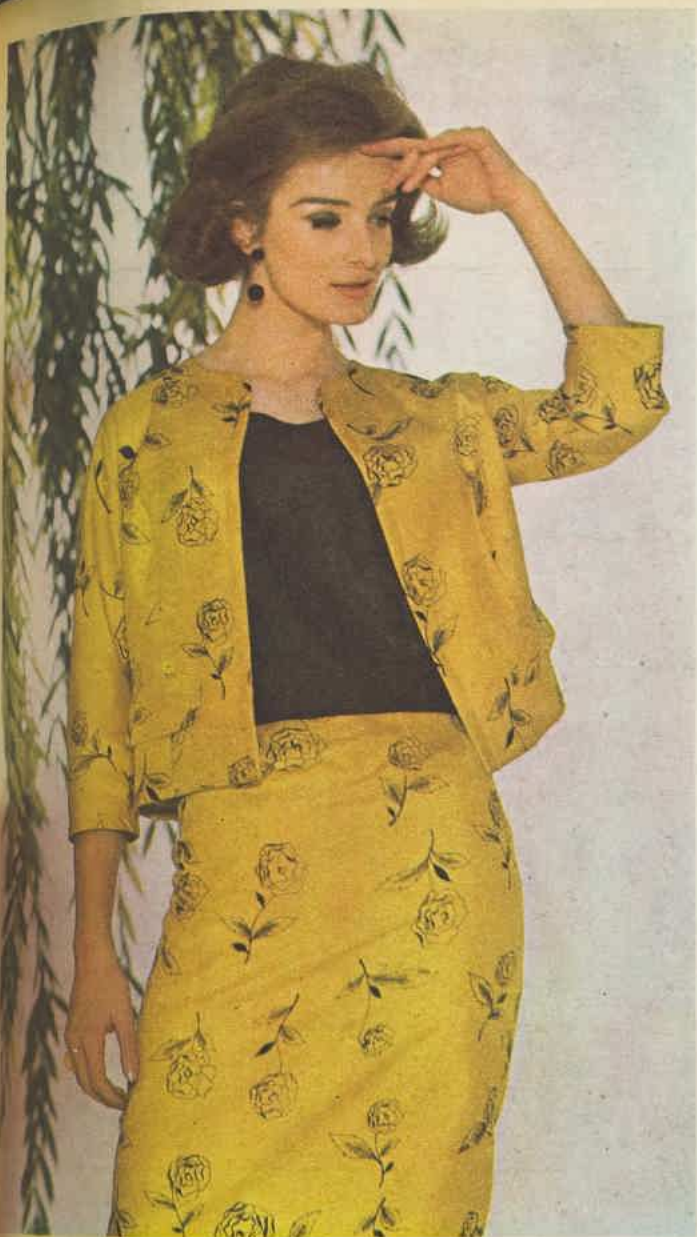
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5869.—Jacket, skirt, and blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 40 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42in. bust. Vogue pattern 5869, price 7/6 includes postage. Patterns are available from Betty Keep Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

DRESS SENSE

By
BETTY KEEP

• The suit with short-sleeved overblouse above was specially chosen for a reader who requested a pattern for a spring suit to fit a 40in. bust.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I am a young woman in my early twenties, and as I take a 40in. bust fitting I find it difficult to get young styles. My present problem is a suit for spring. Could you assist?"

The design I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated above. You will find that the slightly fitted collarless jacket with its open front plus the straight, easy skirt will flatter your figure proportions. A paper pattern for the design is available in my group. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Is it correct for a bride to wear a gown with a low scooped-out neckline? I wish to follow this style because I want to convert my wedding gown later into a ballroom dress."

It is perfectly correct to have a wedding gown with a decollete neckline. Have you thought of having a detachable train sewed to the shoulder-line. This idea will simplify the conversion of the gown.

"I am making a perfectly plain fitted sheath and would like a suggestion on how I should finish the high neckline."

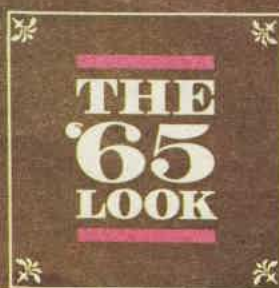
A bias-roll collar extending into looped ends would add extra femininity to a fitted sheath.

"What is the correct way to press a fine lace evening frock?"

Press the dress lightly on its wrong side on a well-padded ironing-board. The iron temperature depends on the texture of the lace.

"I need assistance in altering the skirt of a brown silk suit, and a suggestion for a summer blouse to go with the suit. The fault is that the skirt 'sits' badly at the waistline. The skirt is straight with a front panel that narrows slightly to the hem."

You will improve the "sit" of the skirt if you put it on a shaped not-too-wide waistband. I suggest you wear the suit with a sleeveless tie-neck blouse made in a floral featuring apricots and pinks.



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Lady Delaco

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

His mother's lilting music was the background to his happy childhood beginning the latest novel

By A. J. CRONIN

EVERY evening at six o'clock a sense of expectancy filled the house, brightening the long, vague, and dreamy afternoon. As I went into the front room my mother, moving about the kitchen preparing our supper, began to sing. It was something about a miller's daughter who lay down and died. She sang these sad Scottish songs in so lively a manner and with such natural cheerfulness they sounded gay. I stood on the hassock to look out of the window. Although I was to go to school next week I still had need of the hassock.

The road to the village station was empty except for Macintosh's dog, asleep in the shade of the sycamore tree outside the smithy. Beyond the station with its beds of sweet william and yellow calceolarias lay the wide sweep of deserted shore, and beyond that the Clyde estuary, enlivened at present by a white-funnelled paddle-steamer, a Broomielaw boat, going downstream.

Presently a figure appeared, not the expected one, but still a friend — indeed, my only friend, Maggie, or as she was called most unjustly by the "bad" boys, Mad Maggie, a big, awkward girl of thirteen, who, festooned with milk cans from Snoddie's farm, was now squeezing through the bars of the shut gates of the level crossing. This was a short cut so strictly forbidden me I watched reprovingly as she dragged up the road on the start of her evening milk round. Passing our house, one of four little villas primly in a row, she saw me at the window and, with a dull clank of cans, waved an arm in greeting.

I had begun to wave back when there came a shrill whistle. My eyes, diverted from Maggie, picked up a plume of steam beneath which a dark maroon serpent snaked slowly round the curve of the railway line. Painfully, as though out of breath, it puffed to the single platform. In the year 1900 only the slowest North British trains stopped at Ardencaple village.

As sometimes happened, my father was the only passenger to get off. He walked briskly, with the step of a man who likes to get home, an alert figure, conveying, even at that distance, an unmistakable and distinctive sense of style. He was wearing his brown suit, with dark brown shoes, a brown bowler hat with a curled brim, and a short fawn coat. As he drew near, the dog looked up and, being unaware of the prejudices of the village, raised the dust with its tail. Then I saw, with increased anticipation, that Father was carrying a parcel.

Quite often when visiting his customers in Winton he would bring home to Mother and me something for supper that rarely failed to excite us: perhaps a bunch of choice Colmar grapes, or a cut of Tay salmon, or even a jar of Canton green ginger, exotics which seemed to indicate that Father was himself not averse to having good things to eat and which, of course, went so far beyond the modest standards of our daily life that, unveiling them casually with one eyebrow critically raised, he secretly enjoyed our startled looks.

The door clicked open and Mother, plucking off her apron, ran to meet and hug him, an action I did not altogether approve, but which unfailingly took place. Father took off his coat and put it on a hanger — he was always careful of his clothes — then came into the kitchen, lifted me up in a detached manner, and set me down again.

Mother put the soup on the table. It was Scotch broth, a dish Father particularly liked, but of which, unless pressed, I would eat only the peas, arranging them first in a circle on the rim of my plate. There was boiled beef to follow. Against the native custom — and this was only one of our many failures to conform to the strict usages of the community in which we lived — we took our main meal at night, since Father, on the move all day, seldom had the opportunity for more than a sandwich.

Meanwhile, with an air that I felt to be unusual, even slightly strained, he was slowly unwrapping his parcel.

"Well, Grace," he said. "It is all settled."

Mother stopped ladling the broth. She had turned pale.

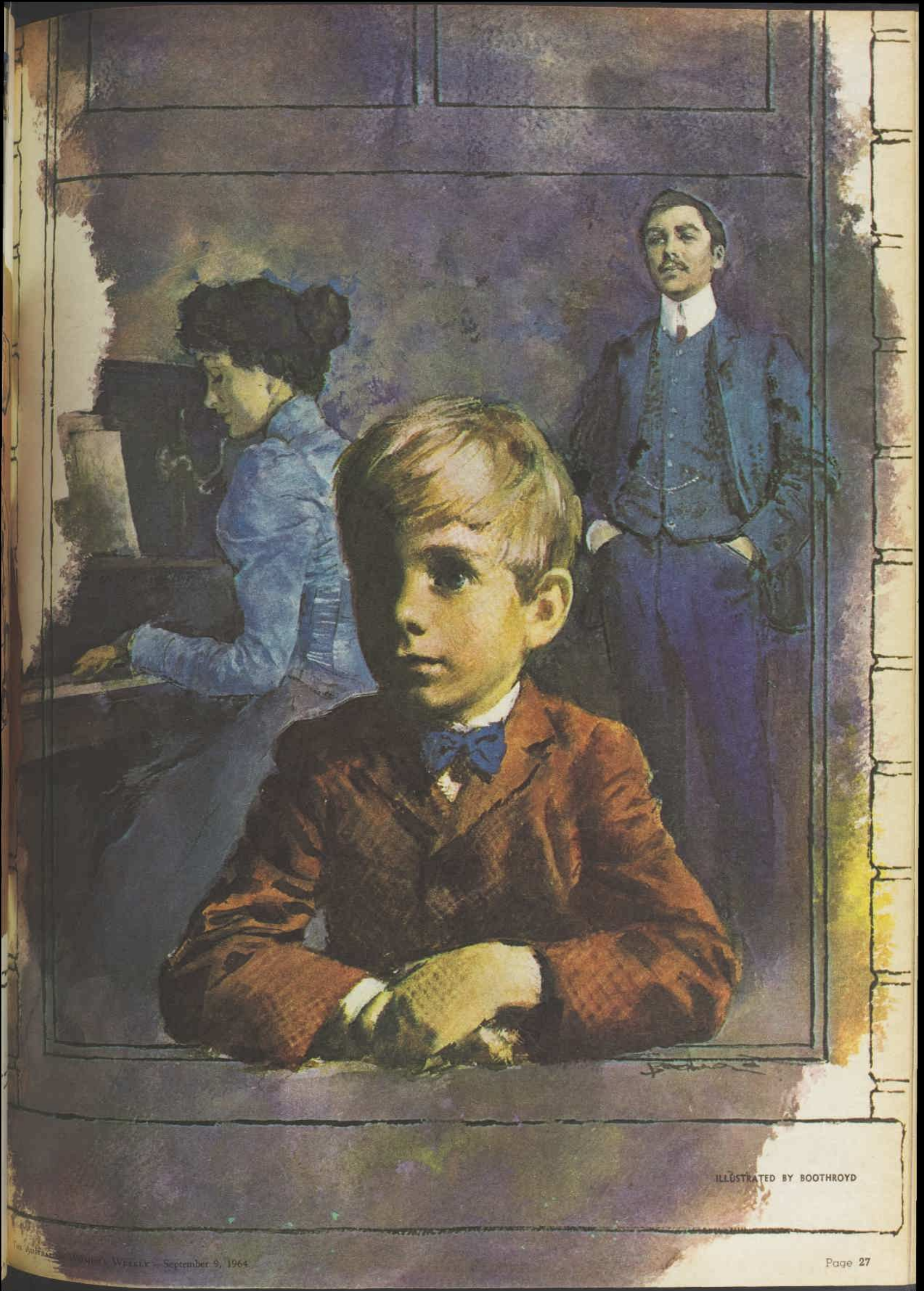
"No, Conor!"

He looked at her with a smile, affectionate yet ironical, and touched up the ends of his short brown moustache.

To page 46

Timid in the presence of Lady Meikle, Laurie was at ease with Terence and Maggie.





ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

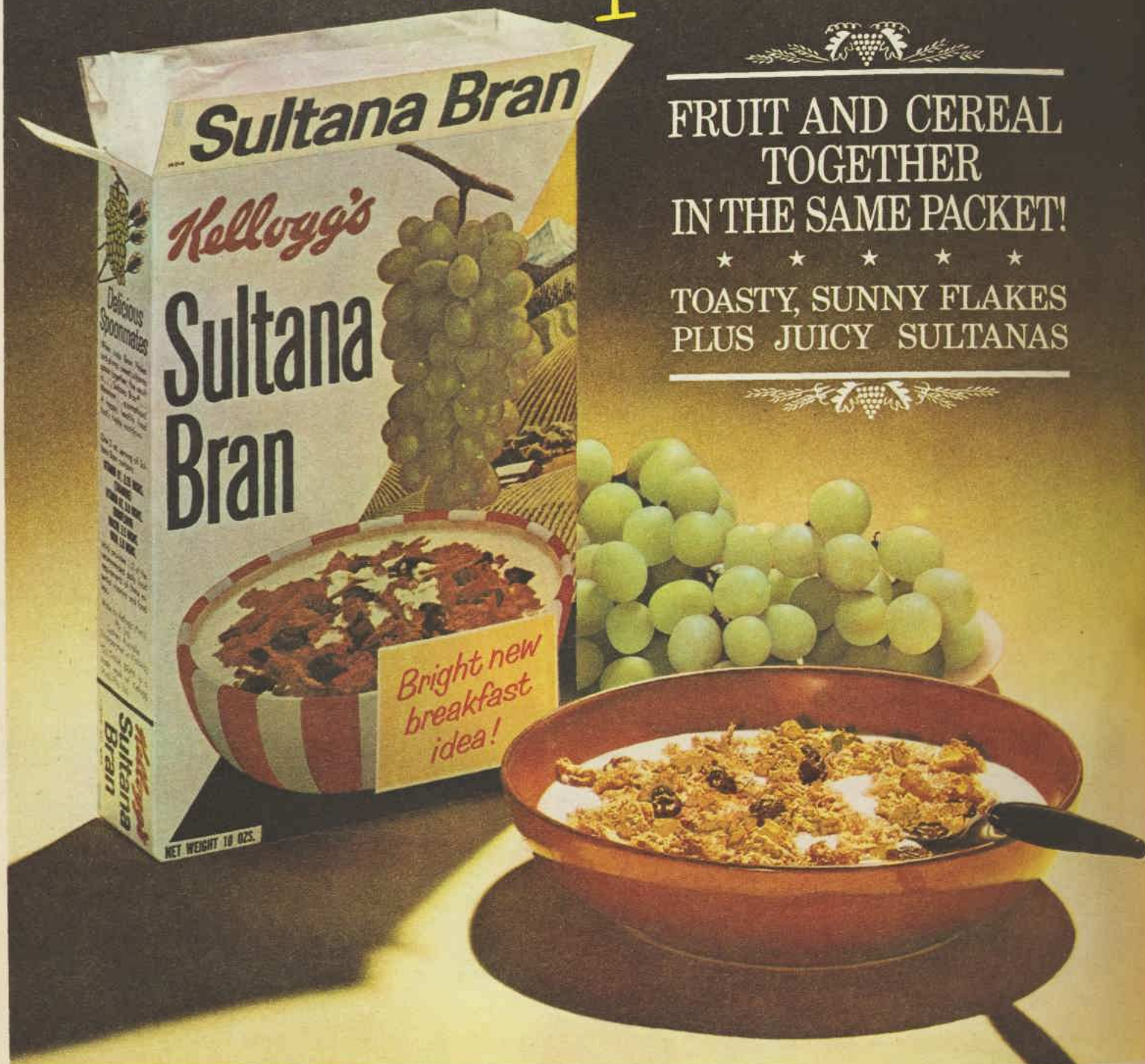
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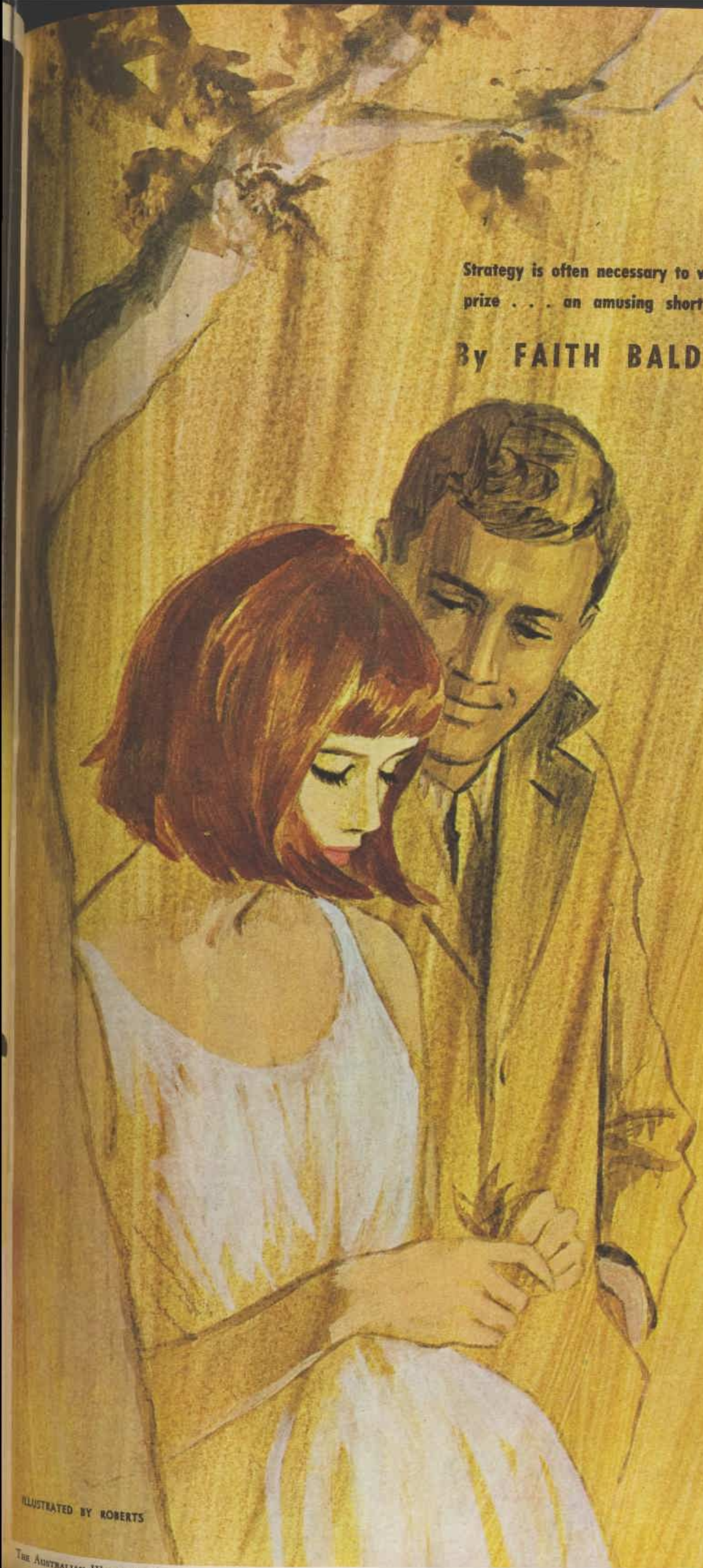
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Strategy is often necessary to win the
prize . . . an amusing short story

By FAITH BALDWIN

SLEIGHT OF HAND

JIM MORGAN took up magic because he felt at a loss socially. He had absolutely no small talk, and he did not know what to do with his hands — it's impossible to wear them in your pockets all the time or to cultivate a pipe when you don't like to smoke.

Any parlor psychologist could have told him — not that he needed to be told — that his after-office difficulties sprang from his background.

He was the youngest member of an exceptionally voluble family: his father was a brilliant trial lawyer, and his mother, who before her marriage had played minor sparkling screen roles, was a notable wit. His brother, Kim, was an advertising genius whose ability to communicate, loud and long, never flagged.

Kim's wife went in for golf, bowling, and bridge. And Jim's sister was married to a politician for whom she campaigned; she was also a formidable clubwoman. In addition, Jim had numerous nephews and nieces — all articulate.

In every clan there's always an odd man out. Jim, unlike his brother and sister who had started talking at ten months, never spoke a word until he was almost three. He simply pointed. And when he finally began to talk, he did so sparingly.

When there was work to do, he did it; when he was compelled to converse, he obliged succinctly. He had an excellent scholastic record and many friends, because he was not only personable and intelligent, but an interested, sympathetic listener.

When he left California and settled in New York, he made new friends. He acquired a steady, well-paid position which did not require him to sell anything personally, throw parties for clients, or try to be clever over a nightclub table.

In his office he talked soundly, if briefly. He was head of the textbook section of a publishing firm, and was therefore not forced to take novelists to lunch.

Writers, actors, artists, radio and television people loved him dearly. He listened to them. He was asked out frequently, and, being unattached, he was invaluable to hostesses. This alarmed him because of his social insecurity.

At one party he encountered an amateur

To page 40

"Do you think you could manage a walk with your sore ankle?" Jim anxiously asked Candy.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERTS



CAREER GIRL

An appealing short short story

By ROBERTA YATES



Hair style by Frederick J. Thompson.

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GIRLS with money worry less. They fear men want to marry them for it, and another type of girl worries now days, too. She is the successful career girl and she is afraid the men want her as a sort of status symbol or stepping-stone. That was how it was with Sandra James. At 25 she was the valued assistant to the president of a large architectural firm.

Along the way she had refused several pleasant but suspect young men. One, she felt sure, wanted a wife who would support herself and also possibly him. Another seemed to figure that the way to the president's heart was through his secretary. Sandra, in a feminine way contradictory to her office efficiency, wanted to be loved for herself alone.

Then Johnny Nichols came along. He was a junior architect designing cinder block garages in a firm where skyscrapers and cathedrals were the concern of higher-ups.

Johnny didn't ask Sandra for a date as an entrance ticket to the front office. He wasn't ambitious. He told her flatly that all he wanted in life was enough to get along on, and he said he liked her because her nose turned up. He kissed her and after that Sandra didn't care why he liked her, just as long as he did.

He said regretfully: "Of course I'm not making enough to support you in the way you're accustomed to supporting yourself."

"Oh, I wouldn't give up my job if I got married," Sandra said.

"I figured you'd feel that way."

And so they were married and Sandra went on being important in the president's office and Johnny went on designing garages. Only the president, who was old-fashioned, worried about the arrangement.

"I might know the best secretary I ever had would get married and I'd lose her," he mourned.

"But you're not losing me," Sandra said cheerfully.

"I shall when you have a baby."

"Oh, that's a long way off," she told him with confidence.

But it was only a year off. At first she decided not to tell Johnny right away. She would make plans first. She would work until just before the baby came. Then she would hire a capable nurse and return to her job. Johnny had married a career girl and he would continue to have one. Then, quite unexpectedly, she found herself in his arms, weeping.

"Of course I want the baby, but why do I have to feel so awful?"

"The doctor says you'll feel better soon," Johnny said.

"How did you guess? You talked to the doctor?"

"I went to see him after you spent the weekend eating liver-wurst sandwiches and oranges," Johnny said. "It seemed odd."

"I'll be fine," Sandra said, wiping her eyes. "I'll take a few weeks off when the baby comes."

"We'll see what the doctor says," Johnny said.

The doctor said she could go on working, and she soon felt better. This was according to plan, and Sandra felt proud of herself.

She trained a girl to take her place for the six weeks she would be away, and inquired about a baby nurse, who must be, of course, the finest available. She found that such a nurse charged almost as much as she herself earned.

"It will cost a lot," she admitted to Johnny. "But a good practical nurse will do later."

Johnny said nothing. In fact, Sandra noted that Johnny said less and less, as though he worried secretly about becoming a father. When she suggested another apartment with room for the nurse, he said:

"Let's wait until we can buy a real house."

"It may be years and we can't both commute," Sandra cried.

"You might quit work," Johnny said.

So that was what worried him.

"Never. Plenty of women raise families and work," she assured him with bright efficiency.

But she abandoned the idea of a new apartment. What with the nurse's pay and the endless things that seemed necessary for a baby, even both their salaries would not stretch to more. Then Sandra had a shock when the doctor told her, a month before the baby was due, that she must stop work.

"I feel fine," she protested.

"You're too thin and nervous," he told her. "You've done well so far and we'll take no chances."

Sandra reassured her boss. "The new girl is trained. Even if I have to be off two months you won't be inconvenienced."

In that month of staying at home she found that she was a good housekeeper and cook, but why not? Anybody knows that a successful career girl can do anything. Johnny complimented her, but distantly. He was far away these days, and Sandra, with an ache in her heart, knew why.

"I've arranged everything," she reassured him. "The nurse will be here when I return from the hospital. She'll be used to the baby when I go back to work."

Johnny said nothing. Then came the baby, a charming doll of a tiny girl. Sandra called her Joan, for Johnny, and, as she held her, she thought: "A little girl needs a mother more than a little boy does. I hate to turn her over to a nurse. Besides she's delicate."

The doctor laughed when she mentioned it. "That's the healthiest bundle I've delivered in months," he said.

She was still at home when Johnny brought in a roll of sketches. He spread them out on the living-room floor.

"But it's not a garage. It's a church!" Sandra exclaimed.

"The boss is giving me a chance. He wants it modern."

"I know him," said Sandra. "When he says modern he means Gothic arches. He wants modified modern."

Johnny hesitated, then sketched an arch instead of a plain door. They worked together, chattering excitedly, until the nurse announced that they were keeping the baby awake.

"I hate that woman," Sandra whispered. "After all, it's our baby."

The next night Johnny came in and kissed her turned-up nose.

"Love that nose," he said. "The boss liked the church. I got a good raise and everything is peaches on Long Island."

"On where?" Sandra asked.

"Long Island, where we're buying a house," Johnny said.

"Johnny, we can't both commute."

"We sure can't," Johnny said. "Only one of us can and that's me. We'll get a bigger house when I'm a member of the firm."

"But, Johnny, you said all you wanted was enough to get along on."

"That's right," said Johnny. "But it takes more for three to get along on than one, and I want enough for maybe four."

Sandra blinked at him, trying to readjust. "Johnny, why did you marry me?" she demanded.

"I wanted a good smart wife who would help me get promoted," Johnny said. "And you did with suggestions about Gothic arches. You can go right on helping from a house on Long Island. Besides, I like your turned-up nose."

Sandra thought it over. "That's the happiest way to be a career girl," she said. "Helping my husband."

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In a wide range of Spring colours.



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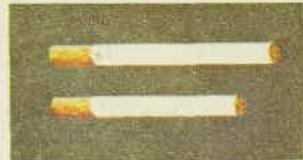
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SMALL ROUND MAN FROM TEXAS

A compelling
short story

By **ARTHUR
PORGES**



*The fisherman stood on the beach while
Inspector Paul Rameau questioned him.*

SERGEANT BLACK said, "We don't get many European visitors around here." He had just introduced Inspector Paul Hermite Rameau to Professor Ulysses Price Middlebie in the latter's enormous library. "Monsieur Rameau is here after a criminal called the Chameleon," the sergeant said, painfully conscious of his staky French.

"Alias 'Cauchy Fourier Boussinesq,'" the Inspector expanded. He was tall, for a Frenchman, and handsome. He spoke perfect English; in fact, only his too-mobile lips and glossy grooming, together with the cut of his jacket, suggested his native country. "But now, perhaps fortunately, quite dead."

"A French police official in Silver Beach," Middlebie said. Then he nodded gravely. "The big emerald robbery — right?"

"Right," Black said. "A 300,000-dollar job, no less; and now all for the fishes, unless some skin-diver gets lucky."

"The necklace belongs to the Marquise de Tournay," Rameau said.

"The Inspector's been wanting to meet you ever since he read some of your technical stuff in the Interpol publications," the Sergeant explained.

"That's very flattering," Middlebie said. "Actually my field has always been the History and Philosophy of Science, but after retiring I got involved in the intellectual side of crime detection and found it quite stimulating."

"You would particularly find stimulation in the Chameleon," Rameau said darkly. "Boussinesq is a master of illusion through disguise. He never merely plays a part — he becomes the person in question. With his great skill in languages and this uncanny flair for mimicry, he can pass for any type from Greek to Zulu — I do not exaggerate."

"In appearance the Chameleon is striking, an odd paradox in a criminal whose forte is illusion. The man is six feet five inches tall, and very thin. How, you will ask, can such a figure be disguised? All I can say is that Boussinesq's personality is so strongly centred in the part he's playing that one simply fails to notice his build. One sees an elderly, coughing consumptive; a lathy, vigorous peasant, or even a slatternly concierge."

"So we find this thief, who specialises in jewels, making one coup after another, and always escaping by means of illusion — disguise, or misdirection. He has ruined the careers of three of my predecessors, and almost did as much for mine. That he did not, I have to thank not my wit, which failed me, but the terrible Pacific surf of Silver Beach."

"And what was he doing here?" Middlebie demanded. "He announced in France — mark the man's impudence — that he was going to steal the Marquise de Tournay's emerald necklace; that not even her visit to the United States would prevent it. So I, myself, accompanied the Marquise to California, along with my assistant, Jourdain."

"Your police co-operated completely; after all, the Chameleon did steal a 60,000-dollar tiara from under the noses of the Boston detectives. He was then a high official of Ireland, which in Boston is like a licence to rob banks, hein?"

"Now you will perceive that I used the Marquise as bait, but there was no choice. She insisted on bringing the necklace and in coming to California. I tried to dissuade her; that was my duty. When she refused, it was equally my duty, and more to my taste, to trap Boussinesq."

"We are a logical race, we French. I told my men — and your police — there are too many possible disguises. He will surely fool us again, if we play the game his way. I have an idea. There is one thing that cannot be hidden: the man's great height."

"We shall throw a cordon around this Silver Beach. Forget about disguise — but detain and question thoroughly everybody well over six feet in height. Once we have him in custody we can strip the Chameleon of his costume, no matter how ingenious."

"We shall even watch the sea; a patrol boat is available, and a helicopter, too. They say no small boat could possibly get through the surf at this season, but I take no chances with this 'cochon' — this pig, Boussinesq."

Rameau's voice had deepened; he sat stiffly in the big armchair.

"But with all these precautions — myself, Jourdain, and the local police — he steals the necklace. It was a comedy of confusion involving false alarms of fire in the hotel, so that a swarm of terrified guests overwhelmed my security measures. How does one stop panicky men, women, and children fleeing from the flames? No doubt one of them was tall and thin, and otherwise unremarkable — a face among many."

To page 72



What
every
baby
dreams
of



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with its goodness
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ASK YOUR DOCTOR
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Sandy Scott



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Laurel Lea



Judy Stone



Col Joye

WIN A MORRIS 850 IN THE KOLYNOS BANDSTAND CONTEST!

(or one of 257 other valuable prizes)

How to enter: There's always a lot of fun on the "Bandstand" set! Just look at that photo of Brian Henderson trying to be a whole band by himself!

Bandstand stars Col Joye, Judy Stone, Sandy Scott and Laurel Lea had comments to make and each comment contains the title of a song. All you do is match the number of each comment with the name of the artist who recorded the song.

Comment 1. Brian, you're just a little too much, only experts play by ear.

Comment 2. I listen to my heart and it says you're a bit off beat.

Comment 3. With all this noise you'll never know how I sing.

Comment 4. I can't recognise that tune, but what I don't know won't hurt me.

Make your choice for each, then write what you believe is the most apt comment from Brian Henderson himself. (For example: "I always play by ear.")

Your sense of fun can win you the Morris 850, the Honda Scooter or one of the other 256 exciting prizes listed below.

FIRST PRIZE: Morris 850 Motor Car. **SECOND PRIZE:** Honda 50 c.c. Motor Scooter. Plus 256 other valuable prizes! 2 Wallace surfboards, from W. W. Campbell's Surf Shop, built to the winner's specifications. 3 Philips "Partygoer" portable transistorised radiograms. 6 Philips "Musictime" portable transistorised clock radios. 20 Vanity Fair hair dryers. 50 Christine Lynch Sterling Silver, turquoise and cultured pearl bracelets. 75 Philips Grammy Award-winning 12" LP recordings. 100 Savion Presentation Packs from I.C.I.

Send as many entries as you like, but enclose the end from a Kolynos toothpaste carton with each. (Except where this is contrary to your State law.)

Judging: Entries will be judged by an independent judging organisation on the basis of—

1. Placement of comment number with correct names.
2. Suitability, originality, interest and neatness of your comment for Brian Henderson.

Judges' decisions are final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries remain the property of International Home Products (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., and none will be returned.

Employees (and their families) of I.H.P., their advertising agency and the judging organisation are not eligible to enter.

Winners will be notified in writing 6 weeks after closing. Winners' names will be in the Women's Weekly on or about November 11.

HOW TO MAIL: Print your entry on the form given or plain paper and send to P.O. Box 220, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

CLOSING DATE: Entries received after October 5 will not be considered. No responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in transit.



KOLYNOS BANDSTAND CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Fill in this coupon and address it to: P.O. Box 220, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

STATE: _____

JUDY STONE SAID _____ Comment number ☐

COL JOYE SAID _____ Comment number ☐

LAUREL LEA SAID _____ Comment number ☐

SANDY SCOTT SAID _____ Comment number ☐

WHAT YOU THINK BRIAN HENDERSON SAID: _____

KY301



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Slacks for school

MRS N J. SEYMOUR (W.A.) asks have any schools introduced slacks for girls during winter. There are some, but, alas, not ours. A private school in Frankston, Victoria, that I know of allows blue corduroy slacks and a red bulky jumper to be worn in the school grounds. I wish more schools would follow suit.

£1/1/- to "Freezing Fifth Year" (name supplied), Canberra, A.C.T.

AT a small country school which my children attend, all the girls wear slacks during winter months and have done so for a number of years.

£1/1/- to "Girl's Mum" (name supplied), Casino, N.S.W.

WEARING slacks in winter is like wearing shorts in summer. Both show very poor taste as schoolclothes. Mrs. Seymour could dress her girls in woollen stockings with short pleated skirts or tunics. Mothers of girls at our school think this attire is both attractive and warm.

£1/1/- to "Chalkie" (name supplied), Victor Harbor, S.A.

QUITE a number of girls here in Launceston wear slacks, grey or fawn, which ever is necessary to go with the school uniform. My own daughter finds they are much warmer than stockings.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. T. Slaughter, Launceston, Tas.

PLEASE, no slacks for winter schooling. School uniforms should be uniform and the odd assortment of shapes and sizes of growing children in slacks, particularly at high-school level, would be fine for some and painful for others. Surely the only spencer and extra pair of warm pants would solve the problem for the girls. Leave it to the men to wear the long pants.

£1/1/- to P. Walker, Geelong West, Qld.

I AM a pupil at a boarding and day school and we are permitted to wear brown slacks, matching our uniform, during the winter months. I find them warm and comfortable.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Wrigley, Berwick, Vic.

THE primary school my children attend has solved the problem of girls' cold legs without the use of slacks. They are permitted to wear grey tights, and they have not spoiled their uniform. I feel slacks do not look neat and I can understand why many schools will not allow them to be worn.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Rowan, Reservoir East, Vic.

Growing too fast

WHY do so many parents these days try to make their daughters grow up so quickly? I played with dolls until the age of ten and intend buying my seven-year-old another doll for her coming birthday. But "Isn't she a little too old to be interested in dolls?" many of my friends comment. I hope my little girl will be happy with her dolls for a few more years. After all, they grow up soon enough in this modern world of ours.

£1/1/- to "Unsophisticated" (name supplied), South Plympton, S.A.

Dachshund's mixed diet

WE have a four-year-old dachshund with an amazingly varied diet. Lemons, apples, oranges, all vegetables, and cheese are included, not to mention string, rubber, and paper, which he devours in small and large quantities according to his taste. He recently ate a large rubber suction cap and had to have an operation for its removal. Do other dogs have such varied diets?

£1/1/- to Bevan Cursley, Bega, N.S.W.

Shock for the telephonist

AS a telephonist one becomes accustomed to being addressed by the public with various titles such as "Miss," "operator," "young lady," and so on. But my usual composure was completely shattered after one gentleman asked if he was speaking to "the girl on the operating table!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Cohen, Glen Iris, Vic.

Cluttered store aisles

WHY must department stores clutter their ground-floor aisles with bargain tables? For a lunch-hour shopper the time spent struggling through this Indian bazaar is most frustrating. I buy hats, shoes, and dresses now in small shops, where I can walk straight in and begin selecting.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Doyle, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Schoolgirl howler

AS a teacher I have received many howler answers, but perhaps the gem of them all is "The Gulf of Carpet and Terrier." This was a written answer by an above-average girl to a question on Northern Australia, and I honestly believe she thought it to be correct. Had the answer been given orally, it could have passed without detection. More oral answers which could easily pass are "Like Heart River," "Thirsty Island," and "Alice Brings."

£1/1/- to A. E. Young, Indooroopilly, Qld.



THE THINGS THEY SAY!

• The taking of a job by a married woman was no longer regarded as a social stigma, but had become almost a status symbol, an employment authority told a meeting in Sydney recently.

Work, work, work,
With brain or with fingers nimble,
But pardon us all if we smirk
When you call it a status symbol.

Oh, for a millionaire!
Paul Getty or Mr. Onassis
Are a highly desirable pair,
And the fact of the matter, alas, is . . .

We work for our daily bread,
For a washing-machine and the grocer,
But status? Don't be misled.
The answer, succinctly, is NO, sir.

— Dorothy Drain

Those old love letters

NOW I am living alone, a middle-aged widow, I wonder if I am stupid not to destroy the box of beautiful letters written to me during our engagement by my then fiancé. I know they are of no value to anyone else, but how can I bring myself to destroy them?

£1/1/- to "Come Back" (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

More time for culture

MY pet hates are so-called experts who claim that stay-at-home housewives are not as intelligent and interesting as working wives. Who has time to read a book, listen to music, take courses to improve themselves, and indulge in hobbies? It's certainly not working wives — they are too busy catching up on housework. I ask you, what is so interesting and educational in catching the same bus with the same people every day?

£1/1/- to "Stay-at-Home" (name supplied), Para Hills, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

I VISITED a school classroom in Education Week to see the pupils go through their paces.

They put on a good show. Part of it was a make-believe television programme.

The girls showed their talent in the commercials. One of them came out and squeaked: "Mummy, why does Auntie Doff look younger than you?" The reason was that Auntie Doff used a better shampoo.

The boys excelled in the news session. Norman, the first one to appear, had the serious look usual among newsreaders.

"Two hundred people have been killed in an earthquake in Peru," he announced gloomily. "Troops are searching for bodies in the wreckage."

After that he read a report of an axe murder in Melbourne.

Gary, the next boy, read out items of an equally sad nature. An explosion had blown up 43 people in Persia, he said. Wolves had eaten a schoolboy in Poland.

The only one with a distaste for

THIS IS THE NEWS

These boys clearly believed there was no news like bad news.

And yet, I reflected, why should I be surprised by that? It is the same at home. When I bring the



paper in, the younger readers are always eager for the gruesome and grim.

Prowlers and escaped convicts arouse special excitement. When Cosher Biggs broke out of jail, my family followed the manhunt with keen attention. Most of them were on Cosher's side.

The only one with a distaste for

violent reading matter is Baby Pip.

She asked me once to read the story of Jack the Giant Killer "but not about the giant." She is also opposed to wolves and witches. But she is still very young.

The others are keen newspaper readers. Only now and then do they toss the paper aside and say, "There's nothing in it." This means that murderers, hold-up men, and prowlers have taken a night off.

I tried for a while to interest them in cheery subjects, like the fall in the price of eggs. But it was no use.

Now I come in saying: "Tidal wave in Alaska — the fiend of Belgrade strikes again — family poisoned by mushrooms!" It is good to see the interest on the bright, eager young faces.

P.S. PORRIDGE. Recently I mentioned that I had trouble with surplus porridge. A lady in Victoria has kindly written to say that left-over porridge is "wonderful for whitening and softening the skin of the hands." I shall give it a try.

I can bathe on "problem days"



I am a regular Tampax user

On certain days of the month, I need to feel cleaner, fresher.

Every woman knows what I mean.

So I use Tampax internal sanitary protection. It's made of pure surgical cotton, chain-stitched for safety, and fastidiously guarded by a satin-smooth applicator which ensures correct and hygienic insertion. Tampax is far and away nicer, neater, easier. What's more I don't need to miss my daily bath, and I can wear what I want with confidence.

I find I can almost forget about differences in days of the month. Tampax is out of sight, out of mind.

No bulky, cumbersome belt-pin-pad contraption to worry about and cause chafing and discomfort. No odour problems, no disposal problems, no problems of carrying 'spares' . . . no problems at all!

Why doesn't everyone use Tampax?

Answer: millions of women are using Tampax. Why not you? Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). Available in the standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Hair beauty consultant write

Even models must beware of DRY, BRITTLE HAIR!

A model's hair must take a lot of perming, bleaching, tinting, teasing and lacquering. But the clever ones know about 'KIRONE-R'. No dull, dry, brittle hair for them.

'KIRONE-R' (by the famous L'Oreal of Paris) is more than a vitaliser — it actually nourishes the hair. Easy to use, and not an expensive luxury.

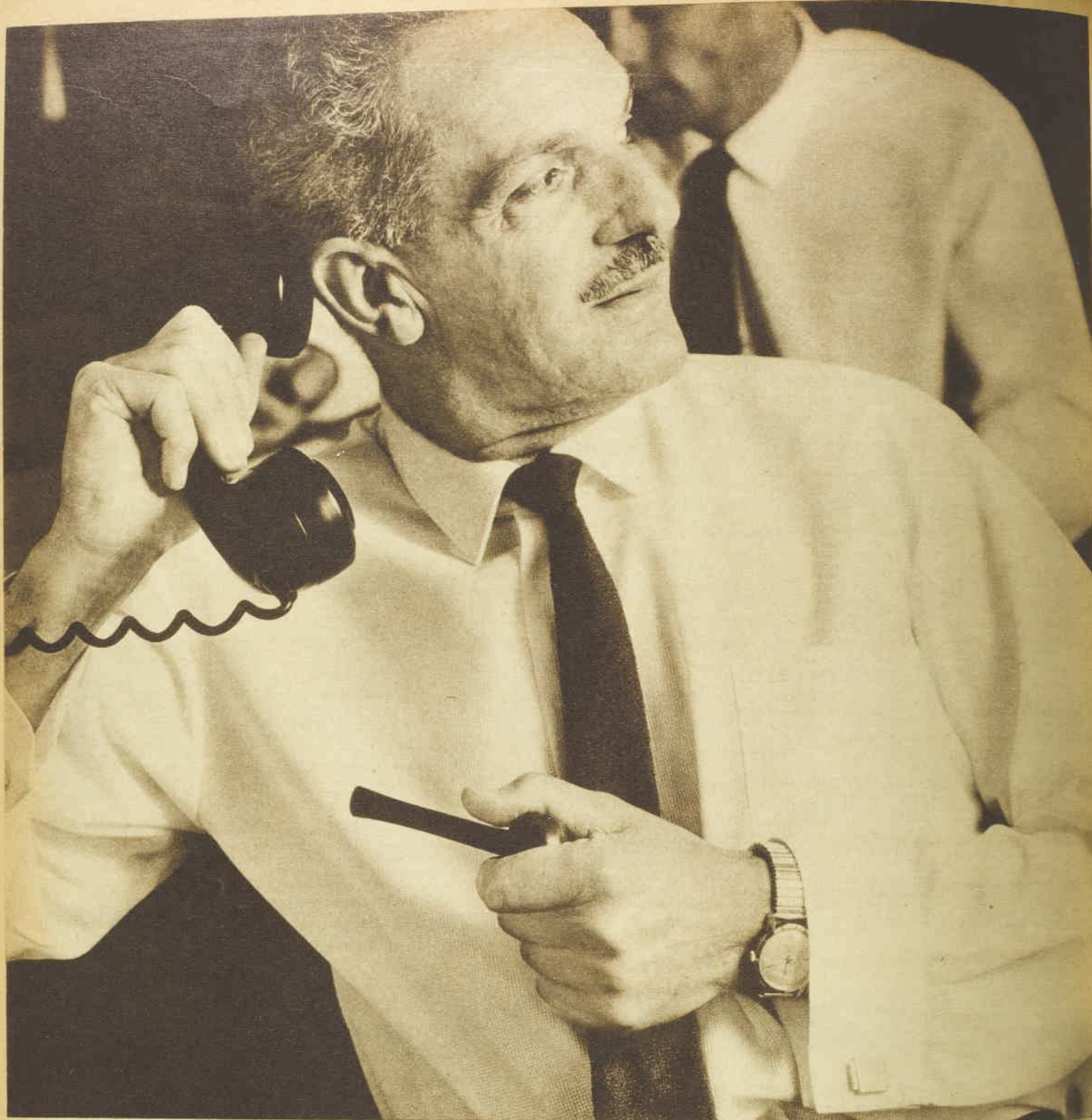
So if you've wondered how models keep their hair so healthy, shining, and beautifully manageable, ask them — they'll tell you — it's 'KIRONE-R'!

Anne Bryant

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Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.
699 Warrigal Rd., Chadstone, Vic.

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**Will he (or she) be tall or short; fat or thin?
Here Miriam Davis discusses the facts ...**

• "Will she ever stop growing?"

"Why isn't Johnny as tall as the other boys in his class?" These are the sort of questions that many parents ask themselves as they watch their adolescent daughters growing taller and taller while sometimes the boys of the same age just don't seem to be growing at all.

HOW A CHILD GROWS

A MOTHER of a 13-year-old girl spoke despairingly to me recently about the size of her daughter's feet.

"I can't understand it. She already takes a shoe two sizes bigger than mine," she moaned.

I could sense the unspoken: "Is she going to be enormously big? Will she ever be able to find a husband?"

This concern for her daughter's future is understandable, but not altogether logical.

Although we'd all like our children to grow into the favorite dream image we have of them, we must not forget that heredity has a lot to say in the way they'll finally be at maturity.

We all seem to be in love with an ideal for our children — we want our boys to be big and husky, and our daughters to be slim and dainty. But let's face facts. All women are not going to be beauty queens and all

the boys are not going to be built like Rock Hudson.

We must try to adjust our children to this fact early in life and make them aware that there are many more important things to make up for a lack of physical beauty — intellect, grooming, good health to name but a few.

I decided to find out a little more about this question of child growth, so I paid a visit to Dr. John Beveridge, Professor of Pediatrics at the University of New South Wales.

He showed me some in-

teresting graphs which plotted the growth of both boys and girls from birth to maturity.

Family Affairs

teresting graphs which plotted the growth of both boys and girls from birth to maturity.

It seems there is no average weight or height for any particular age. Many things have to be considered.

One of the most important things is the framework of the body.

A child with heavy body framework will naturally be heavier right through life than a child whose frame is slight, unless, of course, the slighter child is overfed to such an extent that he makes up the difference in obesity.

The height to which your child will grow is determined by his or her inherited capacity. There is no miracle drug to make a boy whom nature intended to be small shoot up to be a six-footer.

Set limits

Nature has set its own limits for the individual, and, unless there is some physical disease present which might account for unusual extremes, parents would be wise to accept their children the way they are.

A child quickly senses if he is a disappointment to his parents.

Dr. Beveridge advises parents not to be unduly concerned if children seem to be growing too quickly or not quickly enough. The rate of growth differs with each child.

Your daughter at 13 might appear to tower over the 14-year-old boys in the neigh-

borhood. But give the boys a few more years.

They'll probably go on growing until they're 17 or 18 while your daughter will probably stop closer to 15, and by their late teens the difference will have evened out considerably.

Your daughter will probably remain a medium 5ft. 5in., while most of the boys will be well on the way toward six feet.

It would be well to explain these facts to your tall daughter or shorter son.

As the adolescent years are

doctor or the first Australian on the moon.

Mothers, too, should not worry unduly about extremely tall daughters.

If they help them to develop a quiet self-confidence and charm which comes from a healthy body and a contented mind, the girls will have no trouble finding husbands.

It's sad to see a young girl refusing dates time after time because the boy is shorter than she is.

Other tall girls, whose parents have not been so preoccupied with their size, sail through life happily — conscious of their height, but not ashamed of it.

Future worry

It is children who have developed an abnormal sensitivity about their physical appearance who could have emotional problems later on.

There is a rough method which you can use to forecast your child's height at maturity.

Simply take the child's measurement at the age of two, double it and you'll be within an inch or so of final height.

Some years ago a group of scientists tested this rule with 100 boys. Ninety-nine of them at maturity were within a half inch of the forecast.

Another method that many experts swear by is to study the child's feet and hands. If they are big for his age, then most probably the child will be tall.

I asked Dr. Beveridge whether obesity was an inherited tendency.

He said that it could be, but it was pointed out that no one can get fat without eating enough to make him so.

It is an established fact that some bodies burn up more energy than others.

Some thin people (although they might eat enormous meals) will rarely put on much weight after maturity, while stout people (who may not eat nearly as much) seem to gain weight if they even look at high-calorie food.

Children who are showing decided tendencies toward excess weight should be helped to develop good eating habits early in life.

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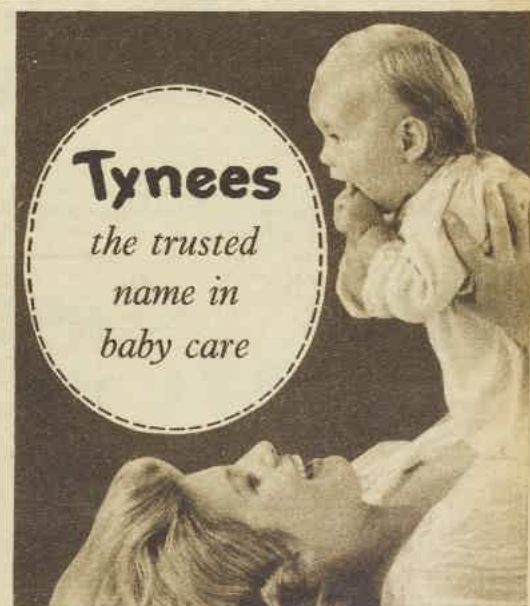
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WA 282

Page 37

KEEP your chinline firm and young by using vitalising cream every night. Cream the chinline generously and then, with the back of your fingers, slip all round the chinline back and forth, letting the movement come entirely from your wrists. Then, with the fingertips, smooth the Chin Vitalising Night Cream from the cleft in the chin along the jawline to the ears. This tissue toning and nourishment will ensure a firm, youthful chinline and a skin of milky beauty.

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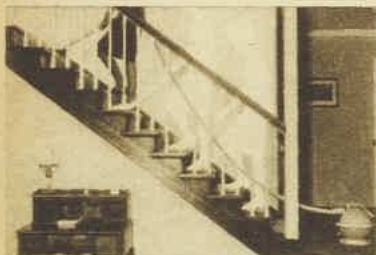
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Only Constellation "glides" on its own air stream a fraction of an inch above the floor. No tugging, no dragging, no tipping over. No other cleaner moves so smoothly, so easily.



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Adds yards to your reach by stretching to twice the length of a normal hose. Lets you clean right up to the ceiling and on stairs without tugging or lifting. More flexible, too—easier to manage.



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No extra tubes to fit together—only Constellation has this one exclusive telescopic wand. No separate tubes to fall apart—it simply snaps in or out, and nothing's out of reach!



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No other cleaner makes dust disposal so easy! Just flip open the lid, lift out the dust bag, and throw it away—or empty and use again. Larger capacity means less frequent emptying.



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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● If you think you've got enough to do as official laundress for the men of your family, you should be keeping a sharp eye on what's happening to men's fashions overseas.

FOR generations men have been content to be neatly and plainly dressed, leaving all the fancy fashions and the frills and furbelows to their women.

Now there's a sinister move afoot to persuade them to deck themselves out like peacocks—like the Beau Brummells of the 18th century.

First came the long hair (I wonder when they're going to start powdering it?). Now the latest fashion, reported to be selling well in London, is for shirts with a wide frilled front and frilled cuffs.

The frilled shirts for day wear come in three colors: pastel-pink, pale blue, and white.

For evening wear, the fashion-conscious young man can choose a shirt with frills, with pleats, or with a lace trim.

Very soon he'll be able to buy shirts with broderie anglaise collars and cuffs, or with a jabot-style front and voluminous sleeves caught into a frilled wrist-band!

One can only hope that women, in self defence, will refuse to wear anything but trench coats and jeans, and will resolutely refuse to do the ironing.

Shirts are bad enough to iron as it is, but how would you like to have to iron them first, and then start all over again on the frilly bits with a gossamer iron?

I've never been too sure what a gossamer iron is, but I think it's a thing rather like curling tongs, once used for putting crimps and fluting into the frills on shirts and pinafores and ladies' caps.

The new male image is certainly different...

HOW the young are going to feel about these trends remains to be seen, but women of my generation can regard them only with grave suspicion.

What, we may well ask, has happened to that fine, careless, masculine disregard for fashion that was the thing among young men when we were young?

I would have quietly died of embarrassment if any lad I was going out with had publicly combed his locks when I was with him, but nowadays you see long-haired youths preening in front of shop-window mirrors all over town.

Are they "masculine," I wonder, or is it just a complete change of fashion?

After all, our grandmothers would have quietly died, I suppose, if they'd seen us renewing lipstick after a meal in a restaurant.

Incidentally, Lady Dartmouth, president of Britain's newly formed National Association of Health, has made a startling statement that a woman swallows nearly a ton of lipstick during her life.

I feel she must be out in her figures somewhere. I doubt whether the average woman even buys anything like a ton of lipstick during her life, and any housewife knows

that a big proportion of what she buys ends up on the outside rims of cups, on handkerchiefs, on table napkins, and on the inside of dresses that other people have tried on in shops!

But to get back to men's fashions. In America they're starting to wear make-up.

One of the big cosmetic firms has produced a cream face-mask for men which it claims produces results which are "little short of amazing."

It is left to harden for 20 minutes, then washed off, "leaving the skin refreshed and the contours taut, so that the cocktail hour can begin with a completely new outlook."

During the 20 minutes while the face cream is hardening this tough masculine character can take a bubble-bath, using a special "he-man" brand, or he can scrub himself with sandalwood scented soap, and finish off with a matching skin perfume and a matching aerosol spray to keep his hair in place.

"There was a time when the American male spruced up with nothing but soap and water," the manufacturers say, "but now they are spending £156 million a year on grooming aids."

The manufacturers call this "the preening male market" and are working flat-out to think up new names and new gimmicks to give their products a "male image, dramatically masculine, with a Continental flair."

And now (oh, horror) it's instant beards

AND if all that isn't enough, there's also the new American trend toward "instant" beards and moustaches.

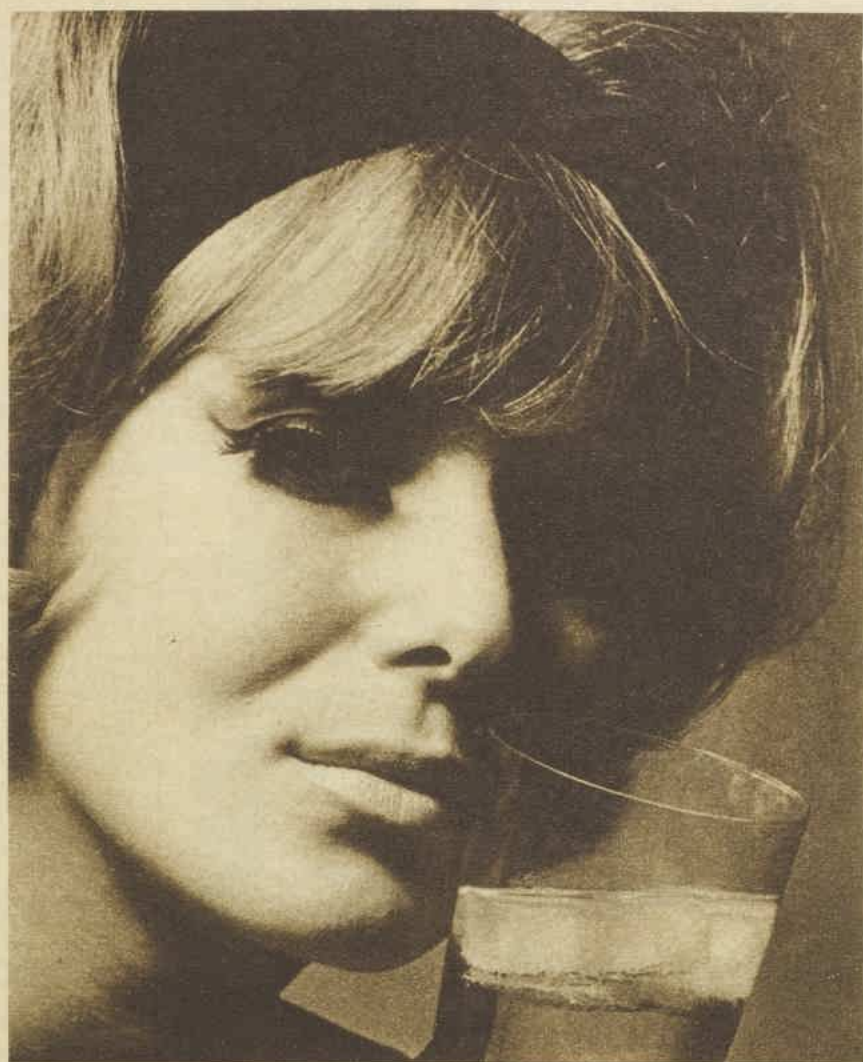
At the National Barber Show in New York, the owner of a new business manufacturing "whip-on-whip-off" moustache said that it was high time men followed the current women's fashion of wearing wigs.

"But they should go further," he said. "They should follow the new trend in false facial wear. False beards and moustaches eliminate the bristly, itchy, in-between stages of cultivating one's own fringe."

He advocated that fat men would wear false handle-bar moustaches to distract the eye from the rest of them; that men with downturned mouths (the chronic scowler types) would look and feel very much better if they put on a false upturned moustache.

And whether a man's moustache is his own carefully cultivated product or an "instant" one applied after his bubble-bath and his skin perfume and his hair spray and the donning of his lace-jabbed, voluminous-sleeved shirt, there's a rule that governs its size.

"Thin moustaches are flattering to thin-lipped men," the whip-on-whip-off manufacturer says. "And a thick moustache is flattering to men with thick lips. A very good rule to follow is that the moustache should always be as thick as the wearer's thickest lip."



"It's wonderful"

"The skiing?"

"No, the Brandy & Dry Ginger"

"That's Schweppesmanship"

"Schweppesmanship?"

"Simply the art of being
a good mixer"

Schweppesmanship is not recognisable in a man by any outward sign. No badge. No armband. No password.

And yet, when you have mastered Schweppesmanship, your guests will know it—from the first sip.

For Schweppesmanship is simply the art of being a good mixer. A Schweppesman is one who mixes drinks with care, and the necessary Schweppes. He even fills a request for "something soft" with polished assurance, for he knows about Bitter Lemon, the adult soft drink invented

by Schweppes for the mature palate.

In other words, it is not the spirit that counts.

You may have been a Schweppesman for years. If so, regard this just as a reminder to renew your membership. Check your refrigerator before you go shopping this weekend. Make sure you have Soda, Dry Ginger Ale, Tonic and Bitter Lemon.

For without Schweppes, there can be no Schweppesmanship. Schweppesverescence lasts the whole drink through.



LUX £1,000

SHOPPING SPREE CONTEST!

Spend like a film star!



£1,000 to win — and spend as you wish! Choose furs . . . diamonds . . . model gowns . . . a new car . . . a trip overseas. Or have a new washing machine . . . toys for your children . . . a TV set, furniture, anything you want. Spend like a filmstar!

IT'S EASY! Simply decide which of the 3 stars (shown below) appeared in each of the films listed. Mark your answers in the squares provided, and write 25 words beginning "It would be nice to be a film star because . . ." Then

send your entry to: "Lux Contest", G.P.O. Box 7061, Sydney, N.S.W.

PRIZES:

£1,000 Shopping spree

4 £250 Shopping sprees

150 cultured pearl necklaces valued at £20 each. 500 vanity compacts valued at £2.50 each. Prizes worth over £6,000



SANDRA DEE

currently starring in Universal's Ross Hunter Production "I'd Rather Be Rich" likes Lux best for its delicate fragrance. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C).

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐



SUZY PARKER

currently starring in United Artists Production "Flight from Ashiya" likes Lux best because it keeps her skin soft all over. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C)

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐



CLAIRE BLOOM

currently starring in Warner Bros. "The Chapman Report" likes Lux best for its creamy-rich lather. The earlier film in which she starred is (fill in film title A, B or C)

Answer is (A, B or C) ☐

FILM TITLES:

☐ A The Interns ☐ B If A Man Answers ☐ C Limelight

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of different entries submitted, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by a Lux Toilet Soap wrapper. Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State Law.

2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.

3. Contest closes 30th October, 1964, and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.

4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges. Winners will be decided on the basis of accuracy, neatness, legibility, and in respect to the 25 word statement — on the basis of its originality, aptness and relevance.

5. All entries received become the property of Lever & Kitchen and none will be returned.

6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be available on request.

7. Employees of Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., and their advertising agents, and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.

8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.



No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 filmstars.

"It would be nice to be a Filmstar because . . ."

(write 25 words)

NAME:

(print clearly)

ADDRESS:

STATE:

L486A-3

SLEIGHT OF HAND

Continued from page 29

magician who just happened to have a pack of cards and also a small section of rope. With these few accessories the gentleman held a roomful of people spellbound, talking most of the time in order to divert their attention from trick to trick.

Jim was fascinated. He quietly cultivated this talented acquaintance. It wasn't difficult, as his new friend was writing a book, and Jim, of course, knew a number of publishers.

This chance meeting resulted in Jim being taught the basic elements of a great art. He had, his friend said, the hands for it and inherent talent. Later, Jim took lessons from a retired professional, read books, bought the necessary gimmicks, joined an association of amateur magicians, and practised.

Finally, when he felt competent, he went to a party and during the evening took from his pocket not only his hand but also a deck of cards. Jim found that talking solo to an enthralled audience was not difficult — it was for a purpose, it was to mislead, it wasn't conversation but patter.

Now he was launched upon a social career and became a stunning success. Everyone cried, "How does he do it?" and wished explanations. He would smile and, while causing a coin to appear in a glass halfway across the room, remark that magicians could keep secrets.

At one party he met a girl named Candida, whom everyone called Candy. She was slim, straight, and elegantly shaped. She had red hair and violet-blue eyes. She worked as a legal secretary in a large firm.

AFTER Jim had performed by popular demand a few mystifying tricks, she wandered up to him. She said, "That was fun, Mr. Morgan."

"Thanks." He waited for a question, and when it didn't come he asked, "Don't you want to know how I do it?"

"Oh, no," said Candy, "half the fun is in not knowing — if you told me it wouldn't be magic, would it?"

Before he knew it he'd asked her to have lunch with him during the following week.

They met at a quiet place where the food was superb. After the greetings, conversation flagged. Candy introduced various subjects — from De Gaulle and the Common Market to the weather and the Kremlin — and Jim responded with a short, considered opinion or an educated guess. And that was that. Finally, she asked, "You don't like to talk, do you?"

"No."

"Why?"

After a moment he answered that he supposed it was because he had very little to say.

Candy thought it over and then said gravely, "Perhaps your mother was frightened by a parrot?"

Jim grinned. "Could be," he said, "and the rest of my family as well."

The conversation languished again. Mechanically, and to the astonishment of those at nearby tables, Jim produced a pack of cards and shuffled them. "Take one," he ordered.

Candy did so, and he replaced it in the pack. When it reappeared, Candy turned it over. It was the Knave of Hearts.

She said, "All the time you were doing that you talked." Jim took the card back and returned the deck to his pocket, much to the disappointment of a hovering waiter.

He said, "Well, it's easier."

Candy smiled radiantly. She said, "I think I understand."

After that they saw a lot of each other — dinner, movies, theatre, and, when spring finally came, the zoo and little drives into the country. In time, Jim went to her home for dinner to meet her parents, whom he later entertained and bewildered. They liked him.

Before summer came in, hot and dusty, Candy's mother spoke to her. "You're in love with Jim Morgan," she said calmly.

"Certainly," Candy agreed, "although I didn't know it was obvious."

"It is to me, but then I recognise the symptoms, you've been in love before."

Candy said "Yes," and added, naturally, "but this time it's different."

"Then why so discomolate?" her mother asked. "It's clear he's also in love with you."

"He hasn't said anything. He never says anything," Candy told her.

"Heavens," exclaimed her mother, "he talks all the time!"

"Only when he's doing tricks," Candy said, "or hadn't you noticed?"

"Yes, now that I think of it. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know!"

"How about a little magic of your own?"

Candy said, "I haven't the knack. It would take me years to learn — can't you see us on our honeymoon, old and grey, and asking each other to take a card?"

"I didn't mean that kind of magic," said Mrs. Wilson. "Almost every woman is born with a magical know-how and a built-in kit of tricks. How do you think I induced your father to propose to me?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

As her mother told her, Candy listened with respect and awe. "Why, mother," she said, "I didn't know you were capable of such tactics!"

"Talent of that sort," her mother said complacently, "frequently occurs in members of our sex. But," she went on, "each situation is different. The trap your father fell into might be one Jim could elude."

Jim wasn't trying to elude anything, for he did not look for traps. He was not without an elementary knowledge of women. He'd thought himself in love once or twice, but when he summoned the courage to express it he'd been rejected.

By then the lady in question had decided that spending the rest of her life with a strong, silent man would drive her nuts. Unfortunately, Jim had always been attracted to the talkative type.

Rejection was not a challenge; it had become a block. He was afraid to risk it now that he knew, for sure, that Candy was the only girl in the world for him.

He'd gone through the preliminary gestures, held her hand, put an arm around her, even kissed her. It seemed to him that she'd responded, but still

The Wilsons had a country place in Connecticut, and it started to be taken for granted

To page 41

Sew Young with Butterick Patterns

THIS 16-page pattern supplement has 28 of the newest Butterick spring designs. The style choice is varied, and for the first time Butterick presents patterns for original Mary Quant designs.

Throughout the supplement the accent is on youth and prettiness. The fabrics are all chosen for easy-care qualities.

Each pattern design has an alternative style; we do not show both. The second choice is illustrated on the pattern envelope.

All the clothes will be paraded by leading mannequins. The parades, by arrangement with the Myer Emporium Ltd. and David Jones Ltd., will take place in capital cities.

The patterns and fabrics used can be bought at each store in which the parades take place. Patterns are also available by mail.

WHERE TO SEE PARADES

SYDNEY:

DAVID JONES' Elizabeth St. store, daily from Monday, Sept. 7, to Friday, Sept. 11, at 11.15, 12.15, 2.15, 3.15, and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 10.15 a.m.

FARMER'S daily from Monday, Sept. 7, to Friday, Sept. 11, at 11.15, 12.15, 1.15, 2.15.

ADELAIDE:

MYERS daily from Monday, Sept. 14, to Friday, Sept. 18, at 12.10, 1.10, 2.10.

DAVID JONES daily from Monday, Sept. 14, to Fri., Sept. 18, at 11.15, 12.15, 1.15, 2.15.

HOBART:

BROWNELL'S daily from Monday, Sept. 21, to Friday, Sept. 25, at 12.30, 1.30, 3.15.

PERTH:

FOY'S daily from Monday, Sept. 28, to Friday, Oct. 2, at 11.40, 12.20, 1.10, 1.50.

BOAN'S daily from Monday Sept. 28, to Friday, Oct. 2, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30, 2.30.

BRISBANE:

ALLAN AND STARK daily from Monday, Oct. 5, to Friday, Oct. 9, at 11.10, 12.10, 1.10.

McWHIRTER'S daily from Monday, Oct. 5, to Friday, Oct. 9, at 11.30, 12.30, 1.30.

FINNEY ISLES daily from Tuesday, Oct. 6, to Friday, Oct. 9, at 11.45, 12.15, 1.15, and Sat., Oct. 10, at 9.30 a.m., 10.15 a.m.

MELBOURNE:

MYER'S daily from Monday, Oct. 12, to Friday, Oct. 16, at 12.10, 1.10, 3.

3142.—Sunny yellow suit (right) in textured rayon by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 22/6 per yard. Blouse in floral Teton by Silk Textile Printers from Snow Elliott at 19/11 per yard. Suit will be paraded at Myer's, Melbourne and Adelaide; Farmer's, Sydney; Allan and Stark, and McWhirter's, Brisbane; Boan's, Perth; Brownell's, Hobart. Pattern details page 8 this section.

TO GET PATTERNS BY MAIL

To order patterns by mail, send orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE6.) Please state size required, and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



BUTTERICK PATTERN SUPPLEMENT

I made these myself *with New* Trims

GOODMANS

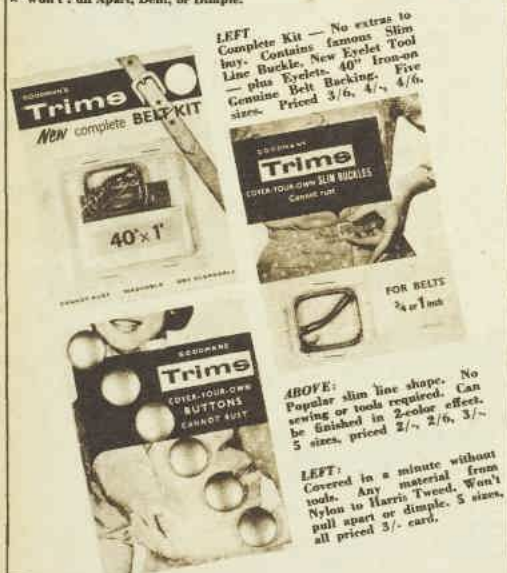
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Page 2—BUTTERICK PATTERN SUPPLEMENT

New Spring Eye-catchers

• Varying shades of sunny yellow are combined in these four new spring-summer designs. The accent is on youthful prettiness and ease. The fashions will be paraded at Myer's, Melbourne and Adelaide; Farmer's, Sydney; Allan and Stark and McWhirter's, Brisbane; Boan's, Perth; and Brownell's, Hobart. Back views of designs and pattern details are on page 8 of this section.

3136.—High-yoked semi-fit shift (right) is sleeveless and has a square-cut neckline and neat bow trim. Fabric is Sundek rayon at 13/11 per yard.



2734.—Sleeveless one-piece (left) has a bloused bodice and a skirt with all-round box pleats. Fabric is Teton crepe by Silk Textile Printers from Snow Elliott, 17/11 per yard.



3082.—Jumper dress and long-sleeved blouse. Jumper is printed rayon by Tennyson at 25/- per yard; blouse terylene, by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 15/11 per yard.

Shapemakers in Butterick Patterns

Here are five designs reflecting new trends for the home sewer. Fabrics and color add interest. The fashions will be shown in parades at David Jones, Sydney and Adelaide; Foy's, Perth; and Finney Isles, Brisbane. Back views of the designs and pattern details are on page 8 of this section.



2996.—Tailored one-piece (above) has a semi-fit front and straight back held in by a self-material belt. The fabric is textured rayon by Marchioness at 35/- per yard.



2932.—Feminine shift (right) has soft gathers in front and at back. The dress can be worn belted or falling loose. Fabric is printed Tetoron crepe by Tennyson at 27/6 per yard.



2727.—The young look in coat fashions (above). The design has a semi-fit, with pockets and three-quarter-length sleeves. The fabric is textured rayon by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 29/11 per yard. 2997.—Companion dress is smoothly tailored, beltless, sleeveless, and has twin pockets on the skirt. The fabric is textured rayon by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 22/6 per yard.

2973.—Suit and overblouse with self-tie belt (right). Jacket facings match blouse. Fabrics: Suit is printed rayon by Marchioness at 29/11 per yd.; blouse and jacket facings are textured rayon by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 22/11 per yard.



NEW FROM SUNBEAM!

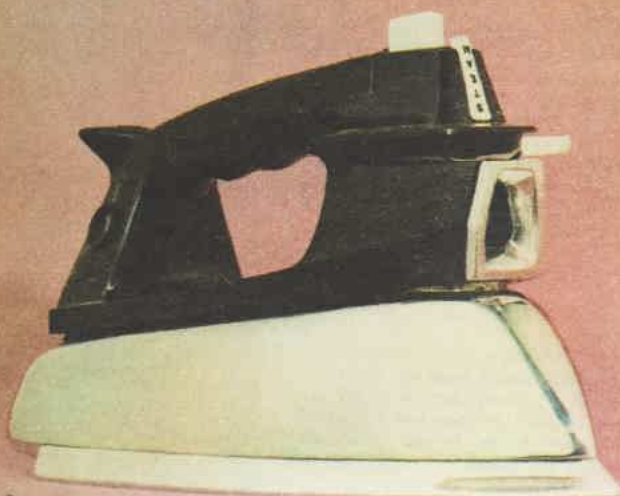
AN IRON THAT SPRAYS



AND STEAMS

NEW *Sunbeam* SPRAY AND STEAM IRON

It's an iron that sprays . . . and with it you can say good-bye to tedious damping-down forever. No matter how creased your ironing, at a touch of the thumb you can spray away wrinkles like magic. Not just a new iron but a whole new ironing concept, this new Sunbeam iron dries, it irons with steam, and it sprays! Be sure to try this amazing 3-in-one iron. It will give you the long, trouble-free service you expect from every Sunbeam appliance.



SPECIAL HEAT SETTINGS

Like every Sunbeam iron, it has special heat settings to let you iron nylon, terylene — in fact all the new fabrics — safely and immaculately.



Cool prettiness for town

● Here, easy-care fabrics show the new greens of spring in individual designs. The easy look, a tailored trend, and soft femininity are all represented. The clothes will be paraded at Myer's, Melbourne and Adelaide; Farmer's, Sydney; Boan's, Perth; Allan and Stark and McWhirter's, Brisbane; Brownell's, Hobart. Back views of the designs and pattern details are on pages 8 and 12 of this section.

2935. — Soft one-piece dress (left) has a hi-line bodice finished with above-elbow sleeves. A self-tie belt accents the high waistline; the skirt has eased fullness. The fabric is dacron crepe by Marchioness at 27/6 per yard.



3105.—Summer coolness is portrayed in the sleeveless scoop-necked one-piece dress (above). The design has a front opening fastened with tailored buttons. The skirt ends in a wide self-ruffle trim. The fabric is Sundeck rayon at 13/11 yd.

2995. — Tailored one-piece dress (left) has low-placed slit pockets and inset front opening below a rounded neckline. The dress is sleeveless. The fabric is textured yarn by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 22/6 per yard.



2948.—Suit with box jacket has front-buttoned overblouse and slim skirt (above). The jacket has a notched collar and three-quarter-length sleeves. Blouse is sleeveless. Fabrics: Suit in rayon by Tennyson at 25/- per yard; Blouse in fine textured rayon at 14/11 per yard.

Turn fabric into fashion with **Beutron**

COLOUR MATCHED

BUTTONS



COLOUR MATCHED

Colour-matched to this season's exciting new fashion fabrics
It's more than just a button... a Beutron button is a colour-matched fashion accessory. Outstanding quality, too. That wonderful colour simply refuses to boil off, dry-clean off, or fade off. All the best-dressed fabrics are wearing Beutron colour-matched buttons. Are yours?

Butterick Pattern 2938. Beutron cleverly colour-matches a sandy-beige, brown trim dress with dramatic beige-centred, brown-rimmed fashion buttons (see illustrated button 4). This attractive Butterick pattern is now available at all fashion stores.

Beutron



BB1/08MSFPC

The Australian Women's Weekly

Here are just four from the range of more than 1,600 Beutron buttons.

1. **Summer Sky.** $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". Curved shank button suitable for heavy fabrics. Rippled effect ideal for matching gay prints. 8 colours.
2. **Daisy Gold.** $\frac{3}{4}$ ". The squared tailored look. 10 fashion colours.
3. **Liquid Lime.** $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Basic square fish-eye buttons for simple shifts, blouses, cardigans. 8 colours.
4. **Nutty Brown.** $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". (see Butterick pattern). Pale matt centre and darker gloss rim perfectly matches tweeds and other fabric mixtures. Many colours including black and white.

Fresh colors for active young moderns



3133. — Sleeveless one-piece dress (above) has a softly bloused bodice with a bono-tied self-material belt at the normal waistline. The skirt has all-round unpressed pleats. The fabric is Tetoron taffeta by Tennyson at 24/11 per yard.

3082. — Jumper dress with extended shoulders (right), worn over a long-sleeved blouse finished with a collar and bow. Fabrics: Jumper in Caravelle crepe by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 23/6 per yd.; blouse in printed Toray Tetoron at 27/6 yd.

● Riding a new wave of fashion are these four specially chosen designs for young mods. The fashions will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney and Adelaide; Foy's, Perth; Finney Isles, Brisbane. Back views of the designs and pattern details are on page 12 of this section,

3016. — Blouse, pants, and pirt (slit-skirt), above, combine to make a chic outfit for mods. Fabrics: Pirt in rayon by Marchioness at 22/6 per yard; blouse and pants in rayon by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 29/11 per yard.

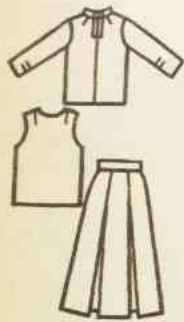
Pictures in this supplement were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

3063. — Sleeveless semi-fit one-piece dress (right) has high-to-the-throat neckline. Extra-large patch pockets trim the skirt. The fabric is printed rayon by Alcorso, Silk Textile Printers at 29/11 per yd.



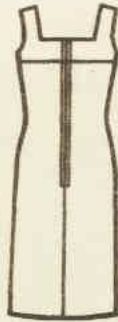
BACK VIEWS OF DESIGNS ON PAGES 1, 2, 3, 5

Note: All yardage given is for size 14



3142. — Suit (left) in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires 4½yds. 45in. material; blouse 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.

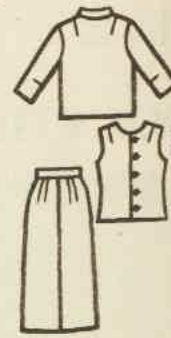
3136. — Dress (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 5/- includes postage.



2734. — Dress (left) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 5/3 includes postage.



2973. — Suit and blouse (right) in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires, suit 3½yds. 44in. material, blouse and facings 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



2932. — Dress (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 5/9 includes postage.



2996. — Dress (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



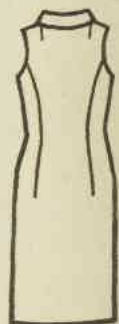
2727. — Coat (below) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 4½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.



2997. — Dress (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.



3082. — Jumper dress and blouse in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires dress 3yds. 45in. material, blouse 2½yds. 42in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.



2995. — Dress (left) in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



2935. — Dress (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 45in. material. Price 4/- includes postage.



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WAM-1

Color in your HOME



Variations on a theme

THEME IS BROWN
(above). Take one color,
vary it — result, warm,
neutral tonings for
bachelor bedroom. In
harmony with simple de-
sign is the untreated
pine used for Swedish-
type furniture and lamp
base beside the bed.

THEME IS GREEN
(right). Bedroom in
exotic contrast to mon-
astic one above. Thai
silk covers outside bed
and cushions in irides-
cent shades of aqua-
marine. Curtains reflect
colors in Sydney Harbor
seen from windows.



Choosing colors and designs for your home

● In the end color is a matter of choice, because it is you who have to live with it, says Loelia, Duchess of Westminster. In this article, however, she sets out some guiding pointers on color and design to follow when decorating your home.

TO write about color is incredibly difficult; words can never capture the intense pleasure that a successful, unusual combination of colors can give the eye. Sometimes in my work I sit staring for minutes on end at a color, trying to evoke in words the exact shade I have to describe, and finding it impossible to convey.

I like to think sometimes that with all the astonishing things going on in the world today a totally new color will be discovered. It will, of course, be beyond our

imagination to conceive it at present, but imagine how the decorators would go overboard for it and the pen-pushers like me scratch their heads trying to find words to describe it.

At present we must make do with the colors we know and merely play around with the myriad shades available to us.

A favorite book of mine is "Horticultural Color Chart" in two volumes. Although meant for the identification and classification of flowers, I find it immensely useful for interior decoration. The gradation of color is so subtle sometimes to seem almost imperceptible. I amuse myself occasionally in making up weird and unusual color schemes from these pages.

Just for fun, I wish I could realise some of my color combinations and see if they would be as successful as I think.

Many times I have used

these color charts when instructing a painter on the exact shade I want the walls of a room painted.

Remember, having chosen the color you want, you will get totally different effects with flat paint, eggshell finish, shiny, or stippled.

Each different surface effect has its vogue here in England from time to time, but now I fancy stippled is winning over. For on the whole it is more sure of success in most rooms

"Talking nonsense"

and easier to achieve with inexperienced painters.

Texture, in all aspects of decoration, is extremely important. After color and design, it is next in importance, although these three points are so interrelated it is impossible to divorce one from another.

For example, good-colored material with uninteresting texture will disappoint; a beautiful pattern which has been badly colored will be unsuccessful, and so on.

A lot of nonsense is talked about colors being hot or cold or depressing, etc. I think whether the color appears hot or cold largely depends on the temperature of the room!

I once painted a large drawing-room in my house a glowing sugar-pink picked out in white. The painter was asked whether he liked it, and he replied, "No, far too cold," which seemed to me the last thing it was.

A color that appears depressing on its own, juxtaposed with a totally different color can suddenly come to life in a most exciting way.

Here in England, because we don't get enough of it, we are always aiming at getting a feeling of sunshine in the room. I am very fond of a "sunset" palette, from the crimson to the palest primrose and gold; one can hardly go wrong with any of them, and one should not be afraid of making them truly vivid.

A very successful room I know is unashamedly vermilion. True, the larger wall spaces are hung with prints in black and gold Hogarth frames, but the smaller spaces are left to glow entirely unhidden.

I am not so keen on the more discreet pale peach pinks; they have been done to death.

Nine times out of ten if one is taken over a newly-weds' house or flat, you can bet your bottom dollar the bedroom will be peach colored.

"You can't go wrong with pink, can you, madam?" — or for that matter, Adam-green for the dining-room.

This must have been done a million times, as was also the pale grey room with the yellow curtains (for which I own to having a great sneaking fondness).

But if you genuinely love



LOELIA, Duchess of Westminster.

these nice, safe color schemes, by all means go along and have them; under no circumstance be dictated to by Fashion; as we all know she is a fickle jade, and if you try to keep up with her you will spend your life being out of date, unable to keep up with her whims.

Still, one does change, often unnoticed by oneself, and one finds one is using

"Nice, safe schemes"

a particular color in decoration, clothes, flowers, which a few years back one may even have disliked.

I wonder what phase I am in now. Possibly brown. I love brown sofa and chair covers in pale rooms. Brown flock paper is lovely, too, but perhaps flock papers are too velvety and hot-looking for Australia.

What has been a craze here in England for the past few years has been blue-and-white rooms. They are sparked off usually by people collecting blue-and-white Chinese porcelains. There are plenty of these about, waiting for the collector to pick them up for fairly moderate prices.

Many Australians I talked to seem to have visited, or be planning to visit, Hong Kong, and that is the best market possible

for oriental ceramics.

Some of the blue-and-white pots make ideal lamps and others are pretty arranged in brackets in patterns on the wall. Having started the nucleus of a collection, hunt for chintzes or cretonnes that will underline the color scheme.

A large room will easily absorb two different pat-

From Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, in London

When selecting your colors, make a point of inquiring about their fastness. Nothing is more infuriating than buying expensive curtains then a year or two later finding the outer edges have faded to a sickly fawn.

Some time ago I wanted some sun blinds, and, having found the exact shade of butcher's blue I fancied, I was so nervous the color might fade that as I was off shortly to the Bahamas for a month, I delayed ordering my blinds until I had taken a pattern to Nassau with me.

I left it out in the tropical sunshine and rain for the four weeks I was there. It passed the test, and the sun blinds are still as blue as the day they were made.

That was a success story, but I have had many that were not, especially with greens, that seem prone to fade when in the mildest sunshine.

So don't trust the salesman implicitly, but test your material first. This is always advisable also for shrinkage when washing fabrics.

To return to our color schemes. Victorian opaline glass (now also well reproduced modern) is another good basis round which to collect and build a scheme. The brilliant turquoise is a wonderful color for making a note in your room, also some of the reds are beautiful.

Red is a particularly successful color with books, and a nice bookshelf is one of the happiest things in any living-room; mahogany looks particularly well against red walls, as does old red leather, and any gilding on furniture or picture frames.

For my personal taste I do not like a "one-color room," and always believe in introducing somewhere a totally different color which I think sharpens the effect of the main one. Of course, green is the obvious and most successful contrasting color to red. But I must note

that the unrelieved "one-color room" seems popular at the moment.

A most successful room, especially in warm climates, can be the all-white room, but it must be studiously carried out with subtle contrasts, treating white as a color and varying its depth and intensity.

A famous decorator in the 'twenties, Syrie Maugham, caused a sensation with her all-white drawing-room, which was the first break

A success story

away from the Edwardian uniform of blue and green drawing-rooms.

The secret of success in a white room is having as many textures of white as possible; shiny white china, on a white marble-topped table against an eggshell-white wall, alongside a coarse white linen curtain. Add flowers with sharp green leaves and you have a success story on your hands.

Probably I should like to introduce my contrasting color note by having a vase of pale pink or pale mauve roses. If you can arrange for light to come filtering

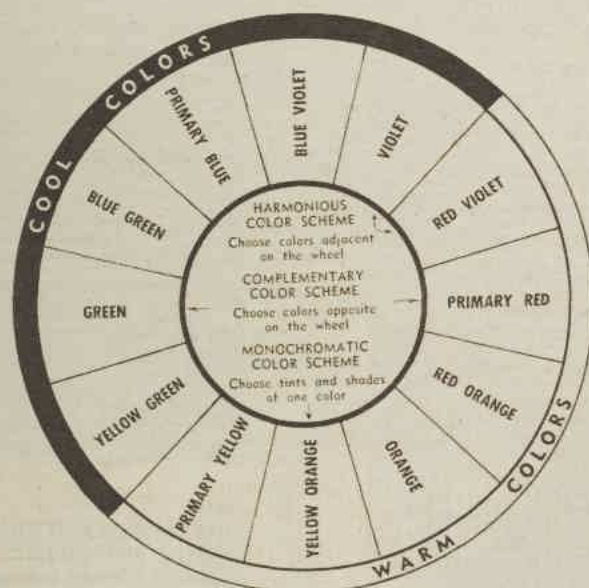
through white blinds or white awnings, you will heighten the effect in the room with a touch of mystery.

The other end of the spectrum is to decorate your room in clashing colors, say bright orange teamed up with the right pink or an unexpected mauve! Here you can do what I've just done for a friend—make up your own stripes for the curtains.

I collected a dozen or more different materials in unmatched reds and made stripes varying from a couple of feet to a few inches, sewn together, with the same red velvet border all round. They are very striking.

This treatment can be used in a more conservative manner, using only two colors in uniform widths, but in two colors you can't find married together by the manufacturers.

To conclude, do not be frightened by color; it won't bite. If you like a color or a combination of colors, use them and use them boldly. It is you who have to live with them!



HARMONIOUS color scheme: Selection of two or three colors lying adjacent on the wheel.

COMPLEMENTARY color scheme: Selection of colors lying opposite each other on the wheel.

MONOCHROMATIC color scheme: Selection of colors built around tints and shades of just one color.

DOS AND DON'TS (for decorators)

● Take our advice before you begin to plan your decoration scheme and paint purchases.

DO REMEMBER . . .

Colors alter under night light. For example, mauve changes radically and takes a grey tone; turquoise becomes green; rose goes salmon-pink.

Some colors tend to discolor when subjected to strong sunlight — pastel shades are the worst affected.

Pastel colors (on walls in particular) increase the feeling of space, dark walls absorb light, and make a room seem smaller.

White walls accentuate anything else in a room — for example, fine woods look better, but shabby furniture appears shabbier.

Climate should be considered when choosing color schemes — a black-and-white scheme is good for a warm climate, and gives a feeling of coolness.

If dust in a room is unavoidable when you are painting, use a quick-drying paint, otherwise you will never get a smooth finish to your paintwork.

To be sure you buy a good quality paint; it is false economy to try to save on this.

A high-gloss paint is harder wearing and is marvellous for use in children's rooms.

Flat paint on doors is not a good idea — the paint absorbs moisture and grease from hands, and marks are hard to remove.

The fewer ornaments there are in a room the more attention they will attract.

Low furniture gives a greater feeling of space and airiness — a point to remember when choosing furniture.

To take expert advice when planning a painting session. Use the color charts published by paint companies. They give color-scheme suggestions, list the right paints for each task on hand, and generally give expert advice.

DON'T FORGET . . .

When planning color schemes to take into account the existing colors in a room in the furniture and fittings. Unless you can or want to change these, your new paint colors must harmonise with them.

A color should never be chosen because you have admired it in someone else's home — and don't have a feature wall just because a friend has one; it might not suit the design of your room.

That contrasting colors side by side tend to brighten each other.

Dark rooms need light colors. Brighten them with shades of yellow, pink, or white.

A dark color on a low ceiling makes it seem lower.

It never works when you match colors by memory.

Plastic paint should not be thinned with turpentine.

To buy enough paint and perhaps 10% more for touching-up because the pigmentation in the paint tends to differ with each batch.

A three-dimensional pattern should not be used on a floor — floors are meant to be and look flat.

Too many heavily upholstered chairs and sofas in a room give it a "heavy" appearance.

Unattractive features in a room should not be painted in contrasting colors — paint them the same color as the surrounding walls.

Your color scheme is not for life. Choose it knowing that it can, and will, be adapted many times in your lifetime. Remember the most permanent thing in any room is probably the furniture — this cannot be scrapped at will.

The rooms in this feature...

THE COVER (above): From Mr. Guilford Bell's house in South Yarra, Vic. (Below): From Mr. J. Swartzman's flat at Vaucluse, N.S.W. Photograph by staff photographer Ron Berg.

PAGE 4 (above): Room setting, from an exhibition designed by Lady Mackworth for a suburban store in Chatswood, N.S.W. Photograph by staff photographer Barry Cullen. (Below): From Mr. Warwick Purser's house at Woollahra, N.S.W. Photograph by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

PAGE 5: From Mr. J. Swartzman's flat at Vaucluse, N.S.W. Photograph by staff photographer Ron Berg.

PAGE 6 (above left): From Mrs. B. S. Benjamin's home at Deakin, Canberra, A.C.T. Photograph by Wolfgang Stevens. (Above right): From Mr. and Mrs. E. Herman's house at Avalon, N.S.W. Photograph by staff photographer Keith Barlow. (Below left): Room setting from an exhibition designed by Lady Mackworth for a suburban store in Chatswood, N.S.W. Photograph by staff photographer Barry Cullen. (Below right): From an exhibition of furniture in Sydney. Photograph by staff photographer Don Cameron.



REGENCY PERIOD dining-room (above): An era which no longer bore the stamp of French influence. Furniture is more solid, more domestic, classic lines a little more severe. Room shows successful use of striped wallpaper against floral curtains and patterned carpet—the contrasting designs linked by over-all toning coloring. Of particular interest are the curtains of fabric imported from America: the very attractive floral design is entitled “Our Young Republic.”



SOPHISTICATED TREATMENT of old workman's cottage and perfect example of a charmingly restored terrace house. Shown left, its small basement dining-room. Room is essentially simple in concept, illustrated by restricted use of color and furniture. Where there is color it is particularly effective—a rich burnt-sienna rough-cast wall in vivid contrast to adjoining wall, which is “papered” with black-and-white mattress ticking, and to curtains of same fabric. Note frivolous decorator's touch: chimney-pot here used as a plant stand.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 9, 1964

Toray

Alcorso-Toray Fabrics are distributed by W.A. Minton Fabrics Pty. Ltd. Sydney and



VARIATIONS IN STYLE

MODERN YET PRACTICAL sitting-dining-room, where combination of old and new makes room warm, livable, yet contemporary. Related colors in wood tones, furnishings, and accents give room unity without monotony. Once a ballroom, the lounge area has a feeling of intimacy projected by false sculptured ceiling and strategically grouped furniture. Interest and life are provided by Parthenon design gold-leaf wallpaper on far wall. Essentially, room reflects owner's personality and accessories emphasise world-wide travels.

Variations in textures and designs

By SUSAN JAMES

● The important part that textures and designs can play in interior decoration is well illustrated in these pictures. In these four rooms the texture of wood or stone and the pattern of wallpaper or curtains are paramount, and the designs are complemented by color, but not overpowered.



BRICK AND TIMBER combine in this unusual semicircular dining-room. Walls, of grey brick, form a perfect background for the Ming scroll. Wooden beams radiate out above fountain.



UNRENDERED SANDSTONE walls and dark stained timber beams give an imposing appearance to this sitting-room with its high-vaulted roof. Color comes from furnishings, trophies.



STRIPES AND FLOWERS on walls and curtains blend successfully in this elegant bedroom. This room demonstrates how well two opposing designs can combine, even if they adjoin.

Page 6—COLOR IN YOUR HOME



DELIGHTFUL design for a girl's bedroom. Butterfly-patterned wallpaper in gold and white is emphasised by all-white room. The only color comes from doll, cushions, cupboard roves.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 9, 1964

TWO COLOR SCHEMES FOR MAIN ROOMS

● Below we list two suggested color schemes for each of the main rooms in a house. These can easily be varied. Use the color wheel on page 3 and the color charts supplied by paint manufacturers to draw up your own chart before decorating. Paint merchants will be delighted to help plan and give you advice.

	WALLS	WOODWORK	CEILING	FLOOR	CURTAINS
LIVING-ROOM	Morning-grey	White	White	Tibetan-gold	Pale yellow
	White	Delphinium	White	Deep blue	Deep blue
DINING-ROOM	Mist-green	Olive/white (equal parts)	White/pale sage tint	Pale green	Deep green or yellow
	Regency stripe paper	Plain color (echoing stripe)	White	Plain (deeper tone of stripe)	Floral or plain
KITCHEN	Oxford-blue/white (equal parts)	Dresden-blue	White	Grey	Yellow
	White	Oxford-blue	Broken white	Grey	Pale blue
BEDROOM	ALL WHITE —	VARYING TEXTURES			
	Pale sage	Sage	Duckegg-blue/white (equal parts)	Deep green	Pale blue
BATHROOM	Pacific-blue (using blue rose wallpaper as feature wall over bath)	White	Pacific-blue/white (equal parts)	Grey/white	Yellow towelling
	White	Broken white	Hibiscus	White	Pink towelling

Interior paints and where to use them

● Our chart below sets out the various types of paints available, where they should be used, and lists painting pointers to help you in the right selection. To ensure a good finish, it is essential that the correct primers, sealers, or undercoats are used before applying the top coat.

TYPE OF PAINT	WHERE TO USE	PAINTING POINTERS
Flat Enamel	Walls and ceilings in bedrooms, dining-rooms, lounge-rooms, hallways, etc. * Use your choice of Brilliant Gloss or Satin Finish Enamel on windows, doors, woodwork, and built-in furniture.	Particularly suitable where light reflection is a problem. The real flat finish will play down surface unevenness.
Velvet Flat Plastic (P.V.A.)	Walls and ceilings in bedrooms, dining-rooms, lounge-rooms, hallways, etc. * Use your choice of Brilliant Gloss or Satin Finish Enamel on windows, doors, woodwork, and built-in furniture.	Ideal when a rapid-drying, easy to apply finish is desired. You wash-up brushes, etc., in water, and can use rooms the same day.
Satin Finish Enamel	Walls, ceilings, cupboards, doors, windows, furniture, and all woodwork or metal in kitchens, bathrooms, laundries, rumpus rooms, etc.	Satin Finish Brilliant Gloss Enamels are recommended in rooms where steam, grease, and cooking vapors mar other finishes. They can be scrubbed many times and always look like new.
Brilliant Gloss Enamel	Walls, ceilings, cupboards, doors, windows, furniture, and all woodwork and metal in kitchens, bathrooms, and laundries.	
Vinyl-base Paving Paint	For concrete or timber floors, patios, steps, etc.	Tough, flexible paving paint will really resist wear. * Do not use over old lino or rubber flooring.
Varnish Stain	For floors, furniture, and all timber surfaces.	Changes the color of your furniture and floors to a range of natural timber colors.
Wood Stain	For staining timber to natural timber colors.	For staining new timber to a range of colors before finishing with Clear Varnish.
Clear Varnish	For finishing all timber, previously stained or natural grain. * Choice of Brilliant Gloss or Eggshell Gloss is available.	Ideal for doors, windows, furniture, etc.
Sealers	For all porous surfaces before applying Flat, Satin Finish, or Brilliant Gloss Enamels.	Provides a key for undercoat and finishing coats.
Primers	For new timber and metal surfaces.	Special primers are manufactured for smooth metals, galvanised iron, wrought iron, etc., and for new unpainted timber. They provide a key for subsequent coatings.
Undercoats	For all surfaces before finishing with Brilliant Gloss or Satin Finish Enamels.	Provides a base for perfect finishing coats.

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SYDNEY: 1st Floor, Bailey House, 387 George Street, SYDNEY. Telephone 29 5883.
NEWCASTLE: 1 Arnolds Lane, WARATAH. Box 15, P.O. Telephone 68 1228.
LISMORE: 38 Bridge Street, NORTH LISMORE. Telephone 2265-6.
BRISBANE: Nudgee Road, HENDRA. Box 57, P.O. NUNDAM. Telephone 68 2541-4.
TOWNSVILLE: Perkins Street, SOUTH TOWNSVILLE. Box 857, P.O. TOWNSVILLE. Telephone 5468.

ROCKHAMPTON: Quay Lane, ROCKHAMPTON. Box 462, P.O. Telephone 8328.
MELBOURNE: 7th Floor, Allans Building, 276 Collins Street. Telephone 63 8792.
ADELAIDE: 4th Floor, Murray House, 77-79 Grenfell Street. Telephone 8 4398.
PERTH: Commonwealth Bank Building, 55 William Street. Box 51577, G.P.O. PERTH. Telephone 21 7142.
LAUNCESTON: Fawcett Avenue, Kings Meadows, LAUNCESTON. Box 660, P.O. LAUNCESTON. Telephone 4 3306.

Butterick Patterns by MARY QUANT

These four patterns were designed by Mary Quant, the clever young London stylist.



3289.—Casual one-piece (above) has an easy-fit silhouette and low-slung belt. The high-to-the-throat neckline is finished with a neat collar. The set-in sleeves are wrist-length.



The clothes will be paraded at David Jones and Farmer's, Sydney; Myer's and David Jones, Adelaide; Brownell's, Hobart; Foy's and Boan's, Perth; Allan and Stark, McWhirter's, and Finney Isles, Brisbane; and Myer's, Melbourne.

Back views and pattern details are on page 12 of this section.

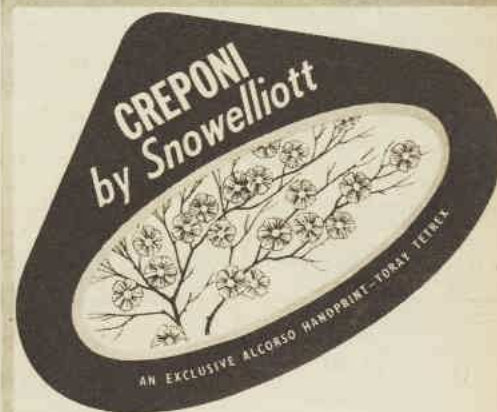
3287.—Straight-cut shift (right) in above - ankle length has a soft contrast frill at the scoop neckline and wrists.



3288. — Beltless semi - fit shift (left). The contrast inset at the neckline is matched to the cuffs and the scoop neckline is collarless.



3290.—Change-about separates (left and above) consist of coat, matching skirt, blouse, and sleeveless jumper dress.



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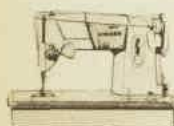
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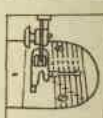
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2966.—Semi-fit dress (above left) has flattering seaming detail under the bustline. The skirt has eased back-tapering toward hemline. Fabric is crepe by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 19/11 per yd.
3181.—Sheath dress (above right) with deeply scooped neckline at back and a self-ruffle trim. Fabric is Teton crepe by Silk Textile Printers from Snow Elliott at 17/11 per yard.

3102. — Sleeveless shift dress has V-neckline and sailor-type roll collar finished with a neat bow trim. Fabric is rayon by Marchioness from Bruck Mills at 22/6 per yard.

3003. — Slender ankle-length formal (left) has a shallow neckline and darted bodice. A self-ruffle trim outlines hem and neck. Fabric is printed Teton Alcorso by Silk Textile Printers at 19/11 per yard.



BUTTERICK PATTERN SUPPLEMENT—Page 11

BACK VIEWS OF DESIGNS ON PAGES 5, 7, 9

Note: All yardage given is for size 14

3105. — Dress in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.



2948. — Suit and blouse (left) in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires, suit 2½yds. 44in. material, blouse and facings 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 5/9 includes postage.



3063. — One-piece shift (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 1½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.

3016. — Blouse, pants, and slit overskirt in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires, blouse and pants 2½yds. 44in. material; skirt 1½yds. 44in. material. Price 5/- includes postage.



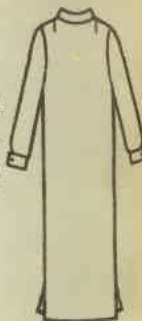
3133. — Sleeveless one-piece (left) in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires 3½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.

3082. — Jumper dress and blouse in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires, jumper 2½yds. 36in. material, blouse 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.

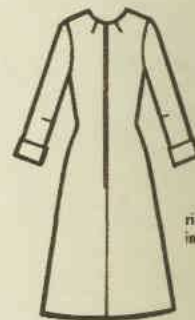


See page 15 for how to choose your correct pattern size.

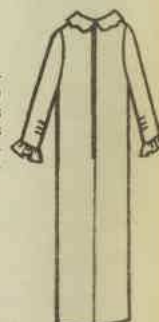
3289. — Easy-fit shift in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



3288. — Beltless shift in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



3287. — Above-ankle shift (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



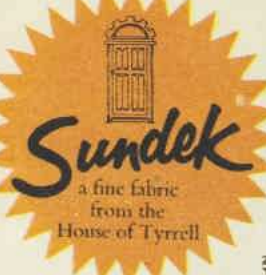
3290. — Separates in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires, coat 2½yds. 54in. material; shirt 1½yds. 54in. material; blouse 2½yds. 36in. material; jumper dress 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



There's a beautiful Sundek fabric to suit your choice of patterns for sportswear . . . suits . . . hostess frocks . . . day wear . . . and children's wear. Above: Frock in Sundek Plus; Hostess frock in Sundek Mood; Suit in Sundek Basque; Blouse in Sundek Rhythm.

The New Sundek Fabrics—Excitingly Versatile!

Sundek's exciting new fabrics are versatile — and don't the Fashion Houses know it! For their Spring-Summer creations they're choosing Sundek Plus, the crisp, minimum-iron fabric in fashionable plain colours; Sundek Mood's knobbly, or 'rough' look; Sundek Basque, an entirely new leno pique weave; Sundek Rhythm, the vibrant new range of colour prints. These are just some of the exciting, versatile new Sundek Fabrics. You can create your own masterpieces from the very same fabrics . . . seek out Sundek in your favourite store!





2936.—Soft one-piece dress (above) has a drawstring neckline and raglan sleeves finished with neat cuffs. A self-tie belt circles the normal waistline. Fabric is Teton taffeta by Marchioness at 24/11 per yard.

3064.—Dress with a slightly flared silhouette (above right) has a low, scooped, collared neckline finished with a ribbon-tied bow, and soft cap sleeves. Fabric is Toray Teton taffeta by Tennyson at 24/11 per yard.

FLORALS light and bright

• These four new designs in gay new summer florals will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney and Adelaide; Foy's, Perth; Finney Isles, Brisbane. Back views of the designs and pattern details are on page 15 of this section.

3075.—Above-ankle, semi-fit, slightly A-line shift (right) is sleeveless, with a high-to-the-throat neckline. The fabric is hand-printed rayon by Silk Textile Printers at 29/11 yd.

3116.—Patio shift (far right) has shallow, collarless neckline, extended shoulders, and wide self-material flounce at the hemline. Fabric is Alcorso hand-printed rayon by Silk Textile Printers at 29/11 per yard.



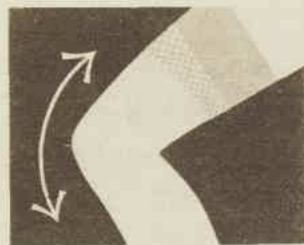
Run-Lok... guaranteed never to ladder



Kayser Run-Lok special knit simply cannot ladder no matter what . . . and they're

THE ONLY SEAMLESS WITH THE AMERICAN 'VYRENE' 2-WAY STRETCH BAND!

This miracle, stretch fibre is another Kayser exclusive! Gives the 'stretch-with-you' comfort, fit and wear that American women are raving about.



GLAMOUR SEAMLESS WITH A CHARMED LIFE!

No ladders and snag resistant too! Every Run-Lok stocking is treated with Kayser's special 'Charmed Life' anti-snag process. You are guaranteed that regardless of price or style every Kayser stocking passes 39 PERFECTION TESTS FOR UNBEATABLE QUALITY!

New fashion colours DASH and EXCITING join the ever popular ALOHA, SLAVEGIRL & FUN!

KAYSER 12' 11
RUN-LOK

BRI
NYLON

FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF KAYSER INTERNATIONAL



SEE KAYSER STOCKINGS FEATURED IN THE BUTTERICK PARADES

BUTTERICK PATTERN SUPPLEMENT — Page 13

KNOW-HOW & ARTISTRY by Australia & Japan

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLD'S CREATE THE EXCITING FASHION FABRICS OF THIS CENTURY

A shrinking world has its compensations! Japanese ingenuity and Australian artistry combine in the new, wonderful Toray synthetics. Toray blends are *the* exciting fabrics of this century, manufactured with Japanese skill and having all the vibrancy of of Australian colour and design.

Look for the swing tickets on these remarkable fabrics, make sure they bear the name of Toray — and you'll know you have a material you needn't give a care to. It washes, it drip dries,

it goes anywhere without a wrinkle — it always has that band-box fresh look.

Top designers agree that Toray fabrics are something to get excited about — as you'll see for yourself if you watch for the "Best of Both Worlds" Fashion Parades.



Additional Toray Fashion Parades "Best of Both Worlds"
to be held at **David Jones, Myers**
and leading Dept. Stores throughout Australia.

Look to Toray for... **TETORON**
• **NYLON** • **PYLEN** • **ACRYLICS**

*Registered Trade Mark for Polyester Fibre manufactured by Toyo Rayon Co. Ltd.

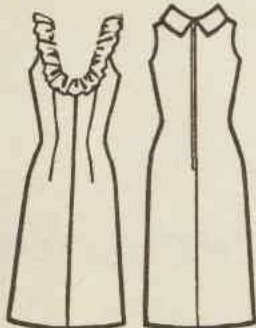
DAVID JONES' PARADES
Sydney — Two weeks commencing 14th September
Canberra — Two weeks commencing 14th September
Brisbane — Two weeks commencing 21st September
Adelaide — Two weeks commencing 19th October
Perth — One week commencing 12th October

MYERS' PARADES
Melbourne — Two weeks commencing 21st September
Sydney (Farmers) — Two weeks commencing 12th October
Adelaide — Two weeks commencing 5th October
Brisbane — One week commencing 21st September

BACK VIEWS OF DESIGNS ON PAGES 11, 13

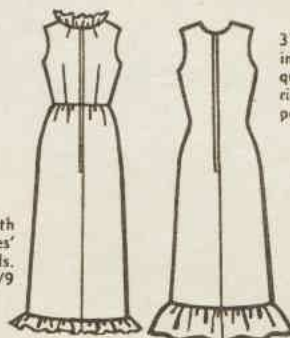


2966. — Sleeveless one-piece (left) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6 includes postage.



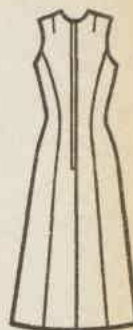
3102. — Sleeveless one-piece (left) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.

3181. — Ruffle-trimmed shift (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.



3003. — Floor-length formal (right) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 5/9 includes postage.

3116. — Patio dress (left) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 3½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.



3075. — Ankle-length shift (right) in misses' sizes 10-18. Requires 3½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.

Note: All yardage given is for size 14.



3064. — Shift in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 44in. material. Price 6/- includes postage.



2936. — Draw-string shift (left) in misses' sizes 10-16. Requires 2½yds. 48in. material. Price 5/9 includes postage.

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR CORRECT PATTERN SIZE

Misses' Sizes:	10	12	14	16	18
Bust:	31	32	34	36	38
Waist:	24	25	26	28	30
Hips:	33	34	36	38	40

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Use the convenient order form set out below. Fill in the pattern numbers, correct size, and your name and address.
Be sure to enclose the postal notes (money orders for New Zealand readers).

Send to: PATTERN SERVICE,
P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. Box 11-039,
Ellerslie, SE6.)

I enclose in postal notes.

Name

Street

Town

State

Pattern number Size

The Australian Women's Weekly



Marchioness fabrics

Buy Summer by the yard, the prettiest dress materials you've ever seen — be clever, buy Marchioness fabrics

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY **Bruck** MILLS

BUTTERICK PATTERN SUPPLEMENT — Page 15

*The most remarkable zipper
you've ever seen...*

'LIGHTNING' NYLON ZIPPER

Because the teeth are made of nylon,
not metal.

Incredibly flexible, beautifully coloured,
smooth and strong, the 'Lightning' nylon zipper
is fashion's final touch.

Irons just like nylon.

The secret's in the nylon track



Manufactured in Australia by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

DISTRIBUTED BY COATS PATONS (AUST.) LIMITED



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 152.—TWO-PIECE SUIT

Smart two-piece suit is available cut out to make, with full sewing instructions, in red, blue, navy, and grey sundek. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/10/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/12/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

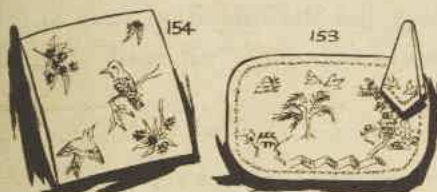
No. 153.—TRAYCLOTH AND SERVIETTE

Pretty willow-pattern traycloth and serviette set is available cut out and traced to embroider on cream, white, and pale blue pure Irish linen. Price 7/6 for set, postage 1/- extra.

No. 154.—CUSHION COVER

Australian-design cushion cover is ideal for an overseas Christmas gift and is available cut out and traced to embroider on white, blue, lemon, green, and lilac cesarine. Price 9/6 plus 1/- postage and dispatch.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 1060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



SLEIGHT OF HAND

Continued from page 40

that Jim would drive Candy up for weekends. During her vacation—which partly coincided with his—he was asked to stay. Competently athletic, he played golf and tennis with Candy. Her games were good, but not as good as his. But she was definitely a good loser.

One evening when she was changing for dinner her mother came into her room, looked reflectively at a bookcase filled with nothing but golf and tennis trophies and said, "Don't push your luck. You'd better beat him one, anyway; he isn't exactly stupid."

So on the following day Candy, in what was apparently a frenzy of inspired tennis, trounced Jim soundly, and, as they left the court, twisted her ankle.

"Ouch!" she said, collapsing. Jim gently helped her up, but she couldn't stand. He said, "I'll carry you."

So he carried her into the house, where her mother, seeing her, removed her shoes, applied remedies and an oversized bandage with a perky bow. She asked, "Hadn't I better call Doctor Warren?"

Candy shook her head. She said, "It will be all right, I'll rest here awhile."

Jim gingerly placed her feet on a pillow. He said, "It doesn't seem to be swelling. It's hard to tell."

"It won't," Candy said confidently. "I just twisted it, that's all."

But until it was time to go upstairs before dinner, Candy remained on the large couch, and Jim amused her with a

couple of new tricks, played her favorite records, anxiously inquired about her health, and now and then, in an abstracted fashion, kissed her (when her mother was absent).

When Candy went to her bedroom (assisted up the stairs) she shut the door, swore a small swear, and dialled a familiar number. Pete Jennings was an old flame, but there might still be embers. He hadn't asked her to marry him for a year or so, and he had regained his sanity sufficiently to interest himself in another young woman. But, thought Candy, he'll come to dinner, anyway.

He did, the next night. Recovered from her sprain—she just limped now and then when she remembered it—Candy was wearing a new frock and a new hairdo. She was gay and deeply interested in what Pete had been up to, the health of his parents and sisters, the solidity of his business, and his welfare in general.

THERE was really nothing Jim could do after dinner but a few tricks. Peter wasn't too interested; he was merely polite, and it was evident that all he wanted to do was to get Candy out on the terrace under an obliging moon.

In this he succeeded. They weren't gone long, but on their return Candy was somewhat flushed and her new hairdo didn't look quite the same.

Late that night her mother cautioned Candy. "You can't

always depend on jealousy."

"You did."

"Well," said Mrs. Wilson, "the same bait doesn't attract every fish."

On the last evening of his vacation—Candy still had another week—Jim asked, "Think you could manage a walk?"

She said she could. They went down the sloping hill to the small pond and sat on a stone bench. He said, after a minute, "Been having me on, haven't you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, golf, for instance . . . and tennis. I'd heard about your being a whiz, you know, the night we met, I think."

Candy said shortly, "I was off my game, that's all."

"And the exhibition with Pete Jennings—nice guy—but what was that all about?"

"We're old friends," said Candy.

He was silent. Then he said, "You didn't sprain your ankle, Candy."

She could almost feel her red hair blaze. She asked furiously, "Well, what of it?"

"Nothing," he admitted, "except . . . why?"

She took her small fist and whacked him on the shoulder hard. She said, "Tricks . . . like yours . . ."

"Play them on everyone?" he inquired.

"No," said Candy savagely, "just on you."

"Why?"

"Magicians never explain," she reminded him.

"Tell me," said Jim.

"All right, you dope," said Candy, between tears and laughter, "because I'm in love with you, that's why. So go away tomorrow morning and never come back!"

Honesty is sometimes the best policy.

He took her in his arms. He said, "I'm no conversationalist, you know, but I can say the important things. Will you marry me?"

It was now Candy's turn to be struck silent.

Jim looked at her and waited. He began to smile. "I suppose you might be bored."

She said quickly, "I can talk enough for both of us."

"Wait until you meet my family," he said gravely. He made a slight pass behind her ear and then opened his hand and showed her the ring in it.

"Just in case," he murmured . . . "just in case you'd say yes."

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WATCH THE DANGER SIGNALS!

Unlike many other ailments, the signs and symptoms of under-nourishment are not always obvious, perhaps just a feeling of tiredness or irritability; jumpy nerves, upset stomach, poor digestion. But this condition is no less serious, and if allowed to go unchecked can often lead to serious complications requiring professional attention. You can be sure of getting all the essential nutrients necessary to good health and well-being by taking "NUTRI-TIME" daily. This is an up-to-date modern food supplement which contains the most recent discoveries from the outstanding laboratories of the world.



THE TENNIS STAR



The tennis star was grim of face,
His service failed to score an ace.
An overnight chill had dampened
his fire,
Affected his skill and caused
him to tire.
An ardent supporter, seeing
his grief,
Handed him Woods' for
sure-fire relief.

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

Combats Coughs, Colds and Influenza

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 9, 1964

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

SCIENTISTS plan to launch nuclear rockets into space to break up the runaway meteorite which is heading toward Earth. But at the last minute an order comes to stop the count-down. NOW READ ON...



KEPT SECRET FROM THE PUBLIC, THE WORD IS FLASHED TO THE WORLD'S OBSERVATORIES--



USE INFRA-RED FILTER--HERE ARE THE CO-ORDINATES

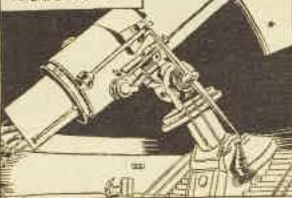
IN FAR-OFF PLACES, ASTRONOMERS



...VIEW A STRANGE SIGHT!



AS THE WORLD'S ASTRONOMERS WATCH THROUGH THEIR GREAT TELESCOPES--



--AND AS THE TWO-HUNDRED-MILE-WIDE METEORITE RACES TO ITS CATASTROPHIC COLLISION WITH EARTH--NOW ONLY A FEW HOURS AWAY--



CATCH IT, GORK DON'T MISS!

WHAT'LL I DO WITH IT?



GORK MOVES LIKE A CRICKETER JUDGING A HIGH BALL--



AS GORK RAISES HIS HANDS--MANDRAKE FALLS--!



GORK MOVES WITH THE ONCOMING METEORITE--



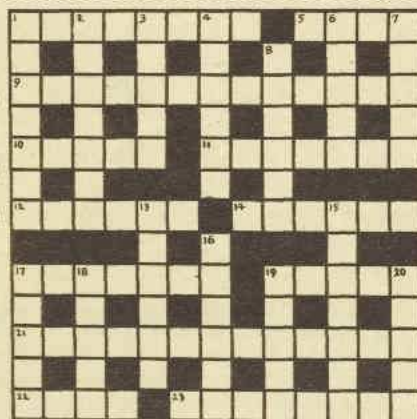
--AND MAKES HIS CATCH! CAN HE HOLD IT?

CONTINUED--

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Treat the hands of somebody who appears to be my patient (8).
5. Pike's headgear (4).
9. To clear a poison eat a condiment (13).
10. Make a formal speech with no local tax (5).
11. Squeeze out with speed (7).
12. Try and eat for an agreement (6).
14. Register with a disc (6).
17. A crime a continent tells (7).
19. Heavenly body (5).
21. Honest musical instruments (7, 6).
22. Measures of length (4).
23. Pertaining to the earliest time and it ripens (8).



Solution will be published next week.

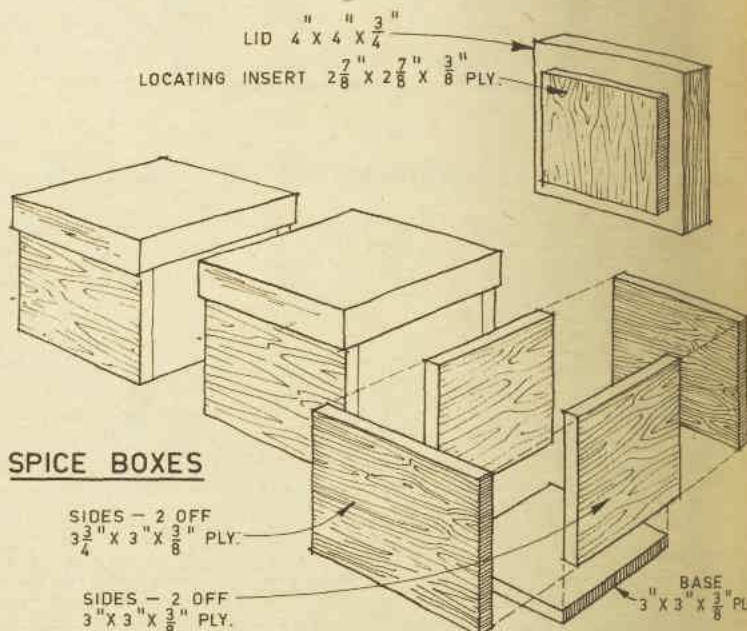
DOWN

1. Plant thought to cure canine insanity could be made of crazy infusion of malt (7).
2. Can't tie (anagr., 7).
3. For part of a courtesy before taking leave start to learn (5).
4. This harvest gatherer hides in rear (6).
6. To shirk (5).
7. Notions, which you can put aside (5).
8. Small tumour, the middle of which may limp (6).
13. Wet gin (anagr., 6).
15. A Turk of Turkey coming on mails (7).
16. A shepherd or a clergyman (6).
17. A slangy shrewd is sharp (5).
18. Register (5).
19. A portico in Siam contains such moneys (5).
20. Flavor at set (5).

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

SIX SIMPLE DESIGNS WOMEN CAN MAKE

On these two pages are six simple pieces that can easily be made by the handywoman. The design of each is plain and the directions easy to follow, even for those who have no skill at carpentry.



SPICE BOXES

Spice boxes
A CHARMING addition to any kitchen shelf, these lilliputian boxes are casual and simple, in the Scandinavian manner.

Paint them in colors to match your kitchen; or, if you prefer the look of natural timber, oil the out-

side plywood with special furniture oil. If painting, remember that a semi-gloss is newer than a high gloss.

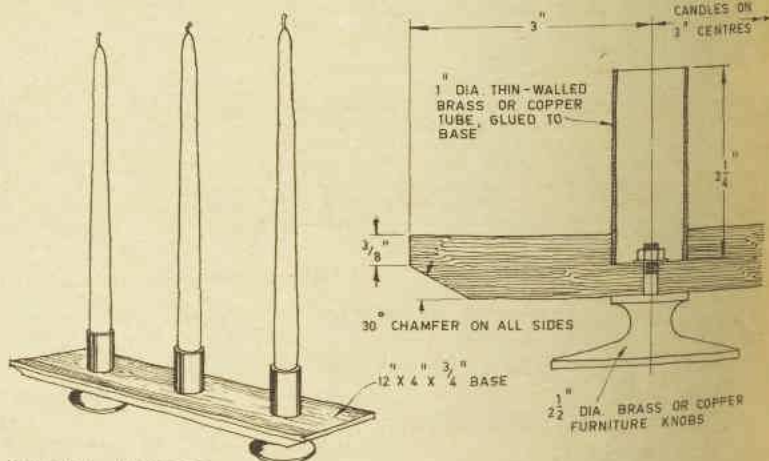
The spice boxes above are easily made by first cutting strips of 1/2 in. plywood into lengths 3 in. wide.

Using a carpenter's square, accurately mark off lengths of sides and base and cut with a fine-tooth saw. Assemble box, using glue and 1/2 in. panel pins. When glue has dried, lightly plane edges and finish

with fine sandpaper. Punch nail heads slightly below surface and fill with putty or plastic wood.

Lid is made from 4 in. square of 1/2 in. Pacific maple with a locating insert of 1/2 in. plywood glued and nailed to underside. Boxes can be left in natural timber on inside and painted on outside by undercoating and finishing with two coats of enamel.

For identification purposes, lids can be painted in different colors.



CANDLE - HOLDER

Candle-holder
LIGHT a pretty table with this simple candle-holder which has a base of polished maple, or any other timber you

choose such as ash, coachwood, or mahogany.

Candles are supported in 2 1/2 in. lengths of copper or brass tube glued to base. Tubes can be polished with steel-wool and coated with clear lacquer to prevent

tarnishing. Holes for tubes are drilled approximately 1/4 in. deep with a wood bit.

Edge of timber base is chamfered on all sides with a wood plane or cut by tilting the table of power saw.

Standard brass or copper furniture knobs are fixed to underside of base for feet.

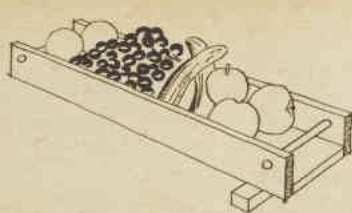
Fruit trough

FOR the sake of their figures, their health, or just because they like it, many people now end a meal with fruit instead of traditional puddings.

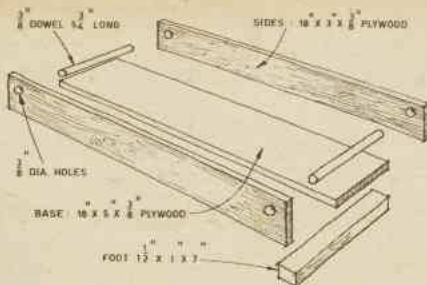
An attractive holder, filled with colorful fruits, can take the place of flowers as a centerpiece for the table.

The fruit trough at right is made from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. veneer plywood, constructed in a channel section and slightly tilted at one foot. Dowels at each end of trough act as handles and also stop fruit from rolling out.

Cut plywood sides and base with a fine-tooth saw and finish edges with a few light cuts



FRUIT TROUGH



with a smoothing plane. Securely clamp all pieces of timber in a vice during planing.

Drill holes for handles through both sides at once. Clamp a piece of scrap timber at the back to prevent

drill leaving a ragged edge. Apply glue (available from handyman bars in plastic squeeze bottles) to all edges and nail with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. panel pins. Punch heads of panel pins slightly below surface and fill with plastic wood.

Dowels, which should be a light tap fit in holes, are glued and fitted into holes prior to nailing sides to base.

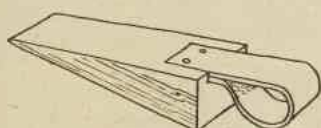
Finish trough by sanding all over with fine sandpaper and paint with two coats of clear liquid plastic.

Door stops

IN summer, with the house wide open to the air, these handy wedges will keep doors in place when breezes spring up suddenly.

With Christmas coming up, keep them in mind, too, for those small token gifts which are so hard to find.

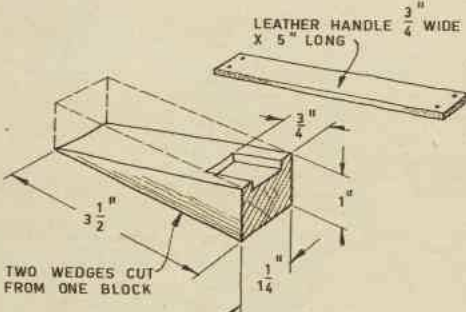
The door stops at right are made from scrap pieces of Pacific maple or pine. Two wedges can be made from one piece of timber by cutting diagonally from corner to corner.



DOOR STOP

When selecting a piece of timber it is advisable to choose a piece several inches longer than the finished door-stop. This enables timber to be held in vice during cutting.

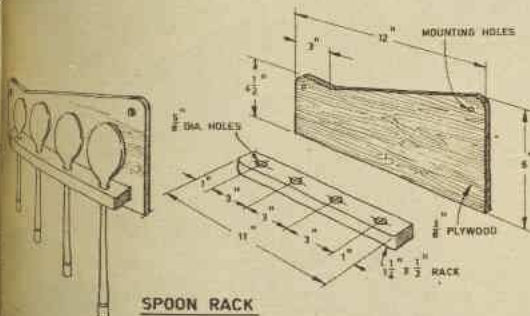
Cut leather handle from an old belt or suitcase strap. Cut groove for strap with a sharp chisel. Hold door stop firmly in vice during chiselling.



TWO WEDGES CUT FROM ONE BLOCK

Plane all edges smooth and finish with fine sandpaper.

Fix leather handle with two $\frac{1}{2}$ in. flathead nails. Finish door stop with two coats of liquid plastic.



SPOON RACK

Spoon rack

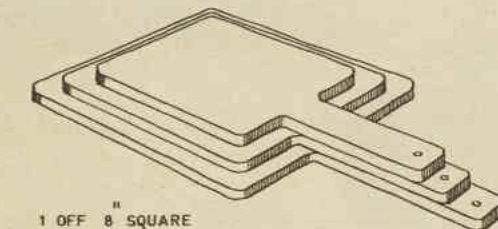
MODERN kitchens display their equipment to give a more homely atmosphere to this workmanlike room.

The spoon rack above can be built to hold any number of kitchen spoons. The sketch above shows a four-spoon rack mounted on

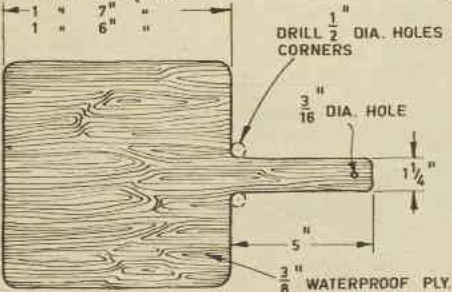
a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. plywood backing board.

Select a piece of straight-grained Pacific maple or pine for the rack and drill four holes with a brace and bit. Smooth all edges of rack with fine sandpaper, and glue and nail to backing board with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. panel pins.

Finish can be either painted to match kitchen color scheme or rack can be varnished with liquid plastic.



CUTTING BOARDS



Cutting boards

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Cream Beautifier and Conditioner

Continued from page 27

"I had the final meeting with Hagemann this afternoon. We've signed our agreement. He's taking the boat back to Holland tonight."

"Oh, Con, dear, you can't mean it."

"See for yourself. There's the first sample. Before your eyes."

He placed a round glass container on the table, sat down calmly, took the soup plate from her unresistant hand and picked up his spoon. I thought that Mother, unbelievably, was going to cry. She sat down weakly. Dimly aware that something terrible, a crisis, had occurred, disturbing the peace of my home, I could not take my eyes off that round glass bottle. It contained a yellowish powder and had a printed label with a red, blue, and white flag. With a great effort Mother handed me my soup.

"But, Conor," she said pleadingly, "you're doing so well with Murchison's."

"You mean I have done well for them."

"Of course. At the same time, they are such sound people."

"I have nothing against Murchison's, my dear Gracie, but I'm tired of wearing my boots out selling their flour. I've given them five good years of my life. Mind you, they've been fair with me. In fact, old Murchison advised me to take the agency."

"But Conor... we are so comfortable now... and so safe."

Father raised that single eyebrow, but not on this occasion to present Colmar grapes. This mysterious bottle must surely be a bombshell.

"We shall never get anywhere by remaining comfortable and safe. Now do eat something like a good lass, and I'll give you the details later." He leaned forward and patted her hand.

"I'm too upset." Mother got up and placed the boiled beef on the table.

Unaware that I had not touched my broth, she removed my plate without scolding me. Father, with his invariable air of aplomb, carved the beef, calmly and elegantly. With his slight figure, his russet hair, and warm complexion, his hazel eyes, and even white teeth just showing beneath his curled moustache, he was a handsome man. I admired him intensely and was often spell-bound by the unpredictable and daring audacities he would "bring off" without turning a hair.

But in the full meaning of the word I did not love him. I belonged entirely to my mother. Soft, timid, kept back by a chain of illnesses that began with mumps and ended with diphtheria — I could still taste the carbolic glycerine Dr. Duthie had used to paint my throat — and forced by the remarkable circumstances of our life into ties with Mother and my home that were especially close and emotional, I fully merited that deplorable epithet, a mother's boy.

Yet who would not have been with such a mother, at that time not more than twenty-four, rather short and soft in figure, with regular features, soft brown hair, eyes of a deep gentian-blue, and in all her movements a kind of natural grace which, to my childish mind, seemed to explain her name. But above all it was her look of sweetness that held me captive.

Now, with her chin cupped in her hand, she was listening to Father, who alone was doing justice to the beef.

"You must admit," he was saying reasonably, "The mustard, thank you, dear..."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

that I could not miss this chance. We are on the eve of a revolution in the baking industry. The old-fashioned harm method is on its way out, out, out. When Father wished to be impressive he would often spell a word before he said it.

"But, Conor, the bread we get is perfectly good."

Father, chewing with relish, shook his head.

"You don't know how often I've seen barm go sour. Bubbling out of the casks. And a whole hatch of loaves completely spoiled. Ruined. After all, it's only distiller's scum. The new process will make cheaper and better bread. And it won't go wrong. Think of the opportunity. Grace, with my established connections. Why, I know every baker in the West. I'll be first in the field. And working for myself."

MOTHER was being persuaded.

"You're quite sure of Mr. Hagemann?"

Father nodded, with his mouth full.

"He's straight as a die. I can import from him in Rotterdam on most favorable terms. Besides, he's advanced half the money to give me a start. Would he if he didn't believe in me?"

A faint gleam of reassurance appeared in Mother's eye, succeeded by a remote

look of expectancy. When supper was over she did not rise to clear the table. Nor did Father follow his usual habit of devoting half an hour to me — an elastic period often extended by my importunities — before I went to bed. Beyond the short stroll he occasionally took before retiring, Father never went out at night. After a long day spent in the society of men who were his friends he seemed perfectly content to be, as he put it, at his own fireside.

Besides, there was no inducement for him to go out. Though he had bare acquaintances, he had never sought, let alone made, a friend in the village. Ardencaple was for him, indeed for all of us, a hostile camp.

Our evening communion was partly educational — it was he who had taught me my letters, and he would instruct me to read out, for our mutual benefit, recondite facts from his favorite compendium, *Pear's Encyclopedia* — but in the main, and especially since my illness, he had sought merely to entertain me.

With an amazing fertility of imagination, he invented and related a whole series of fascinating adventures in which a young protagonist of precisely my age, small and rather delicate, but intrepid almost beyond belief, performed feats of outstanding bravery in tropic jungles or on desert islands amongst primitive tribes and man-

eating savages, meanwhile interpolating from time to time side remarks to my mother, which related usually to the natural appendages and accoutrements of the dark-skinned female members of the tribe and which, while I did not in the least understand their significance, made her laugh.

Tonight, however, as my parents continued to be absorbed in talk, I perceived that the prospect of my being regaled with a cannibal feast had faded and, meeting Father's eye when he paused in what he was saying, I suddenly demanded, in the tones of one wounded and neglected, "What is in the bottle?"

He smiled with unusual benignity.

"It is yeast, Laurence. To be specific, Hagemann's Royal Dutch Yeast."

"Yeast?" I repeated in bewilderment.

"Just so." He nodded graciously. "A living substance composed of innumerable living cells. Yes, a form of life itself, one might say, an organism that grows, buds, turns starch into sugar, sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, and so leaves our stuff of life. Prepared." Father went on, in his best vein, "in mineral salt-sugar solution — as is my Royal Dutch Yeast — a modern technique far superior to the grain-mash method, it offers a unique opportunity for introducing an entirely new process that will reorganise the Scottish baking industry."

Father sounded as though he himself had discovered yeast, and for long afterwards I believed he had. His exposition, obviously prepared, left me speechless. Mother, too, seemed to find it overpowering, or, at least, quite enough for me at present. She rose, and although the clock on the mantelpiece assured me it was well before my usual hour, suggested in a tone not to be disputed that I should go to bed.

THIS was ordinarily a lengthy process, prolonged by every pretext by which I sought to detain my mother, and complicated by all sorts of fetishes and rituals that I had built for my own protection and which, while unworthy of enumeration, may be imagined from my first action, which was to satisfy myself that a hostess constructor was not concealed beneath my bed. Tonight, however, the advent of the yeast distracted me from all my ceremonies and shortened everything in a highly disagreeable manner.

Even when I was in bed and Mother had said good-night, leaving my door ajar according to custom, this strange substance, mysterious invader of our home, kept fermenting in my mind. I could not get to sleep. As I lay with closed eyes I saw the yeast working in the flask, bubbling and frothing until it burst upwards in a swelling yellow cloud, overhanging our house, taking the form of the genie from the bottle in one of my father's stories. I stirred uneasily. Was this the beginning of a dream of some strange vision of the future?

Although they spoke in low voices, the resumed conversation of my parents came in snatches through the unshut door of my narrow bedroom. From time to time I heard impressive and disturbing phrases: "away from this confounded village..." "take up your music again..." "he could go to Blackrock, like Terence..."

And finally, "but before I fell asleep, I heard Father..."

To page 47

AS I READ

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 2

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, blue, brown.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ A time of surprising and off-beat changes of luck. Many could suddenly get a new outlook. Unusually long trips abroad for some. Romance prosper, but beware emotional inflation.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blk., orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ This could be an outstandingly forgettable week, romance-wise. There are surprises all along the line, but the weekend could produce a strange episode. Many meet the dark handsome stranger.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ Big and exciting changes in marriage matters are the highlights in an unusual weekend. A crowded and busy week with all the electric tempo Geminians love. Don't get out of orbit.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ The 4th could be romantically rewarding, provided you check a tendency to hope for too much. Many will suddenly change jobs or get surprise concessions. Beware of travel risk at weekend.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ Your week could be filled with thrilling and unusual social events. A wonderful time for party-going. Love and romance blossom — although avoid extravagance.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, red, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ You definitely monopolise the stars, and this could be one of the most excitingly memorable weeks of 1964. Big changes, which can pay off — if you act decisively. Get with it, and go.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ If you are a writer or an announcer, this is your week. Anything to do with communication — speech, writing — is under vibrant and original aspects. New mental horizons possible.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Unexpected and happy changes on the home front. Time for renovating, buying land, investing in real estate, repainting, etc. The weekend especially affects Scorpions.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ You can let fly your shafts with every possibility of a bull's-eye. The stars favor original and daring action — so plan and act boldly. But avoid overconfidence 4th; don't be overtrusting 8th.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ The stars assist original thinking, and provided you keep your eyes open — you usually do, being a hard-headed lot — top-level success should be yours. Romance favored.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, blk., white.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ There could be romantic adventures in a week which emphasises your dealings with friends. You could make new and exciting ones, get unexpected help from others in furthering plans.

PISCES
FEB. 19-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ Interesting and dramatic events could boost you up the ladder of success. It is time to advance your status. No Placean diffidence and hanging back! Get cracking — but cautiously on 8th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

picture in his most serious and decided tone: "You wait, Grace, we'll show your folks that we can't go on treating us like this. One day they'll make it up to you. And soon."

For weeks I had longed to go to school, an adventure skillfully built for me in the most glowing terms by my mother, and deferred only by my susceptibility to the common germs. But now that the day had arrived, my state of mind verged on panic. As Mother put the finishing touches to me, buttoning up my new blue serge trousers and pulling down my jersey, I begged her with tears in my eyes not to send me. She laughed and kissed me. "You'll be all right with Maggie. See, here's your new satchel. Strap it on your shoulders like a real boy."

The satchel, although empty, did help to brace me. I had begun to feel stronger when a knock at the door made me jump. Maggie was there, standing in the doorway, with her usual expression, humble and lowering, her tangled locks falling over eyes which had that dull yet appealing look seen in young Highland cattle. She was the daughter of the village washerwoman, a town slattern whose husband had long since made his name from her abusive tongue and who, while begetting the lot of her deserted husband, made a drudge of her. Dressed in an old cut-down skirt my mother had given her, with a darn on the knee of one stocking, Maggie had few outward signs of grace. Self-acknowledged to be stupid, and with a heavy, depressed air that bespoke nervous and ill usage at home, she was mercilessly panned with shouts of "Daft Maggie" by the boys of the

Continued from page 46

village, who nevertheless were wary of her, for she had a strong arm and a sure aim with a round pebble, gathered from the shore and always handy in her pocket. But to me she was both confidante and mentor. I truly trusted her, as did my mother, who liked Maggie and was good to her in many ways.

Despite the numerous duties imposed upon her—and after school hours one rarely saw her without a bundle of

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

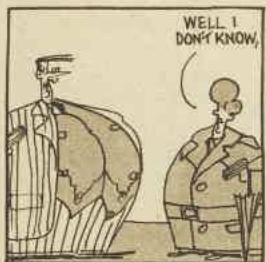
How so momentous an event could have occurred in so deplorable an edifice I could not comprehend, yet presumably it had, for as we passed Rosebank, Maggie would launch into a fearsome yet compelling description, derived doubtless from her mother, of my arrival in this world on a dark and dreary Sabbath night when it had rained torrents and the tide had risen so high that my father, desperately seeking

Ersline Rocks, where, enjoining me not to tell my mother, who would have been shocked to hear that her spoiled darling was upsetting his stomach with such "trash," we gathered fresh mussels which she roasted, nut-sweet, on a driftwood fire.

The novelty of this repast alone delighted me, since I was, if anything, over-nourished; but for Maggie, sadly ill-fed, it was welcome sustenance, and by way of

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



laundry or her armor of milk cans which, after her round, she must scald and scour at the farm before her final task of feeding the hens—she had been during the long summer holidays a kind of nursemaid to me, taking me for walks in the afternoon during my periods of convalescence. Our favorite pilgrimage took us along the shore, passing on the way an isolated, sadly broken down little cottage with a rotted green trellis, misnamed Rosebank, where, to my everlasting disgrace, it appeared that I had been born.

Dr. Duthie with his little black bag, had almost failed to reach the village.

"And to beat all," Maggie turned her commiserating gaze upon me, "ye came into the wurrid the wrong way round."

"The wrong way! But how, Maggie?"

"Not head first. Feet first."

"Was that bad, Maggie?" I demanded, petrified.

She nodded in sombre affirmation.

After this humiliating disclosure Maggie would revive me by taking me further along the estuary to the

dessert, taking off her battered boots and the long, black stockings, one or other of which, despite the darns, usually sported a hole, she would wade into the grey waters of the firth and, feeling in the muddy sand with her toes, uncover little fluted white cockles which she devoured like oysters, raw and quivering.

"But they're living, Maggie," I protested, dismayed at the pain these innocent bivalves must suffer under her sharp teeth.

"They don't feel anything," she assured me calmly. "If

you bite them quick. Now let's play shop."

Maggie invented all sorts of games and was full of country skills. She could make a willow whistle, fashion intricately woven harvest plaits of a pattern that my fingers could never master, and magically unfold tight little paper boats that we sailed down the Gielston burn. She could also sing, and in a hoarse but tuneful voice would offer me current favorites like "Goodbye, Dolly Gray" and "The Honeysuckle and the Bee."

But the game Maggie liked best undoubtedly was "shop," and she never tired of it. When we had collected and set out on the shore our varied symbols, chips of shells, seeds of wild fennel, burdock tips and sea pinks, white sand, bladders of seaweed, marbled pebbles, each representing a different commodity, Maggie would assume the airs and responsibilities of the proprietress while I became the customer. This gave to Maggie, so poor and neglected, a sense of security, even of wealth.

Looking round her shop with the pride of possession, counting her store of good things — tea, sugar, coffee, flour, butter, ham, and, of course, black-striped peppermint balls — she could forget those days when she must stave off hunger with salt cockles, a raw turnip lifted from one of Snoddie's fields, or even the skins of the dog-rose and hawthorn berries that we called "hips and haws."

We were happy together, and I felt her fondness for me until, glancing upward suddenly during our game, I would find her eyes bent upon me with the wondering expression of one whose attention

To page 48



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*Firms, if phoned, will name nearest shop selling their brand

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 47

is drawn repeatedly to some incomprehensible singularity.

I knew then what must come, for presently in a tone half puzzled, half commiserating she would soliloquise: "When I look at you, Laurie, I still can't credit it. I mean you're not much, but you don't seem any different from us. And your mother and father, too, they're so nice you would never dream they were that."

I hung my head. Maggie, in her blundering, good-natured way, had once again uncovered one of the hidden shames that seared my early years and which, without further pretence, must be confessed. I was, alas, a Roman Catholic. Not only so, my parents and I were the sole adherents of that reviled religion, and worse, the only ones ever to have established themselves in the staunchly, exclusively true blue Protestant village of Ardencaple. We were as conspicuously out of place in that tight little community as would have been a family of Zulus. Equally, we were outcasts.

Whatever the public attitude toward my father, which he delighted to provoke rather than to appease, I suffered nothing beyond that certain pitying or even sympathetic curiosity bestowed upon an oddity. Nevertheless, on this Monday morning when I faced the prospect of school, this had its part in lowering my morale. And when, after final admonitions from Mother, Maggie grasped my hand firmly and we set off up the road to the village, my mind was in a dither.

A horse was being shod in the smithy amidst an enticing fume of burnt hoof, yet I scarcely noticed it. The windows of the village store, against which I liked to press my nose, investigating the rich display of boiled sweets, peppermint oddfellows, slim jim and apple tarts, was passed unseen. It was a dolorous way, made more harrowing by Maggie's low-toned recital of the fearful punishments exacted by the schoolmaster, whom she designated by the name Pin.

"He's a cripple," she kept deploring, with a shake of her head. "And a stickit minister. No more nor that! But he's a terror with the tause."

Although we went slowly, only too soon did we reach the school.

This was a smallish old red brick building with an open yard of beaten, stony earth in front, and here, but for Maggie, I should certainly have run away. In this playground a mimic battle was being waged. Boys darted about, struggled, shouted, kicked, and fought; girls, flailing with ropes, skipped and shrieked; caps were torn from heads and sent skimming through the air, tackety boots slid and scraped, sparking living fire from the stones; the din was ear-splitting.

And suddenly noticing me, the biggest of the "bad" boys let out a wild and ribald yell: "Look wha's here. The wee Pope!"

This sudden elevation to the throne of the Vatican, far from sustaining me, produced in my innards a further apprehensive sinking. In a moment I should be surrounded by a crowd seeking to exact more from me than my apostolic blessing. But from this and other dangers, pressing through with her sharp elbows combatively extended, Maggie protected me until suddenly a clanging quelled the tumult, and the schoolmaster appeared, bell in

hand, on the steps of the entrance.

Undoubtedly this was Pin, his right leg deformed and sadly shorter than the other, supported by a twelve-inch peg fixed to a queer little boot by an iron stirrup, the lower end capped with rubber. Surprisingly, he did not strike me as alarming.

He was, in fact, though given to sudden explosions and choleric rappings of his desk with his knuckles, a mild, prosy, defeated little man of about fifty, with steel-rimmed spectacles and a short, pointed beard, seen always in a shiny black bobtailed suit, a celluloid dickey, and a tucked-in black tie, who in his youth had studied for the ministry, but, by reason of his deformity and a tendency to stammer, had failed repeatedly in trial sermons and became in the end a melancholy example of that supreme Scottish failure, the "stickit minister" turned dominie.

HOWEVER, it was not to him that I was delivered. Pushing away from the main turbulent stream, Maggie finally entrusted me to the assistant mistress in the lowest class, where, with some twenty others, many younger than myself, I was given a slate and seated on one of the front benches. Already I felt better, since I had recognised our teacher — a warm-looking girl with soft brown eyes and an encouraging smile — as one of the two daughters of Mr. Archibald Grant, who kept the store. Her younger sister, Polly, never failed to give me a toffee drop when I went to the store on errands for my mother.

"Now, children, I'm glad to see you back after the holidays and to welcome the new pupils," Miss Grant began, and I thrilled, fancying that her smile dwelt on me. "As Lady Meikle will be making her usual opening-day visit to the school this morning, I expect you all to be on your best behaviour. Now answer your names as I make out the register."

When she called out "Laurence Carroll" I imitated the others with a "Present, Miss," which, however, was so uncertain as to suggest that I doubted my own identity. Nevertheless, it was accepted, and after we had all given our names and Miss Grant had entered them in the big book on her desk she set us to work. The class was at different stages. Soon one section was droning out the two-times table, another copying sums from the blackboard on their slates, while a third struggled with block letters of the alphabet.

To me all this appeared such manifest child's play that my earlier apprehension began to fade and to be replaced by a tingling consciousness of my own worth. What infants, not to know a B from a D! And who, amongst these older boys, had dipped, like me, into the mysteries of Pear's Encyclopedia with the

To page 53

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1800 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies antiques owned by readers.

I have a round, inlaid table, and would like to know the period in which it was made. The name W. M. Bell & Co. can just be discerned on a round label underneath the table. — Mrs. R. S. Headlam, Bentleigh, Vic.

Your table is a typical example of the best-quality craftsmanship of the 1845-1855 period of the Victorian era. It is either Brazilian rosewood or walnut (this is difficult to tell from your photograph) cross-banded with satinwood.

Could you please give me some information about my bassinet which is reputed to be at least 100 years old? — Mrs. S. W. Shears, Ballarat, Vic.

The unusual and distinctive bassinet appears to be Victorian, about the 1870 period, but I could not be certain without seeing it.

It appears to be fashioned out of cast iron which is now coming back into fashion. "Lace work," as it is called, can still be bought from dealers.



● Victorian table

Can you please tell me what my metal stand is made of, and for what was it used? It is one of a pair I bought at an auction sale of antiques. — Mrs. B. Ranger, Collector, N.S.W.

Your stand is of Australian silver, and although it has no hall-mark, I think it was made in the period 1860-1875. It appears to have been used as a holder for an egg.

The egg would have been "blown" carefully, and then bolted into place between the base and the decorative top.



● Silver stand

HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these hints.

SLICED bread can be made fresh by steaming the slices over a boiling kettle. Hold each slice in tongs, pass them across steam for two or three seconds, then stand up to cool. When slices are quite cold they can be packed back into the waxed wrapper. Bread, no matter how old, can be steamed several times in this way. — Mrs. R. F. Hayward, 7 Salter Cres., Denistown East, N.S.W.

Remove the built-up grease from the bottom of your electric frypan by rubbing it gently with a steel-wool pad soaked in methylated spirit. Wash in hot water to remove odor. — Mrs. R. Parlow, 4 Charter St., Ringwood, Vic.

Most marmalade recipes require the fruit to be boiled until tender before sugar is added. To minimise the tedious job of shredding rind, cut fruit into quarters, then simmer in usual way until tender. When cool, cut rind to desired thickness with kitchen shears. Pips can also be removed while fruit is simmering. — Mrs. F. Hennessy, 12a McLean St., North Ipswich, Qld.

Prevent creases in tablecloths by hanging them over a towel rail screwed to the inside of your linen cupboard. — Mrs. I. Nicholson, Springvale Rd., East Burwood, Vic.



● Charming bassinet



ISABELLA OF CASTILE
Patroness of Columbus (1451-1504)

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Page 50

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 9, 1964

Wildflowers with a Japanese accent

Japanese arrangements with wildflowers will be the highlight at two forthcoming shows featuring Australian natives.

Mr. Norman Sparnon, noted Ikebana specialist, who created the arrangements on this page, will do the arrangements for a show to be held in Melbourne by the Ikebana International under the title "Australian Wildflowers and Ikebana" at George's Ltd. Gallery from September 16 to 23 in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund. And his students in Sydney will do the Ikebana arrangements at the "Preservation by Propagation" show organised by the Society for Growing Australian Plants, N.S.W. region, from September 9 to 12 at Anthony Hordern's city store.

About 30 of Mr. Sparnon's students will travel with him to Japan in November to the Sogetsu School exhibition, and some will exhibit there. It is hoped that the head of the school, Sofu Teshigahara, will later visit Australia.

BANKSIA ERICIFOLIA arranged in its natural form, utilising space in the decoration. The earth-colored bowl is in keeping with the banksias, which would make a focal point in a large room.



ABOVE: *Xanthorrhoea* (black-boy) with its own foliage arranged in its natural manner of growth. The base is softened with *Grevillea linearifolia*.



ABOVE RIGHT: An asymmetrical form or pattern peculiar to Ikebana of *Anigosanthos manglesii* (red-and-green kangaroo paw), the floral emblem of W.A.



RIGHT: Striking *Telopea speciosissima* (waratahs), *Anigosanthos manglesii*, and *Callistemon salignus* (willow bottlebrush) are outstanding in this arrangement. Waratahs are the emblem of N.S.W.

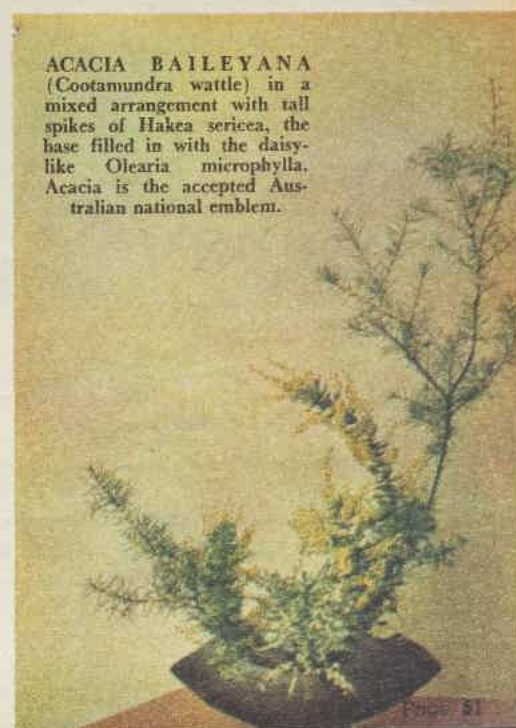


EUCALYPTUS TETRAGONA and *Eucalyptus calophylla* (the pink gum flowers) illustrate the scope of native leaves and flowers in the simplicity of this Ikebana arrangement.

LIANTHUS FORMOSUS (Sturt's desert pea), which is the official emblem of South Australia, makes a delightfully feathery arrangement in Ikebana style.



ACACIA BAILEYANA (Cootamundra wattle) in a mixed arrangement with tall spikes of *Hakea sericea*, the base filled in with the daisy-like *Olearia microphylla*. Acacia is the accepted Australian national emblem.





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Page 52



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a larger napkin
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VEE-FORM* BY MODESS
slimmer... deeper, too
exclusive V-shape

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1964

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

picture of the tramp on the frontispiece announcing that for five years he had used no other soap? Surrounded by such evidence of juvenile ignorance, I felt the power of my superior knowledge, the distinction of my new talents, to shine.

The screech of the slate pencil had not long begun before the door was flung open and the command given: "Rise, children."

As we clattered to our feet I appeared and deferentially ushered into the classroom a stout, self-important, overwashed little woman with a least so swelling and aggressive as to give her, in conjunction with the tuft of feathers on her hat, a marked resemblance to a pouter pigeon. I gazed at her in awe.

LADY MEIKLE

was the widow of a Winton street manufacturer who, behind the blameless but intriguing diaphanous "Ladies, we can only the finest natural stone," plastered on the windows of every railway station — an advertisement that to me ranked in interest equally with "The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley" — had advanced to considerable wealth, then, after a long career as provost of Levenford, a knight, a distinction that had induced him to purchase and retire to a large property in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

Here he had leisure to indulge his hobby of cultivating orchids and tropical plants while his spouse lost no time in assuming the duties of asserting the prerogatives of the lady of the manor, enough with her down-to-earth ways and lapses into broad Scots idiom she was not, and truly admitted this, to the manner born. Yet Lady Whalebone, as my father called her, was a decent woman, generous to Ardenroy — she had given the new village hall — and charitable to the entire county.

She had, moreover, a characteristic grim sense of humor and a strong dash of sentiment, since besides giving her impecunious husband a magnificent tombstone, replete with many awesome urns, she had made famous the initial collection he had instituted before his decease.

Strange though it may appear, while I had never exchanged a word with so unusual a personage, I had somehow come to be familiar with her estate in all its extent, with its woods and river, its avenue a mile long winding through the park between giant rhododendrons to the new house with its enormous conservatory.

"The seated, hairns." She went forward. "This room is so stuffy. Open a win-

Miss Grant hurriedly complied while her ladyship, keeping a formidable eye upon us, conferred with Pin, who, leaning forward, his deformed mouth drawn back, half-concealed behind the sound leg — a posture I soon saw to be habitual — made submissive gestures of acquiescence.

Then she addressed us, in the broadest Doric, beginning with "Bairns, ye're a' young men, but I hope ye'll be as good as ye are, for ye'll be pay heed to what I'm about to say."

She continued in this fashion at considerable length, exhorting us to work diligently, to improve ourselves and to maintain always the highest standards of good behaviour and moral conduct, implying that it would go hard for us here and in the hereafter if we did not. Her address completed, she pursed her lips and favored us with a dignified yet half humorous smile in which might have been detected a trace of slyness.

"As yet ye ken nothing. Virgin soil, that's what ye are, virgin soil. But I am going to test your nat'ral intelligence to see if ye have any gumption or, for that matter, anything in your heads at a Miss Grant, a pencil."

The pencil, yellow in color, was immediately presented, and poised it before us for a moment, she threw it, with a dramatic gesture, to the floor. We held our breaths.

"Now," she resumed impressively. "Ye have no hands. None of ye have hands. But I wish that pencil picked up."

Whatever prompted this extravagant experiment — perhaps she had been visiting one of her many charities, a home for paralytics in Ardenroy — the result was silence,



dead silence. The class was stumped. Suddenly an inspiration struck me. As in a daze, I got up, weak from my own boldness, tottered into the public gaze and, prostrating myself before the yellow pencil, snatched at it with my teeth.

But the pencil was round and smooth. It escaped my feeble incisors, shot far ahead on the dusty and uneven floor. I followed, crawling face down, like a tracking Indian. Again I tried and again failed. The pursuit continued. Every eye remained riveted upon me. Now the pencil had discovered a crevice between the floorboards. I nudged it forward with my chin, coaxed it to a favorable position, only to see it roll gently into a deeper crack beside the blackboard where a dust of chalk had already fallen.

But my blood was up. Sticking out my tongue, I licked my quarry from its hold, then before it started to roll, bit hard and true. The class gave a long sigh of applause as, whitened by chalk dust, my nose skinned and raw, I staggered to my feet with the pencil impaled, clenched between my jaws.

"Well done!" cried Lady Whalebone, clapping her hands enthusiastically, then placing one upon my head. "Ye're a verra clever wee laddie."

I reddened all over, bursting with pride. To be commended thus by the lady of the manor before my teacher, before the schoolmaster, and, best of all, my classmates!

And on my first day at school. A very clever boy. What joy to tell my mother.

Meanwhile, as Miss Grant dusted me off, her ladyship, with the air of a phrenologist, still maintained a benevolent hand upon my cranium.

"How old are ye?" "Six years, ma'am."

"Ye're unco' small for six."

"Yes, ma'am." I yearned to tell her of the illnesses, almost fatal, that had dwarfed me, probably for life, but before I could proceed she went on, encouragingly, a real patroness.

"Ye must sup your porridge, with plenty of milk. Not skim, mind ye. And never turn up your nose at the staff of life. Ye ken what I mean by the staff of life?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am." Hot with triumph, conscious of my superior knowledge, recollecting my father's use of the same phrase in connection with the bottle, I gazed at her brightly, answered confidently, loud and clear: "Hagemann's Royal Dutch Yeast!"

A timid titter, swelling uncontrollably to a shout of laughter, rose from the class. Utterly dismayed, I saw my patroness' face alter, approbation supplanted by a heavy frown. Her grip on my skull tightened.

"Are ye darin' to make fun of me, boy?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, no!" She studied me narrowly for a long moment while my insides seemed to liquefy. Then, repudiating me, she removed her hand with, at the same time, a forward thrust that impelled me forcibly toward my seat.

"Go! I see I was mistaken. Ye are nothing but a doited clown."

Humbled, disgraced for life, in fact once again an outcast, I sat for the rest of the morning with bowed head.

On the way home, seeking the hand of my true protector, blinking water from my eyes, I mourned:

"It's no use, Maggie. I'm no good at anything, just a doited clown."

"Ay," Maggie answered with despondent satire, apparently having had a bad morning in her own class. "We're a brow pair."

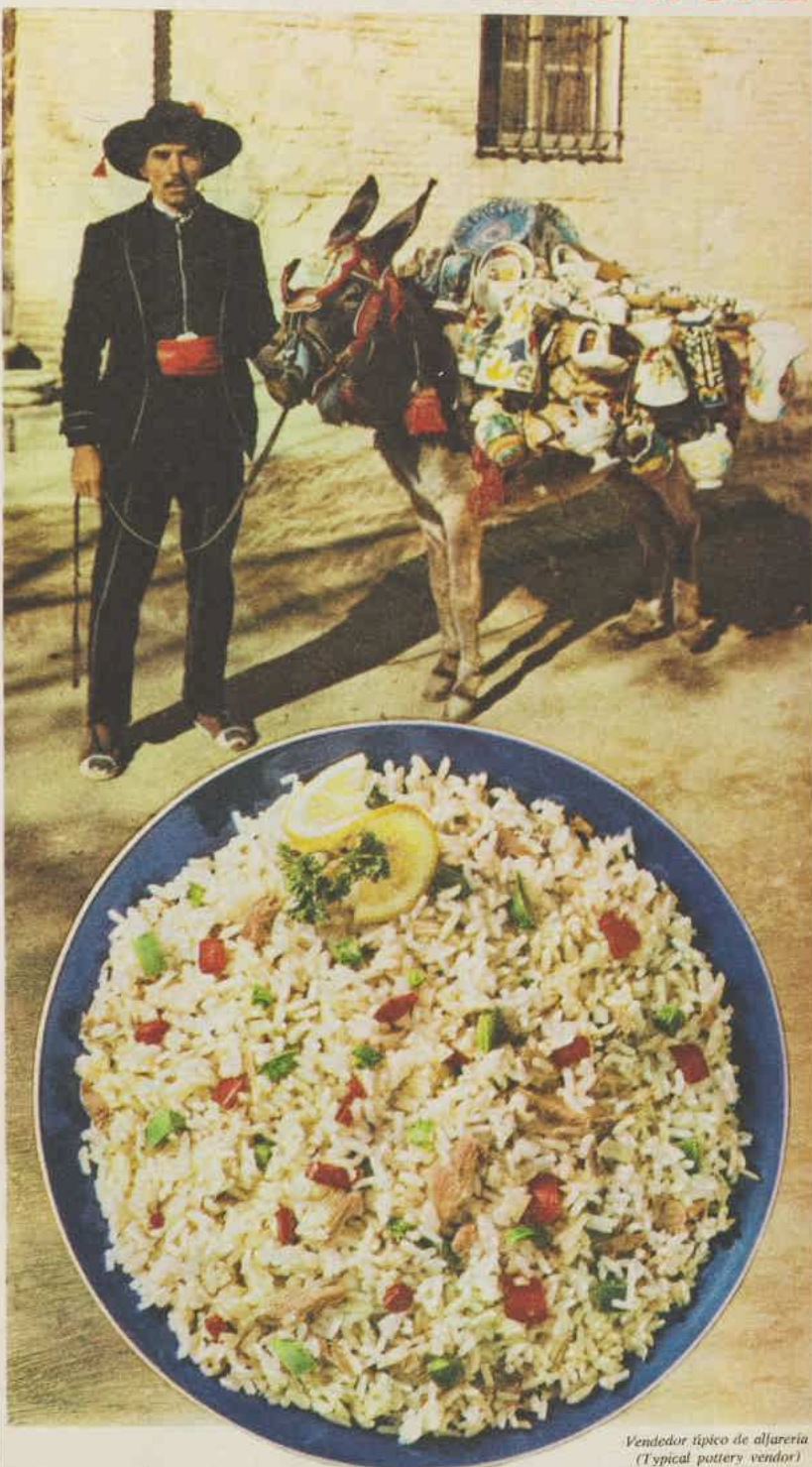
Despite Mother's misgivings, and the public humiliation it had caused me, the business of the Royal Dutch Yeast had made a most auspicious start. Undoubtedly the opportunity was there, and my father, naturally clever, with a sharp and far-seeing business eye, was the very man to seize it.

HIS intimate knowledge of the baking trade, the connections he had established throughout the West of Scotland during his five years as a salesman for Murchisons', his attractive personality and easy manner, which he could attune exactly to the status of each customer and which made him generally popular, above all the aplomb with which he would fling off his jacket, tie on a white apron and actually demonstrate the new process in the bakehouse, all marked him for success.

Evidence of this was manifest, after the first few months, in a family expedition to Winton when Father, having shown us with pride his new little office in the Caledonia Building, took us to a matinee of "Aladdin" at the Theatre Royal and afterwards to the famous Thistle Restaurant. Always an open-handed man, he was more than usually generous that Christmas.

To page 58

INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURE



Vendedor típico de alfarería (Typical pottery vendor)

Spanish Rice

Ole! for Sunwhite Rice when it's spiced with Spanish flavour. Follow this adventurous new recipe to discover how well Spain's vibrant flavours mingle with Australian-grown Sunwhite Rice.

Give your family a taste of the Mediterranean way of life. Serve Sunwhite—Spanish style.

INGREDIENTS: 1 small red and 1 small green pepper, 1 stick celery, 1 large onion, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 cup Sunwhite Rice, 1½ cups chicken stock, ½ teaspoon paprika, one 7 oz. tin tuna or salmon.

METHOD: Dice peppers, slice celery and mince onion. Heat oil in Frypan at 340°. Cook diced peppers, do not brown—remove. Fry onion and celery until golden brown, add rice and brown lightly. Reduce heat to 220°-260°, add stock, season to taste with salt and paprika. Add half the cooked peppers. Simmer until rice is tender with the lid on. Mix in tuna and sprinkle peppers on top. Heat through and serve with soy sauce and lemon wedges.

SERVES 4.
618P

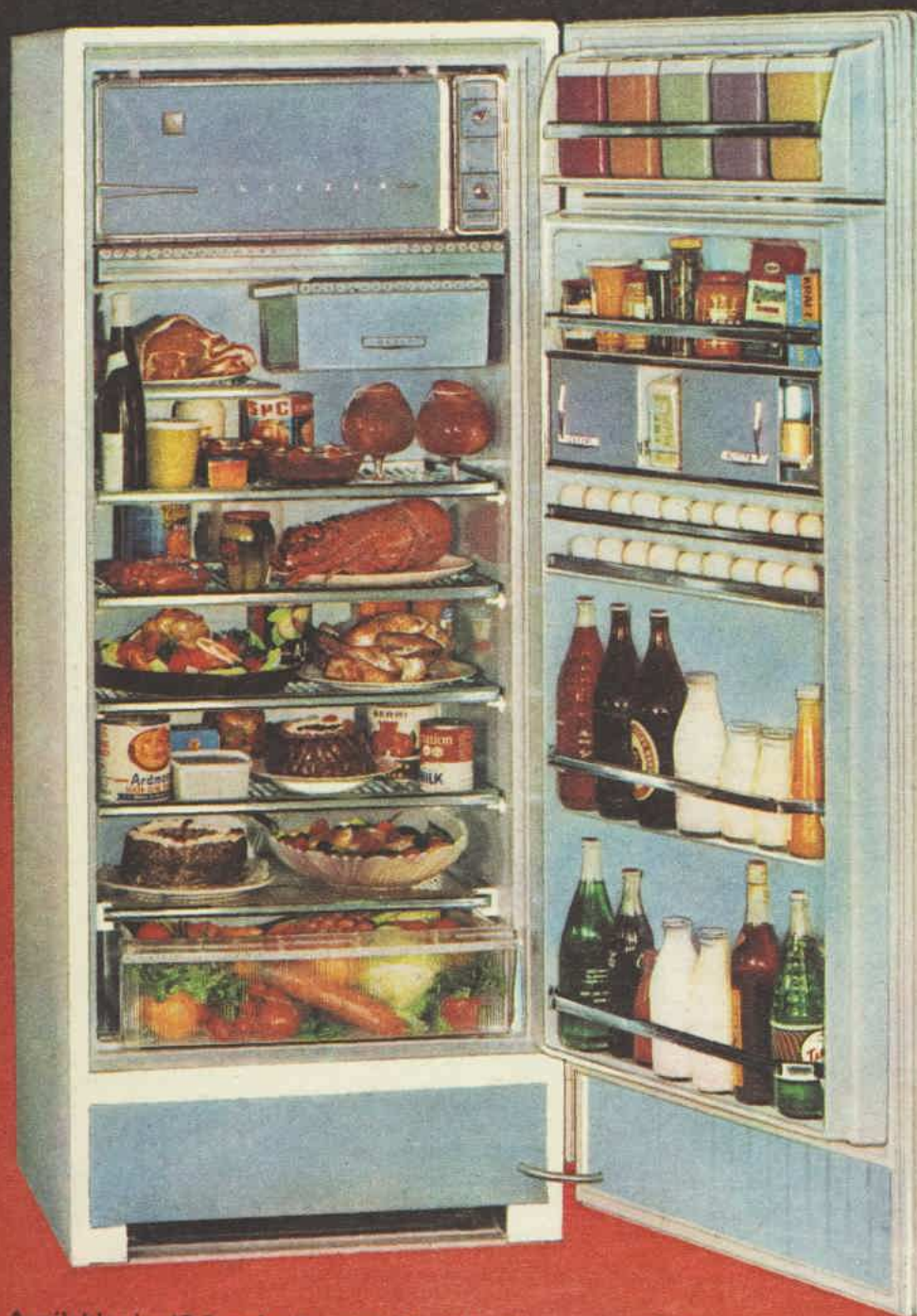


THE PICK OF THE CROP

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Side-opening door. Gives easier access to all frozen foods.



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(5 containers in 14 cub. ft. model)

* DEEP FULL-WIDTH CRISPER
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EXCLUSIVE BUTTER CONDITIONER
Heated and thermostatically controlled. Your butter is just right for easy spreading all the year round.

AUTOMATIC DEFOST

Every night all frost is removed from the freezer and water is automatically evaporated.
NO DRIP TRAYS EVER TO EMPTY.

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ONCE you have prepared the ingredients for a stew, let it cook itself, simmering gently away to tender perfection.

CLASSIC STEWS

Each country has its classic version of the stew and the fame of many of these dishes has spread far beyond their own borders.

A STEW has many practical advantages. It can be prepared in advance; it's easy to serve; ingredients are relatively inexpensive.

But to produce the subtle combination of flavors that makes a stew memorable, those ingredients must be chosen wisely.

When you buy stewing steak make sure it is good stewing steak; choose crisp, fresh vegetables; use stock (this is easily made from canned or packaged soups or bouillon cubes), not water.

Add to these slow, gentle simmering and you're all set to win renown for your good-tasting, savory stew.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes.

IRISH STEW

Two pounds middle neck of mutton, 4lb. potatoes, 1lb. onions, 1 pint stock or water, seasoning, a bunch of mixed herbs or a sprinkling of dried herbs, 2 bayleaves, chopped parsley.

Trim fat from meat and cut into cutlets. Peel potatoes and onions; cut potatoes in halves and slice onions thickly. Put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of a heavy saucepan, then add meat and remaining potatoes. Top with onions, add seasoning, herbs, and bayleaves. Pour water or stock over (there should be just enough liquid to cover); cover tightly, and simmer gently 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is

tender. Shake pan from time to time and watch that the stew does not stick.

The completed dish should be thick and creamy. Season it carefully to taste.

To serve, pile meat and vegetables in a deep dish, spoon gravy over, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

Two to two and a half pounds corned brisket of beef, 1lb. salt pork, 1 bayleaf, few peppercorns, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ cup vinegar, 1 boiling chicken, 3 large carrots (scraped and halved), 3 medium onions (peeled), 3 large potatoes (peeled and halved), 1 large turnip (peeled and quartered), 1 small cabbage (quartered), 2 cooked beetroot, chopped parsley, horseradish sauce.

Wipe beef, place in large saucepan with water to cover. Bring to boil; drain and rinse; repeat this process. Cover meat with fresh water and add pork, bayleaf, vinegar, brown sugar, and peppercorns. Cover, simmer very slowly 3 to 4 hours or until meat is tender, adding chicken after the first 1½ hours. Draw aside, cool slightly, skim off excess fat. Add carrots, onions, potatoes, and turnips, cook about 30 minutes. Then add cabbage wedges and simmer until tender.

To serve: Arrange sliced beef, pork, and chicken on large platter and surround with vegetables. Quarter beetroot and place round dish. Sprinkle the whole with chopped parsley and serve with horseradish sauce.

OSSO BUCCO

Two large or four small shins of veal, flour, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cloves garlic (chopped), ½ onion (chopped), stock, ½ pint dry white wine, 4 tablespoons tomato puree, 1 anchovy fillet (finely chopped), 4 tablespoons chopped parsley, grated rind of ½ a lemon, hot cooked rice.

Choose meaty shins of veal and have the butcher saw them into 2in. pieces. Dredge with seasoned flour, brown in the heated oil and butter. Add 1 clove of garlic and the onion; cook gently 2 to 3 minutes, then pour over the stock almost to cover, the wine, and tomato puree. Cover, simmer until meat is tender. Then add finely chopped anchovy fillet and remaining garlic. Blend thoroughly and heat through; sprinkle with parsley and lemon rind. Serve with hot cooked rice.

OXTAIL RAGOUT

One large oxtail (or 2 small), water, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons oil, 4oz. streaky bacon (diced), 2 onions (stuck with 2 cloves), bouquet garni, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 4 carrots, ½ pint tomato juice, 1 pint beef stock, 4 turnips, 4 leeks, 4 stalks celery, salt, pepper.

Have oxtail cut into serving pieces, soak in cold water 3 to 4 hours. Drain, put into saucepan with fresh water to cover, bring to boil. Strain, then dry and toss in seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in large saucepan or

heatproof casserole, add bacon pieces, sauté until golden. Remove bacon, brown oxtail pieces in remaining fat. Then return bacon to pan, add onion, bouquet garni, sliced carrots, garlic, salt and pepper. Combine tomato juice with stock and pour over stew; bring slowly to boil, cover and simmer gently 3 to 4 hours. (This can be done in a slow oven if preferred.) Cool and skim off all fat.

Forty minutes before serving time, prepare remaining vegetables and add to oxtail. Cook gently until vegetables are very tender. Check seasoning and serve very hot.

BLANQUETTE DE VEAU

Two pounds shoulder or breast of veal, water, 2 large onions, 2 large carrots, juice of half a lemon, bouquet garni, salt and pepper, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 2 egg-yolks, ½ gill cream.

Cut veal into large squares, put into saucepan with cold water to cover, bring to boil, drain, and refresh under cold running water. Return to pan with sufficient fresh water to cover. Add quartered onions and carrots, lemon juice, bouquet garni, and seasoning. Cover and simmer until veal is tender. Then strain off stock, leaving meat and vegetables covered in the saucepan; keep warm. Melt butter in another saucepan, stir in flour. Cook a few minutes, then add 1½ pints of the veal stock. Stir over moderate heat until boiling. Allow sauce to boil until it thickens, then stand aside, taste, and adjust seasoning. Combine cream and beaten egg-yolks with a little hot sauce and slowly add to remaining sauce. Reheat sauce without allowing it to boil. Pour over veal, cover, and let stand for 5 minutes. Transfer to serving-dish and serve immediately.

NAVARIN OF LAMB

Two and a half pounds boned shoulder or breast of lamb, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch sugar, salt and freshly ground pepper, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 4 small turnips (peeled and quartered), bouquet garni, ½ pint stock, 4 tablespoons tomato puree, 12 small white onions, 4oz. diced bacon, 12 small potatoes, ½lb. peas, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cut lamb into cubes and brown in heated butter and oil; set aside. Remove a little of the fat, blend flour with remainder. Stir over low heat until lightly colored, then add pinch of sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Put in garlic, add turnips and tomato puree. Pour stock over, bring to boil, stirring, and put in meat and bouquet garni. Cover and cook in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove from oven, allow to cool. Skim fat from sauce. Blanch bacon and sauté with onions until golden. Add to casserole with peeled potatoes and shelled peas. Bring to boil, cover, and return to oven about 30 minutes or until vegetables are cooked and lamb is tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve very hot.

Continued overleaf

Recipes from Our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

ALTHOUGH one of the famous soups of the world, French Onion Soup is one of the simplest to make and is so satisfying it can sometimes form a complete meal. Dieters can follow it with a juicy apple or orange.

DIETERS' FRENCH ONION SOUP

One dessertspoon butter, 4 large onions (sliced), 4 beef bouillon cubes, 4 cups hot water, 4 rounds Melba toast, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese.

Melt butter in heavy saucepan, add onion, cook until soft and golden brown. Dissolve bouillon cubes in hot water, add to onions. Simmer 10 minutes, then pour into serving-dishes. Top each with round of Melba toast and sprinkling of grated parmesan cheese. Serve immediately.

Makes 4 cups. One cup of soup has approximately 75 calories.

Continuing . . . CLASSIC STEWS

HARICOT OF MUTTON

Two pounds breast or shoulder of mutton, salt and freshly ground pepper, 1/2 oz. lard or fat, 2 onions, 3 oz. streaky bacon, 1/2 oz. flour, 1 1/2 pints water, 1 clove garlic (crushed), bouquet garni, 1 lb. haricot beans (soaked overnight in water to cover), pinch bicarbonate of soda, 1 lb. tomatoes (peeled and chopped), chopped parsley.

Cut meat into cubes, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Heat fat in heavy saucepan, put in diced bacon and quartered onions. Stir over low heat until golden. Remove onions and bacon, set aside. Brown meat in remaining fat, set aside. Pour off about half the fat. Stir in flour; cook

slowly until brown, then add water, garlic, bouquet garni, and seasoning. Bring to boil. Add meat, onions, and bacon, cover and simmer gently about 1 1/2 hours. Meanwhile, cook beans in water to cover, with pinch of soda, until almost tender. Remove stew from stove, drain meat, strain gravy, and remove fat. Return meat, onions, and bacon to rinsed pan and add strained beans and tomatoes. Cover and simmer another 30-40 minutes or until beans are tender. Sprinkle with parsley, serve piping-hot.

CARBONNADE DE BOEUF

Three pounds stewing steak, 2 oz. butter, 2 large onions, 1 oz. flour, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 pint beer, 1 pint hot water,

bouquet garni, salt and freshly ground pepper, pinch each nutmeg and sugar, 6 to 8 pieces bread about 2 in. square with crusts removed (or use slices of french bread), french mustard.

Cut meat into large cubes, brown in heated butter. Set aside, brown sliced onions in same fat. Add flour, cook slowly until brown; then add garlic, beer, and water. Bring to boil, add seasoning and herbs. Put in meat, turn into ovenproof casserole. Cover, cook in slow oven until meat is tender (about 2 hours). Skim off surface fat. Spread bread squares with french mustard and place on top of stew, pushing bread down to ensure it is soaked with gravy. Return to oven, uncovered; cook further 10 to 15 minutes or until bread is well browned. Serve immediately.

BOEUF A LA BOURGUIGNONNE

Two to three pounds topside or round steak, 2 tablespoons butter, 12 baby onions, 2 oz. fat bacon, 1 lb. mushrooms (quartered), pinch sugar, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 cup dry red wine, stock, salt and freshly ground pepper, bouquet garni, chopped parsley.

Cut meat into large cubes, brown on all sides in heated butter. Remove meat, add onions, bacon, and mushrooms to remaining fat together with sugar, brown slowly. Remove vegetables and bacon, sprinkle in flour, cook slowly until brown. Heat wine in small saucepan, then ignite. Pour into flour mixture, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Put in browned meat; add sufficient stock to cover. Season to taste and add bouquet garni. Cover tightly and cook in slow oven approximately 1 hour. Then add onions, mushrooms, and bacon, continue cooking until meat is tender. Transfer meat to serving-dish, reduce sauce slightly over high heat and spoon over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

SAUERBRATEN

Four pounds topside (cut in one piece), 1 pint dry red wine, 1 pint wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon crushed peppercorns, 2 large onions (sliced), 2 large carrots (sliced), 2 stalks celery (chopped), 1/2 lemon (sliced), 2 bayleaves, 4 sprigs parsley, 1 teaspoon allspice, 4 cloves, 6 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, buttered noodles.

Wipe meat, place in deep bowl. Combine wine and vinegar, salt, peppercorns, onions, carrots, lemon, celery, bayleaves, parsley, allspice, and cloves. Bring to boil, pour over meat. Cover, leave in refrigerator 5 days, turning once a day. Remove meat from marinade, dry, and sprinkle with 2 tablespoons flour. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in heavy saucepan, put in meat, brown on all sides. Pour hot marinade over, cover tightly, bring to boil, reduce heat, cover, simmer gently until meat is almost tender. Pour off liquid, allow to cool. Skim remaining butter in broth. Melt remaining flour in saucepan, stir in remaining flour and brown sugar. Cook slowly until slightly browned. Gradually add strained broth, stir over moderate heat until thick and smooth. Pour sauce over meat, cover and simmer further 30 minutes. Serve (sliced) with buttered noodles.

VEAL GOULASH

Two pounds shoulder of veal, 2 lb. onions, 1 1/2 oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups stock (veal if possible), salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon paprika, 2 tablespoons tomato puree, 1 1/2 cups sour cream, 2 teaspoons flour, buttered noodles.

Trim veal and cut into 2 in. squares. Slice onions finely and cook in heated butter until soft and golden. Add veal and paprika. Cook slowly about 5 minutes, then add heated stock, tomato puree, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently until veal is tender. Mix flour with sour cream, add to stew. Heat, check seasoning; serve with buttered noodles.



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Nature's 'Instant Dessert'



Curry has apricot flavor

• Recipes from N.S.W., Queensland, Victoria, and England win prizes this week in our popular, regular recipe contest.

THE main prize of £5 is awarded for an unusual curry recipe. Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for coconut biscuits, banana-flavored mince meat, and a fruit loaf made with cold tea.

All spoon measurements are level.

STEAK CURRY WITH APRICOTS

One large green apple, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 medium potatoes, 12 dried apricots, 1lb. blade steak, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon plain flour, 2 cups water, 2 small bananas.

Peel and dice potatoes and apple, chop apricots. Heat fat or oil in saucepan, add potatoes, apple, onion, and apricots; cook until beginning to color. Stir in curry powder, salt, and flour; cook 1 minute. Add water, stir until smooth and thickened. Add chopped meat, simmer gently about 1½ hours. Add sliced bananas 20 minutes before end of cooking. Serve with fluffy boiled rice, garnish with lemon slices.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Webster, 15 Muntz Street, Warragul, Vic.

GRANDMA'S YUM-YUMS

One and a half cups coconut, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped glace cherries, 1 packet chocolate pieces, ½ can sweetened condensed milk.

Mix all dry ingredients together thoroughly, then add the condensed milk. Chill mixture in refrigerator a couple of hours for easier handling if desired. Form into balls about the size of a walnut, place on lightly greased oven-slide. Bake in slow oven about 10 to 15 minutes. Let cool before removing from oven-slide. Balls of this mixture can be put close together, but not touching, on oven-slide because they do not spread.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss R. Blair, 58 Oxford St., Epping, N.S.W.

BANANA MINCEMEAT

Three large cooking apples, 2 bananas (not too ripe), ½lb. currants, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. seedless raisins, ½lb. mixed peel (chopped finely), grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 5oz. soft brown sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3oz.

CLASSIC STEWS

(from opposite page)

BOEUF A LA MODE

Three-and-a-half to four-pound piece topside or corner of topside, 1 veal or beef bone, 1oz. fat, 1 quart stock, 12 baby onions, 12 baby carrots, extra pint stock or water, salt and freshly ground pepper.

Marinade: Three-quarters pint dry red wine, ½oz. mixed spice, 6oz. carrots (sliced), 5oz. onions (sliced), bouquet garni of 6 parsley sprigs and 2 bayleaves, 6 peppercorns.

Combine all ingredients for marinade in deep bowl. Wipe meat, trim off excess fat, and put in prepared marinade; cover and allow to stand at least 12 hours, turning meat from time to time. Remove meat from marinade, drain and pat dry. Melt fat in large saucepan, put meat in and brown on all sides. Pour off fat, add marinade, stock, bones, and seasonings; bring to boil, simmer gently 3 to 4 hours. Meanwhile, prepare onions and carrots. Half beef is cooked, remove from saucepan, strain and measure liquid. There should be about 1 pint; if more, reduce over high heat. Skim saucepan with meat. Add onions and carrots, simmer, uncovered, for 20 to 30 minutes, basting meat frequently. During this time the liquid should reduce to a thick consistency.

To serve: Put meat on a large serving-dish and slice. Surround with vegetables. Check seasoning and pour over gravy.

finely shredded suet, 2oz. glace cherries (quartered), about ¼ cup sweet sherry.

Peel, core, and grate apples, put into large bowl. Peel and mash bananas, add to apple. Stir in remainder of ingredients together with enough sherry to bind mixture. Fill into jars, cover with wax. Store in dry, cool place until ready for use.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Douglas, 31 Louis St., Annerley, Brisbane.

COLD TEA LOAF

One and a half pounds dried fruit, ½lb. brown sugar, ½ pint strained cold tea, 1lb. self-raising flour, 1 egg.

Soak dried fruits and brown sugar in the strained tea overnight. Next day, stir in sifted self-raising flour, add beaten egg. Divide mixture into 2 halves, place in 2 greased loaf-tins. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour or until cooked through. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Clubbe, South View, Ashton, Chester, Cheshire, England.



STEAK CURRY with apricots. Recipe at left.



SWEDISH JAM DIAGONAL BISCUITS

TULIP

Make these Swedish Jam Diagonal Biscuits with Tulip, Australia's top-selling quality margarine.

SWEDISH JAM DIAGONAL BISCUITS: 8 ozs. TULIP, 1 Egg yolk, ½ cup Sugar, 11 ozs. Flour, Red currant jelly and Lemon spread.

METHOD: 1. Cream together TULIP and sugar until light, beat in egg yolk. 2. Stir in sifted flour, mix thoroughly—chill 1 hour. 3. Roll out 2/3 of dough into 2 strips about 2" wide. Place on greased biscuit tray. 4. Using a small star nozzle and forcing bag, pipe remaining dough in three rows—one down each side, one down centre of each strip. Bake in mod. oven until golden brown, 15 to 20 mins. 5. When cold, pipe red currant jelly between one row and lemon spread down the other, then cut into 1" diagonals.

FREE RECIPES! For more biscuit recipes write, phone or call at the Daffodil Cooking Demonstration Centre, 4th Floor, McDowells, King Street, Sydney. Telephone 2 0159, ext. 170.



Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



Continued from page 53

In addition to a new winter outfit, which did not greatly interest me, I received a sledge of that superb variety, equipped with a steering bar, known as a Flexible Flyer, while for Mother there arrived one December day from Winton in a big two-horse van something she must have longed for ever since her marriage, a gift whose unexpectedness, since Father characteristically had not breathed a word of its coming, doubled and redoubled Mother's joy. An upright piano.

Not one of these yellowish cottage affairs with plush insets, such as we marched to in school, that twanged like an old banjo, but a brand-new instrument, bearing the

magic name Bluthner, with twin candlesticks and shining ivory keys that on the merest touch emitted deep and vibrant chords.

Mother, still quite dazed, sat down on the revolving stool that had come with the piano and, while I stood at her shoulder, after running her hands up and down the keyboard with a discerning mobility that amazed me, remarking at the same time, "Oh, dear, Laurie, my fingers are all thumbs," she paused for a moment to collect her thoughts, then began to play. So vivid is my recollection of this scene I remember even the piece she played. It was Chaminade's "Danse d'Echarpes."

To say that I was stunned and

spellbound is no exaggeration, not only by the delicious sounds that fell upon my eardrums, but because of the miracle that Mother, whom I had never before heard strike a note and who from loyalty to Father — unable until then to afford a piano — had never introduced the subject in my presence, should after these silent years suddenly produce this unsuspected and accomplished talent and enchant me with a sparkling stream of music. The two porters, having each received a shilling and already with their caps on, in the lobby, had been arrested on their way out. Now, with me, as Mother ended, they applauded spontaneously. She laughed joyfully but shook her head.

"Oh, no, Laurie, I'm so terribly rusty. But it will soon come back to me."

Here, in this remark, was another enigma to add to those others, still unsolved, that complicated and disturbed my early years and that, when I pressed Mother for an explanation, caused her merely to smile and to make some evasive answer. Meanwhile nothing could detract from this new joy. Father was not musical and although sympathetic did not really care for the piano; this indeed — for I had begun to know Father — may in some degree have delayed its delivery. His idea of music was a stirring melodic mélange from a good brass band, and to this end he had provided himself with several pink Edison Bell phonograph cylinders of the famous "Besses o' the Barn."

BUT to Mother, particularly in our apartheid state, the beautiful Bluthner was both consolation and refinement. Every afternoon when she "dressed," after she had finished the day's housework and satisfied herself that all was shining and in perfect order, she would "practice," leaning forward from time to time, since she was naturally a little short-sighted, to study a difficult passage, then, before resuming, brushing aside her soft brown hair which, waved in the middle, fell across her brow. Often when I came home from school and always if the weather was wet, I would come silently into the front room and seat myself by the window to listen.

I soon knew the names of the pieces I liked best: Chopin's "Polonaise in E Flat," Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody," followed by Schubert's "Moments Musicaux," and my greatest favorite, to which perhaps the name contributed, Beethoven's "Sonata in F Minor," which beyond all the others induced in me a precocious sadness, fostering visions wherein under a shining moon I saw myself leading lost causes in distant lands and reaping the soul-satisfying reward of a hero's lonely grave and from which, resurrecting myself, I would run into the kitchen to put the kettle on the range and make hot buttered toast for our tea.

That was a happy winter which nothing subsequently could destroy. Our little ship, sails set full to a favorable wind, rode the tide buoyantly on its safe though solitary course. Father was getting rich. At school I had been moved to a higher class and, although regretting Miss Grant, was agreeably surprised to find myself drawn to my new master, Pin, so unjustly condemned by Maggie — his outbursts were the result of a nervous affliction rather than ill-temper — but might be a failure in the pulpit, but as a teacher he excelled. His education had naturally been superior to that of the average village dominie and he had that invaluable knack of putting things in an interesting way.

Surprisingly, he seemed to become interested in me. A wary appreciation of our common inferior standing in the village may have appealed to him, or perhaps, though he never overtly made this evident, he had hopes of converting me in the manner of a brand plucked from the burning. Whether

To page 59

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1964



Give in to Osti's sweet "Temptation". It's fun! It's a lace-print slip that's brimming with saucy French chic!



The French have a word for it — fantastique! Osti launches the Young French Look — most exciting new lingerie look in years! Newly shaped at the top with intricate seaming... with no gathers to ruffle its smooth-as-silk bra line. Slim and sculptured. Great under knits and all close-to-you clothes. Here in "Temptation", a lace-like print on Tricot nylon all sissed up with lace and little black bows. With black print on white or pink, SSW-OS, 29/11. Matching Chemise, 29/11; Half-slip, 19/11; Gussie, 9/11. At all good fashion stores.

ce not, I experienced more good than I deserved from this despised and rejected little man.

How swiftly those months slipped past! I barely realised that spring was on the way till Father, who had what he referred to as a "bronchial tendency," caught a heavy cold in March due to his scornful Irish disregard of the old Scots aphorism: "Ne'er cast a clout till May goes out."

But he threw it off as the smithy and we began to bud and suddenly we were in the green days of April. A soft west wind was blowing, bearing on its wings the news of our increased prosperity. Was this, perhaps, the cause of that rare event, a surreptitious visit from my cousin Terence, a boy of sixteen, who from his earliest years had been blessed with a nose keenly receptive of the lightest airs of affluency?

Terence was a cool, long-legged, unusually good-looking fellow, endowed with more than his share of the Carroll charm. His home, which I had never seen, was in Lochbridge only twelve miles away, where his father owned an establishment curiously named the Diamond Vaults. While I did not then comprehend the implications of that occult word "Vaults" beyond its suggestion of subterranean depths, Terry's great distinction, enviable in my eyes, was that he attended the famous Blackrock College in Dublin as a boarder.

At present on his Easter holidays, he rolled up to the front gate on a shining new bicycle. He was wearing well-creased grey flannel trousers, from which he negligently snapped off the clips, the blue Blackrock blazer, and a nautically tilted straw hat banded with the school colors. An Olympian, straight from Parnassus — the Vaults? — he dazzled me.

Mother, ardently hospitable and long starved of visitors, was delighted to see Terence, although put out at being caught unprepared.

"My dear boy, if only you'd let me know you were coming, I'd have had such a nice lunch for you." She looked at the clock, which showed twenty minutes to three. "Tell me what I can get for you now."

"As a matter of fact I've had my lunch, Aunt Grace." I could see that the term of kinship pleased my mother. "Still, I could do with a snack."

"Just say what you'd like."

"Well, I'm rather partial to a hard-boiled fresh egg, if you have some in the house."

"Of course. How many would you like?"

"Should we say half a dozen, Aunt Grace?" Terence suggested carelessly.

Fifteen minutes later he was seated at the table gracefully making contact with six hard-boiled eggs and several slices of thickly buttered cottage loaf, while at the

Continued from page 58

same time recounting to us, in an off-hand manner and an accent tinged with the intonation of upper-class Dublin, his notable triumph of the past term, a win in the hundred-yard sprint at the school sports. Impossible not to admire, and we did, although Mother seemed to wilt slightly as for the third time Terence repeated: "The way I left them in my final burst they might have been standing still."

Indeed, it was she who suggested later on that Terence take me for a short walk, pending the return of my father. As we set off, up the road to the village, I put my hand in his and rapturously burst forth:

"Oh, Cousin Terry, how I would love to be at Blackrock with you!"

Terence looked at me fixedly; then, producing a quill toothpick, began absently to work on his teeth.

"Don't mention it to your mater, who's a doat, but one of those eggs was a trifle off."

He burped slightly to emphasise his point.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Terry. But did you hear what I said about Blackrock?"

Terence shook his head indolently, but with a finality that chilled me.

"My poor little caper, you'd never stand the ferrula. Blackrock would kill you stone-dead. Good grief, what's that object over there?"

I spun round. It was Maggie, on one of her slavish errands, with a

big bundle of laundry flapping on her head, uncouth, unkempt, and waving to me, waving wildly in friendly recognition. My skin contracted. To acknowledge Maggie before Terence? No, no, it was unthinkable. Guilty of the first of the two great acts of apostasy of my childhood, I turned away.

"Heaven knows who it is," I mumbled, in a feeble imitation of my cousin's manner, then walked on, leaving Maggie stricken, one arm frozen in mid-air.

At the head of the road Terence paused outside the grocery store. In the window, on a glass stand, lay one of Grant's special dessert apple tarts. Beyond, within the shop, bent over a book with her

elbows on the counter and her back toward us, was Polly Grant. Her posture, which certainly presented us with a notably curvaceous view of the part usually sat upon, seemed to amuse Cousin Terence. He lounged in an athletic way against the window, his gaze wandering from the apple pastry to the unconscious Polly.

"That's not a bad-looking tart," he commented.

"Oh, yes, Terry. Simply spiffing."

"Very well rounded?"

"They're always round, Terry."

To my surprise Terence laughed, and Polly, disturbed in her reading, stood up and swung toward us. Meeting my cousin's eye, she reddened and closed her book with a bang.

"We could do with something to

To page 62



VIENNA SCHNITZEL

FRYMASTA

100% vegetable fries this Vienna Schnitzel golden crisp

VIENNA SCHNITZEL: FRYMASTA for frying. 1. Desired quantity of veal cut from leg. 2. Beat veal pieces with a wooden mallet until very thin. 3. Coat with flour, then beaten egg and breadcrumbs. 4. Heat FRYMASTA to a depth of a 1" in pan. Fry coated steaks turning 2-3 times, till golden brown. 5. Serve hot or cold with salad or hot vegetables and Golden Potato Balls.

GOLDEN POTATO BALLS: FRYMASTA for deep frying 1½ lb. Potatoes, Salt and Pepper, Finely Chopped Onion, 2 eggs, Flour, 1-2 Lev. Tablespoons finely chopped onion.

METHOD: 1. Boil potatoes in usual way in salted water until tender. Mash. 2. Season to taste with salt, pepper, nutmeg and onion. Add one egg, mix thoroughly. 3. Form into small balls with floured hands, dip into lightly beaten egg and roll in crumbs. Fry in hot, deep FRYMASTA for about 5 to 6 mins. until golden brown.

To seal in flavour and avoid waste fry at 360-370 degrees



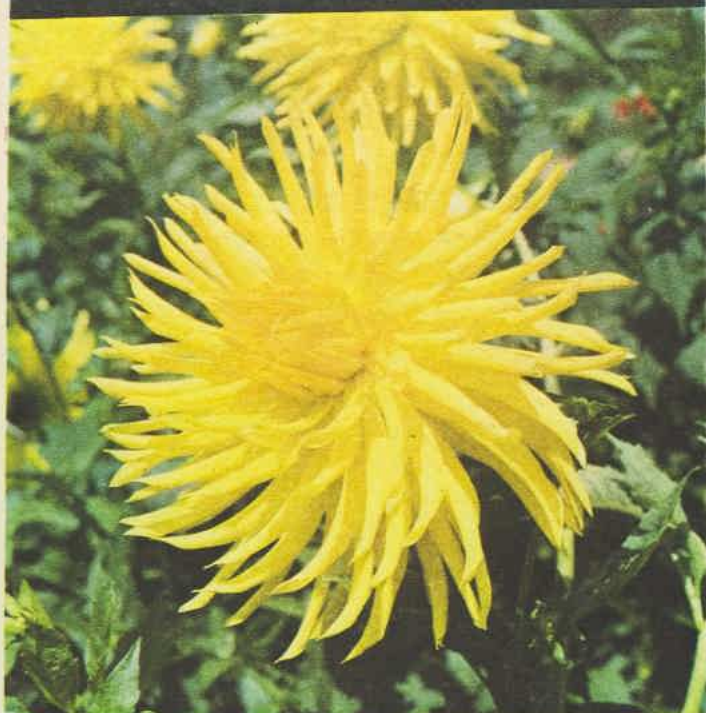
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DAHLIAS



● Large hybrid Cactus dahlia, "Dantino."

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 63

Sun and compost for big blooms

DAHLIAS will grow in most soils, but good drainage, protection from strong winds, and plenty of sunshine are essential. Partial shade is tolerable, but too much produces soft, sappy growth and poor flowers.

They require ample food if a long flowering period of good-quality blooms is required. In preparing the soil use a liberal quantity of compost or well-rotted animal manure, plus a little complete fertiliser.

If the soil is strongly acid, dolomite can be added in the first year. Some enthusiasts grow a green manure, which is dug in about mid-spring.

Boosts of fertiliser or liquid manure may be added during the growing season, but this is not necessary if the soil has been properly prepared.

PROPAGATION

Plants are raised from tubers, green cuttings, or seed. So-called green plants are struck from cuttings taken from tubers; nurserymen often use this method for novel or scarce varieties.

Cuttings about two to three inches long are taken from the shoots coming from the tubers, which have usually been under glass. The cuttings are treated in the normal way and, when rooted, are transferred to pots and allowed to grow and harden before planting.

Some gardeners like to raise plants from seed. There is no particular difficulty in doing so.

Sow in boxes or sheltered seed beds in September or October, plant out when large enough in rows, and allow to flower, making a selection for future use.



● Nymphaea dahlia, "Glendon Pink"

It is unlikely that anything of great value will develop, but it is an interesting gamble which appeals to the few who like to select their own fancies.

Most gardeners grow their dahlias from tubers taken from old clumps, kept in storage or in the ground, which shoot from September onwards.

Be very careful when dividing such clumps. Growth is not like that from potato tubers.

It begins from eyes which develop at the junction of the neck of the tuber and the base of the old stem, and to obtain a proper plant a tuber is required attached to portion of the old stem.

The base of the old stem can be divided into several sections, each with a small shoot or eye and a tuber firmly attached.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 65

A pleasure for many and an obsession for some

● The many dahlia societies throughout the world could very well accept Philip II of Spain as a foundation member.

PHILIP became so interested in the natural history of Mexico that he sent his physician Hernandez in 1570 to investigate the possibilities. Fifty years later four books were published in which three types of dahlia were illustrated.

But it was not until 1789 that tubers from Mexico were grown at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Madrid. Since then the cultivation of dahlias has become the practice of many gardeners and the obsession of some.

They provide colorful massed displays, brighten selected spots in borders and shrubberies, and are a useful source of cut flowers.

By R. H. ANDERSON

For the enthusiast their cultivation can lead to the pleasures and trials of the show bench.

There are at least 11 classes of dahlia, ranging from the striking Decoratives, beautiful types of Cactus, popular free-flowering Charms, the Collarettes, and the lovely Nymphaeas, to the rounded perfection of the Pom-pones.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 64



● Louise Robertson, 2, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Robertson, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., holds "Louise" dahlias, named after a great-grandmother. Pictures on these pages are by staff photographer Ron Berg

Early flowers may lose color

EARLY planting, such as in September, is not always desirable. Certainly early flowers are obtained, but there is a danger of the blooms being bleached by hot summer sun. Some gardeners prefer later, safer planting in October or November. The main flowering period is usually timed for February onwards.

First place the stakes in position, using 4ft. to 6ft. hardwood, according to the variety grown.

Take the soil away from the stake to form the planting hole, placing the tuber on its side with the eye or shoot pointing upwards.

Cover with soil to a depth of 2in. or slightly more.

STOPPING AND DISBUDDING

When the plants have reached about 9in. high the growing point may be removed if a compact, low-growing plant is required.

Laterals will develop from the leaf axils. In the case of Decorative and large Cactus dahlias, four of these are retained; for Medium and Miniatures six are kept, while Charms and Pom-pones can be allowed to retain them all, but the laterals are pruned to give the required length of stem and the central terminal bud alone is retained.

If good-quality flowers on long stems are required the plants must be disbudded.

The pair of buds at the side of the centre bud is usually removed, as well as the first and second pairs of young shoots appearing next below on the shoot.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 66

GENERAL ATTENTION

Dahlias are surface-growing, so too much soil disturbance is not desirable.

Keep weed growth down and the top-soil open and, if possible, supply a mulch of compost or old leaves.

Depending on weather conditions, some watering is necessary, but don't overdo it. Evening watering is best.

Dahlias are rather prone to attack by insect and pest. The dreaded virus is one of the worst, evidenced by leaf-mottling, dark streaks on the stems, and generally poor growth.

A smut, indicated by yellow and brown spots on the leaves, should be treated with Bordeaux mixture.

Mildew is ugly and weakening, usually appears in autumn, and can be treated with Shiran or Karathane.

Thrips and red spider usually put in an appearance. Spray with D.D.T. or Malathion for thrips and with lime sulphur for red spider.

Stem rot causes plants to wilt and die suddenly, but is generally caused by poor drainage.

STORING TUBERS

Tubers should not be lifted until the foliage has browned off, usually not before June.

Use a fork carefully to free the clumps, remove most of the soil, leaving a little to prevent drying out, and store in sheds or under trees.

Water occasionally if very dry, or cover with sand, light soil, sawdust, or tanning bark.

● Large hybrid Cactus, "Harold Howard"



● Large hybrid Cactus, "Golden Autumn"

● Charm dahlia, "Fairy Queen"



● Fimbriated Cactus, "Harley"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 67

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 68

● Medium hybrid Cactus, "Uralla Surprise"



● Large hybrid Cactus, "Eldorado"



● Decorative "Royal Robe." All dahlias photographed at Ayre and Robertson's nursery, Wahroonga



● White Pompon, "Rose-albo"; plum, "Willos Violet"; small orange-gold, "Kym Willo"; big, "Yuletide"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 69

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 70

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

sweeten our mouths, after the eggs," Terence resumed. "I daresay you have an account here."

"Oh, we have. I often do messages for Mother and have them marked."

"Then suppose you nip in for the pastry and have it charged." He added airily: "I'll square up for it later."

Enthusiastically, I obeyed. Polly seemed unnaturally disturbed. She even forgot to give me my usual butterscotch drop.

"Who is that young fellow with you?" she inquired, with still heightened color.

"My cousin Terence," I answered proudly.

"Then tell him from me he has a pretty good cheek."

Naturally I could not think of conveying such a message to my cousin, who, surveying the prospect

Continued from page 59

as I came out with the tart, suggested that we should stroll across to a shady corner of the village green, known locally as the Common.

Here he settled himself comfortably with his back to a chestnut tree and undid the paper bag, releasing a delicious fragrance of crisp puff pastry.

"It's not so big when you see it close," he remarked, inspecting the tart, which to my eye seemed much larger at near view. It was at least nine inches in diameter, oozing lovely juice and snowy with sifted sugar.

"Humm," said Terence. "You wouldn't have a knife?"

"No, Terry. I'm not allowed one

yet. For fear I should cut myself," I apologised.

"Pity," said Terence thoughtfully. "We can't go tearing this apart or we'll have the innards all over us."

A pause, during which Terence, frowning, seemed to ponder more deeply, while anticipation of those rich inner flavors made my teeth water.

"There's only one thing for it, man," he declared at last, resolutely. "We'll have to toss for it. You're a sport, aren't you?"

"If you are, I am, Terry."

"Good, man!" He produced a penny gravely. "Heads I win, tails you lose. I'll give you all the benefit. You make the call."

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

"Tails, Terry," I ventured timidly.

He uncovered the coin.

"And tails it is, more's the pity. Don't you hear me say tails you lose? Well, better luck next time."

In a way, although my eyes blinked, I was not too unhappy to have lost. Watching Terence eat the tart slowly and with every sign of relish, I enjoyed it vicariously, down to the last flaky crumb.

"Was it good, Terry?"

"Fair," he decided critically. "But too rich for your young blood."

Without disturbing his reclining position, he eased a gun-metal cigarette case from his pocket, extracted a gold-tipped cigarette

and, while I watched reverently, lit up.

"Wild Geranium," he explained.

"Terry," I said. "It's so nice you being here. Why don't you come more often? And why can't I come to see you?"

"Ah," he said, bringing smoke down his nose. "Now you're getting into a bit of family history. I seized the opening eagerly."

"Tell me about it, Terry."

He considered, half hesitated, as though about to consent, then made an airy gesture of negation.

"You're too young to be bothering about that sort of nonsense."

"But I do bother, Terry. There's all sorts of things I don't understand. Especially why we never see any of our relations."

He glanced at me sideways. Couldn't he sense my anxiety for news of the unknown members of my tribe?

"Don't any of your mother's folks come to see you either then?"

"No, Terry. At least only one of mother's brothers. The one at the University, the youngest one, called Stephen. And then only once in a very long while."

There was a pause.

"Well, man," Terence said at last, pontifically. "There's a certain situation, I will admit. And as you're bound to be told one of these days, there's no harm in giving you a slant on it now."

He lay back, puffing at his cigarette, while I waited intently, then he suddenly began.

"First of all," he spoke impressively, almost accusingly, "if it hadn't been for the Caledonian Railway Company you wouldn't be sitting here today. In fact, you would never have existed."

This unexpected statement staggered me. I gazed at him fearfully.

"You see," he went on, "every evening when Uncle Con came back from his work in Winton he had to change trains at Levenford to take the Caley local to Lochbridge, where he was living at that time. But for that he'd never even have set eyes on your mother."

THIS contingency seemed so incredible that my alarm deepened. Pleasantly conscious of my riveted attention, Terry resumed with easy nonchalance.

"Usually Con would go into the waiting-room with the 'Winton News' — for the Caley train was always late. But one of these evenings he found something, or rather someone, better to look at."

"Mother!" I gasped.

"Not yet, man. Don't rush me. At the moment she's just Grace Wallace and sweet seventeen." He frowned reprovingly. "She came regularly, carrying a music case, to meet her brother, a schoolboy, coming back on the Caley train from the Drinton Academy." He paused.

"Now Con, your father to be, always had, if you'll excuse me, an eye for a pretty girl. Yet this was different. Although he wanted to speak he was afraid he'd offend her. But one evening he up and did. And at that moment, man," Terry exclaimed sensationally, "as they looked into each other's eyes, the damage was done!"

"What damage, Terry?" I whispered faintly.

"Her parents were dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterians, true blue, couldn't have been stricter, and she was the apple of her old man's eye, who, to make it worse, had a Scotch pedigree that went right back to the original William Wallace, if you ever heard of him. So here was a lovely girl, well thought of in the town, helped her mother in the house, sang like an angel in the church choir, never put a foot wrong."

Terry shook his head sorrowfully. "When they found out she was going steady with an upstart Irish R.C., blood brother to a publican and, heaven help us, a priest, hell's bells, man, did they raise the roof. Prayers and tears. For weeks there was the devil to pay while they tried every mortal thing to keep them apart. It couldn't be done, man. In the end, with never a word, and although Con hadn't a liver to bless himself with, they just up

To page 63

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1964



Who wants to slim?



"me..."



"but only if I can enjoy it!"

PEEK FREAN'S VITA-WEAT

No Corn. No Rye. No Chemicals. Just 100% whole wheat goodness. That is why Vita Weat tastes so much better, is so good for you — for every one of your family. Fun to eat anywhere any time. Plain. As a sandwich. Or with your favourite spread. Vita Weat . . . Australia's largest selling crispbread.



Another
Peek Frean's
Quality
Product!

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

and off to the registry office. She knew her folks would never speak to her again and Con knew he'd be the bad boy of his lot for not getting tied up in chapel, but never mind, they got spliced."

"Oh, I'm glad they did, Terry," I cried fervently, for I had followed his recital breathlessly.

For a moment he sat studying me, as though trying to read my face, in which there was now only blankness. Perhaps what he had stated did not altogether surprise me, I must have vaguely sensed something of my parents' situation.

He suddenly an extraordinary expression fell upon me, intensified by the lively unconcern with which Terry treated a subject that distressed me so deeply.

"So now you know," He broke in. "Only don't let on I told you."

"I won't, Terry," I said, numbly. I was less happy than I had hoped to be, and to cheer myself up I said, "So I actually have two girls."

"It's three you have, on our side. Terry's my father, your Uncle Bernard in Lochbridge, and his reverence your Uncle Simon in Port Logan, not to speak of your Uncle John in Winton, though nobody knows much about him." He rose to his feet and hauled me up. "Time we were getting back. I need a box of teasas, so I'll stop at the shop, come on and I'll race you there."

HE set off springily, but on showing me his style. I was not in the mood for running, now I felt strangely combative toward my incomparable cousin. I ran as hard as I could, so hard that Terry, glancing over his shoulder, managed to drop his clear-cut air in an effort to increase his pace. Between the apple pie and the hard-boiled eggs incommoded him, roughly the report he had given of his prowess at the Blackrock was colored by a native instinct for drawing the long bow.

When we reached Grant's store he had not shaken me off, I was easily at his elbow. After we had regained our breath he looked at me for the first time with a shade of respect.

"You're fast, man. I couldn't have believed it. Of course, you know I wasn't going all out."

While I waited outside he went into the shop and spent a very long time selecting his matches. Polly, who served him, did not seem at all displeased by his reappearance, or by his fastidious taste in vests. As I watched through the window Terry appeared to be making her tea a great deal. It was a way of mind, careless and carefree. Could Terry really love anyone . . . let alone a poor little caper like me? I felt my throat tighten unaccountably.

My sadness persisted all the way home, deepened during the delicious chicken dinner Mother had prepared and which I could barely swallow. Father, in one of his best and most entertaining moods, showed a marked fondness for Terry, tipped him a sovereign, which Terry seemed to expect and which perhaps had been the purpose of his visit. Then, lighting his carbide bicycle lamp, my cousin swung himself on the machine and was off for Lochbridge.

When he was out of sight I went into the kitchen.

"Mother," I said, coming close to her. "I may not be much, but at least I am a sport."

"Are you?" Mother said, without enthusiasm. "I don't know that I want you to be a sport."

"But it's a good kind of thing," Terry said I was one when we went for the apple pastry."

"The apple pastry?" Mother asked in bewilderment, her hands covered with suds. "Was that why you ate no dinner?"

"No, Mother. I didn't eat any of the pastry. Terry ate it all."

"And where did this famous pastry come from?" Mother was now inspecting me very strangely.

"Why, Mother, it's the one I bought and charged to our account."

"What? You charged it?"

Mother was stupefied. But Father, who had come back and had been listening, suddenly said: "How did Terry toss?"

"He was quite fair, Father. He tossed heads I win, tails you lose."

Father burst into a fit of laughter, so prolonged it brought on his bronchial cough.

"The young rascal," He choked. "He's a regular Carroll."

"I don't think it's at all amusing," Mother said frigidly. "I'll talk to you seriously about it in the morning, Laurence. Now you'll go straight to bed."

I undressed slowly, sadly. The afternoon, welcomed with such joy, was bitter in my mouth. A weight lay upon my mind, and upon my conscience, too. Had I not openly

rejected Maggie, dear Maggie, my friend and protector, yes, cut and repudiated her, and all for a cousin who thought no more of me than, well, than a box of Swan vests? Above all, the mystery involving my parents which Terry had unveiled for me, the isolation in which we were compelled to live, pressed me down. I turned to my pillow and let the willing tears flow.

Autumn came early that year. The leaves of my favorite tree, fringed with gold and scarlet, had begun to flutter down, weaving a royal carpet at the entrance to the smithy. Morning mists drifted in

To page 64

HAZEL . . . by Ted Key



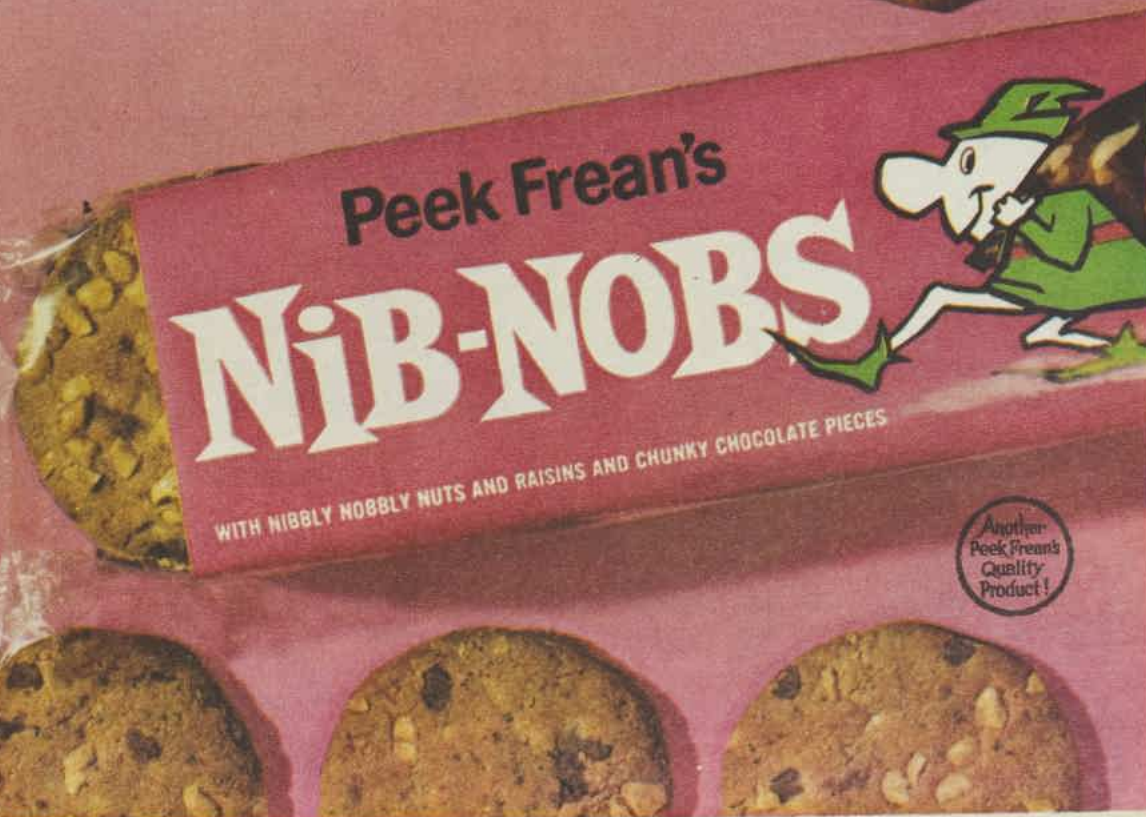
"Now, let's see, the Government owes ME exactly . . ."

HAZEL TAKES THE GOVERNMENT BY THE REINS. (A cartoon by Ted Key.)



Here's a real 'cookie' character

How long since the family enjoyed a real, old-style cookie? With extra nibbly, nobbly nuts, raisins and chunky chocolate pieces. Peek Frean bakes 'em like Grandma used to make 'em. (When she had time!)



Another
Peek Frean's
Quality
Product!

from the firth, leaving dewy crystals on the leathery grasses of Snoddie's field. The soft air held a sense of change, and of something intangible that made me dream of far places, strange unvisited kingdoms where I still felt I might once have been in other long forgotten days.

But today was Sunday, an actual day which, whenever I woke up and sniffed the revealing odor of frying bacon and eggs, brought always a more practical consideration. Father, from tradition and belief, was what I must call an affirmative Catholic, contumaciously so in the fact of opposition, despite certain unorthodox reservations of his own, but as a performer he could only be classed as indifferent.

If the sun shone on the seventh day and the weather promised fine, he would hire farmer Snoddie's pony and trap and drive to St. Pat-

Continued from page 63

rick's, the nearest Catholic church, in Drinton, nine miles away. Mother, despite her evangelical upbringing, amicably went with him. Such was her attachment to Father I am convinced she would have willingly accompanied him to a Hindu Temple had he professed that faith.

I, of course, was taken along and, like Mother, held my breath at Father's amateur handling of the reins, a recklessness ill-disguised by a pretence of high expertise that deceived neither of us nor, for that matter, the pony. With a flick of its hoofs as Father shaved the corners it would turn round and, craning its neck, stare at him with indignant wonder. A rare motor car was now being seen on the

roads, usually a red Argyle from the Lochbridge motor works, and as one sped past in a cloud of dust, missing us by a miracle. Mother, clutching her wide-brimmed hat, would exclaim chokingly: "Oh, dear, these horrible machines."

"No, Gracie," Father replied coolly, tugging at the shying pony. "They are wonderful inventions. Since I mean eventually to have one, don't run them down."

"They may run us down," Mother murmured in my ear.

But there were many Sundays when Father felt that God did not require him to expose his family to the hazards of the road and, reading his face as he inspected the mellow grey sky and sniffed the

soft west breeze that hinted rain, I knew this autumn morning to be one of them, that it would be for me another Sunday of high excitement, sharpened to a fine edge by alarm. And indeed, after breakfast, which he took in his dressing gown, Father turned to Mother.

"Perhaps, my dear lass, you'd make a few sandwiches for the boy and me," Father usually said "my dear lass" when he wanted something done for him.

He went upstairs and presently came down wearing his usual get-up for our expeditions: a thick grey Norfolk knickerbocker suit, stout boots, knitted stockings, and a mackintosh cape, like a poncho,

that fastened at the neck with a metal clasp.

We set off, up the Station Road and through the village, where the bells of the parish kirk had begun to ring. In answer to this summons the natives — as my father insisted on naming them — universally in sober black and armed with their black bibles, were moving toward the church in a slow, solemn, God-fearing stream.

"Black beetles!" came the disgusted ejaculation from beside me.

Father, I am sure, wilfully selected this precise moment so that as an R.C. outsider he could outrage the Scottish Sabbath convention. It was his way of defying the tight-lipped prejudice against us in the village. Nowadays, when an enlightened liberalism seeks to promote unity of the churches, it is difficult to conceive of the bitterness that existed then against Catholics particularly against Irish Catholics in the West of Scotland.

These descendants of unwanted famine refugees, many of whom had as yet failed to raise themselves above the level of the laboring class, were referred to as "the dirty Irish" and were universally despised and execrated, both on account of their nationality and their religion. I myself had trembled as I spelled out the notice of a sermon to be preached in the village parish church: "Rome, the seat of the beast, according to Rev 18, 19."

BUT, father's nature, unlike mine, was combative and amused him to evoke shocked looks and pursed lips and to ignore contemptuously the general dour air of reprobation created by our appearance. Now, as always, he traversed the village with a springy, almost jaunty step, head in the air, manne aloof, a scornful smile curving his lips, which from time to time rounded in an affected whistle.

For me, trotting at his side and dreading disaster, the ordeal was racking, only slightly relieved by the hidden, envious glances from other boys for whom Sunday was a penance, banefully filled by a two-hour sermon, a day of excruciating tedium, wherein the forgetful raising of the voice was a desecration, laughter a crime, and the passage of the one slow train known as the "Sunday-breaker" which defiled the sanctity of the day, an instance publicly proclaimed, of the evil that was bringing the world to perdition.

I began to breathe more freely as we reached the last village landmark, Macintyre's sawmill, and came out to open country. Here, presently we passed the entrance to the McKil estate, a noble gateway with tall pillars each bearing a green bronze eagle flanked by twin lodges of cut stone built in the Scots baronial style. The avenue wound upward between massed rhododendrons through the park, apparently to infinity.

To page 65



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TRUDY



"Let me get this straight—you're going to buy a dress with matching bag, matching gloves, matching hat... and now you want some matching money?"

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 64

The sight of this privileged mag-
nificence had already caused me a
preliminary tremor which was in-
creased when Father, some two
hundred paces farther down the
country road, took a cautious look
around and, motioning me to follow,
stepped through a break in the
undergrowth. We were now in the
wooded, rigorously forbidden policies
of Lady Whalbone. I quivered at
the thought.

Father, however, quite unper-
turbed, strode a familiar course
under the beech trees — the beech
with crackling much too loudly
under our boots — and brought us
out to a bracken-covered glen. He
pointed to a plantation of young
trees and entered a thicker wood,
where, with undergrowth and echo-
ing with the sound of running water,
was the Gieson River, strictly
reserved, and noted for its run of
sea trout.

Turned at the river bank, im-
mediately below the falls, Father's
intent move was to remove a two-
foot canvas case from beneath his
arm and to assemble therefrom the
best sections of a greenheart rod.
The reel was fitted, the line
unspooled, and presently he had be-
come to cast into the creamy spume
at the head of the pool. As a boy,
being near the shores of Loch
Lomond, he had passionately fished
every burn that fed the loch and
as I watched intently, allowed
myself to take the rod, that
my ardor was communicated to
me.

I WISH I might
have seen Father as one of the elect,
a party purist, or even simply a
fisher. He was not. He fished
for wriggling worms dug for us
in the farm by Maggie, and which
were wriggling, wriggling the rank,
the Van Houten's cocoa tin
in my pocket. Father's
aim was to catch fish and he
used the method that served him
well in his youth. Today, however,
I would as if we should have no
fish.

"Not even a nibble." Father was
certain, he did not like to be
seen. "Yet the sea trout should
be up. We'll leave our line in the
water and eat our lunch."

Father's sandwiches were always
especially the tomato ones.
We sat down in a little clearing
under a silver birch tree that
glowed a soft silver-green light.
The river splashed and twinkled
through the tall grasses and reeds.
To him of the woods set a fear-
ful privacy upon the place. The
chatter of a jay made me
start.

Now, as on all our expeditions, I
was dreadfully scared that we
would be caught by the gamekeeper
or worse, by the owner, that re-
spectable little woman who had
brought me on my first day at
school and whom, in my mind, I
had come to designate concisely and
with odium as her. This was the
error that salted my delight.
Father, meanly, or perhaps to
berate me, would pretend some-
times to give the alarm: "Hist!
There she is!" causing me to turn
back while he shook his head dis-
paragingly.

When our picnic was over
Father lay back, hands behind his
head, hat tilted over his eyes. He
had that slightly drugged look
which suggested to me that he was
about to take a nap, a suspicion
confirmed when he murmured
slowly: "Go and pick yourself
some raspberries."

The raspberries grew wild every-
where in the wood. No need to go
far; there was a great patch of
them quite near. Once I was
among the tall stiff canes, safely
shielded, the spirit of adventure
dropped my scalp. Transformed in a
moment, I became the hero of Father's
sweetest stories. Picking the honey-
suckle berries, staining my face and
hands with the crimson juice, I
imagined myself on desert islands,
starving off hunger in untrodden

To page 66

Australian place names

Bulla (Vic.)

Aboriginal word for "two." Here a hotel
was built by "Tulip" Wright, head constable
in Melbourne's earliest days. He was also the
poundkeeper at Bulla. His christian name
was William, but everyone called him
"Tulip," a name given him because he ran
a coach between Geelong and Melbourne
and, in the custom of the age, painted its
name, "Tulip," upon it. Some claim he had
the habit of addressing people as "My
Tulip," which is in character, since he wore
snuff-colored knee-breeches set with pearl
buttons, a bottle-green coat sloping to the
hips, a red plush vest, and a furry, white
bell-topper with wide upturned brim.

Krakouer's Rocks (W.A.)

Rude Krakouer, a great athlete in the
'eighties, built the first two-storey hotel in
Coolgardie and the first theatre in Norse-
man, where he lived for 17 years.

Wauralte Is. (S.A.)

Aboriginal: "Wauri," bandicoot; "tee,"
island. The aborigines used to swim to this
bandicoot island, two and a half miles through
shark-infested waters. At night they carried
firesticks to frighten off sea monsters.

Goulburn (N.S.W.)

Named after Henry Goulburn, British
statesman who, through Governor Macquarie,
greatly influenced Australian development.

Inverell (N.S.W.)

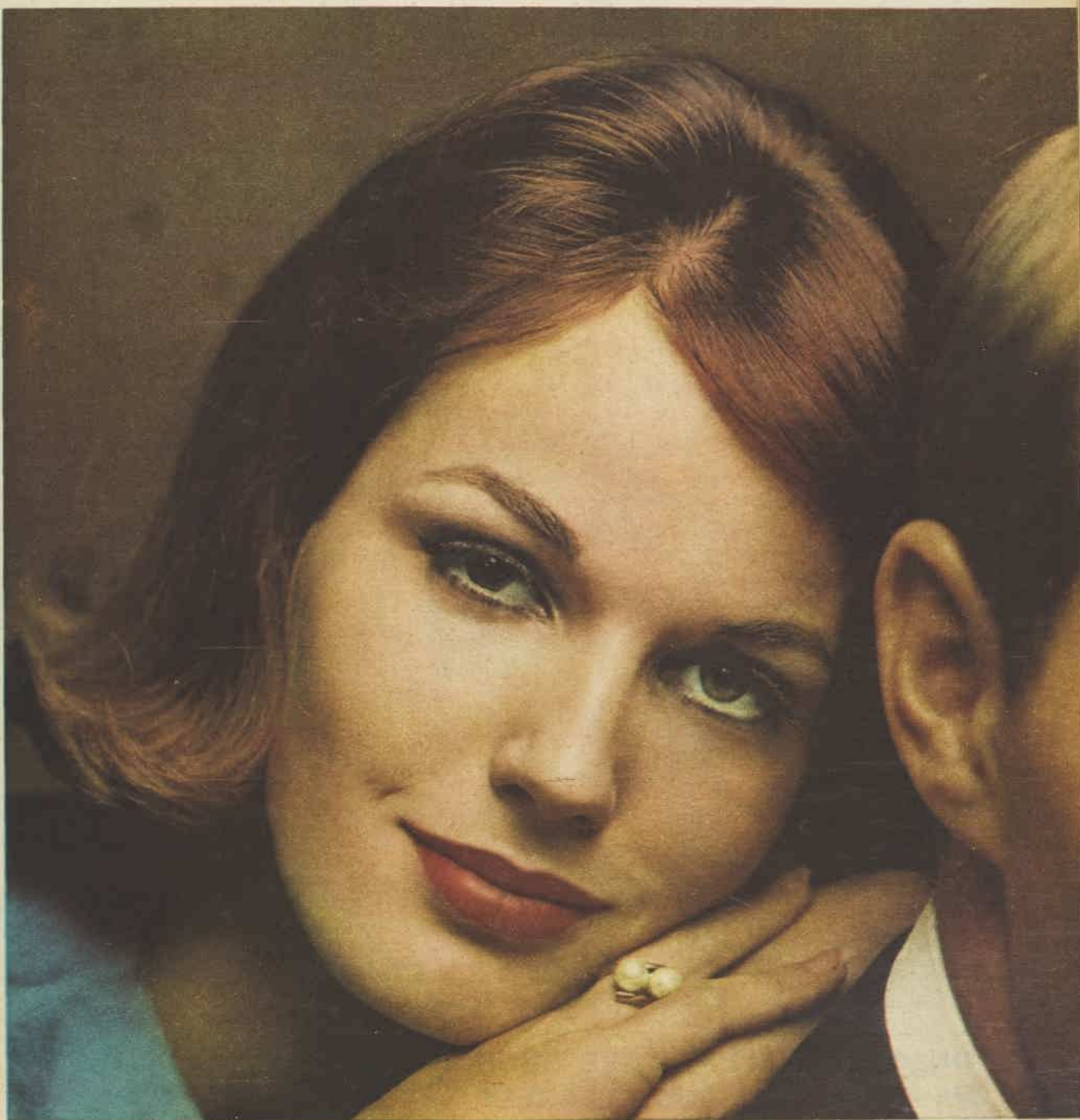
The McIntyre and Swanbrook rivers meet
there, and Inverell is Gaelic for "meeting of
the swans."

Lake Echo (Tas.)

Received its name when it was found that
a gun fired at a certain point awoke a re-
markable echo like three peals of thunder.

Aramac (Qld.)

Mr. R. R. McKenzie, who became first
Treasurer of Queensland, while on an explor-
ing trip marked a tree on the site,
"R.R. Mac." The place was first called Mara-
thon, but a later surveyor found the tree and
changed the name to Aramac.



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Whitest, cleanest washes with RINSO . . . the product recommended by washing machine makers.



A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 65

jungles, quenched a burning thirst at desert oases whither I had been borne on the backs of camels.

Suddenly a series of ear-splitting splashes sent me running back to Father. He was standing on the bank, rigid with effort, his rod gripped in both hands, curved in an incredible arc while a big fish tore madly about the pool, twisting and plunging, leaping into the air and striking the surface with thunderous detonations.

For interminable minutes the struggle continued, while the pool boiled and I quivered in an anguish of suspense lest the prize should escape us. At last, slowly, the lovely fish came in, all spent and defeated, its silver made golden by the peaty water, and Father with a quick but gentle pull slid it on to the pebbled, sloping bank.

"Oh, what a beauty!" I shouted.

"A fresh run sea trout." Father, too, was breathing with difficulty. "At least five pounds."

When we were calmer and had admired our trophy from every aspect, Father decided we had done enough for the day, since the sun had now broken through strongly. Really, he was dying to show the fish to Mother, who was often openly diverted by the size of our catch. He bent down, passed a stout cord through the trout's gills, then, lifting the fish till it was suspended at waist level, tied the cord securely round his middle.

"What the eye doesn't see, the heart won't grieve for," he observed jocularly, putting on his cape. "Let's be off, boy. No, not that way . . ."

Father, enchanted by his success, was clearly in his most exalted mood. Cordoned by the heavy fish beneath the hampering but necessary cape, I saw that he had decided against the long detour through the woods. Ignoring my alarmed protests, he declared that we would take the short cut through the fields after crossing the main avenue below the big house. I could only follow.

"Sunday afternoon," He claimed me as we approached the shrubbery bordering the drive. "There won't be a soul about."

"But, look!" I pointed to the lion standard above the house. "The flag's up. She's there!"

"Probably having an after-dinner snooze."

He had barely spoken when, emerging from behind a clump of rhododendrons, we almost collided with a short, plump figure in a light muslin dress who, from the shade of her lace-edged parasol, stared at us in shocked surprise. I almost fainted. It was her. I wanted to bolt, but my legs refused their function. Father, on the other hand, apart from an involuntary start and a momentary loss of his natural color, was managing to conceal his discomposure. He removed his hat and bowed.

"Your ladyship." He paused and gave a slight cough. I knew he was racking his brains as to how he could get us out of this frightful disaster. "I trust you won't regard this as an intrusion. If I may explain . . ."

"Ye may," came the reply in the broadest Scots, mingling suspicion with extreme displeasure. "Whit's your wull in ma policies?"

"Gladly," Father exclaimed, rather pointlessly, and coughed again. Then, by some sleight of hand and without disturbing the folds of his cape, he produced one of his

business cards from his inside breast pocket. "Madam, if I may introduce myself," he said, politely yet winningly, pressing the card on the little woman. She took no notice of it whatsoever. "The fact is that my partner, Mynheer Hagemann, of Rotterdam . . . is by way of being something of a horticulturist. A Dutchman, you understand they are all gardeners there. When in conversation the other day I chanced to mention your famous collection of orchids he asked, indeed begged me, to seek an appointment for him. He expects to be in Winton some time next month. And so, if you could be so gracious . . ." He broke off.

Silence. Lady Whalebone's gaze, passing from one to the other, had come to rest on me and in her eyes I saw a fateful recognition. Finally she put on her pince-nez, suspended from her neck by a fine gold chain, and studied the card.

"Hagemann's Royal Dutch Yeast." Her eyes again sought mine. "A close relation of the staff of life."

"Yes, madam," Father acknowledged with the modesty and assurance of one who has made his case good. Standing easily, almost playfully, he was quite unconscious of the mysterious yet steady drip, drip of water which was already forming a sizeable pool exactly between his feet. My heart sank. Had she seen it? And what in heaven's name would she make of it?

"So your partner is interested in orchids." She meditated. "I thought the Dutch grew only tulips."

"Certainly, tulips, ma'am. Fields of them. But orchids also."

THE ghost of a smile playing around Lady Meikle's lips gave me hope. Alas, it was illusory.

"Come awa' then." She spoke with decision. "I'll show ye my collection and ye can tell your fancy Mynheer all about it."

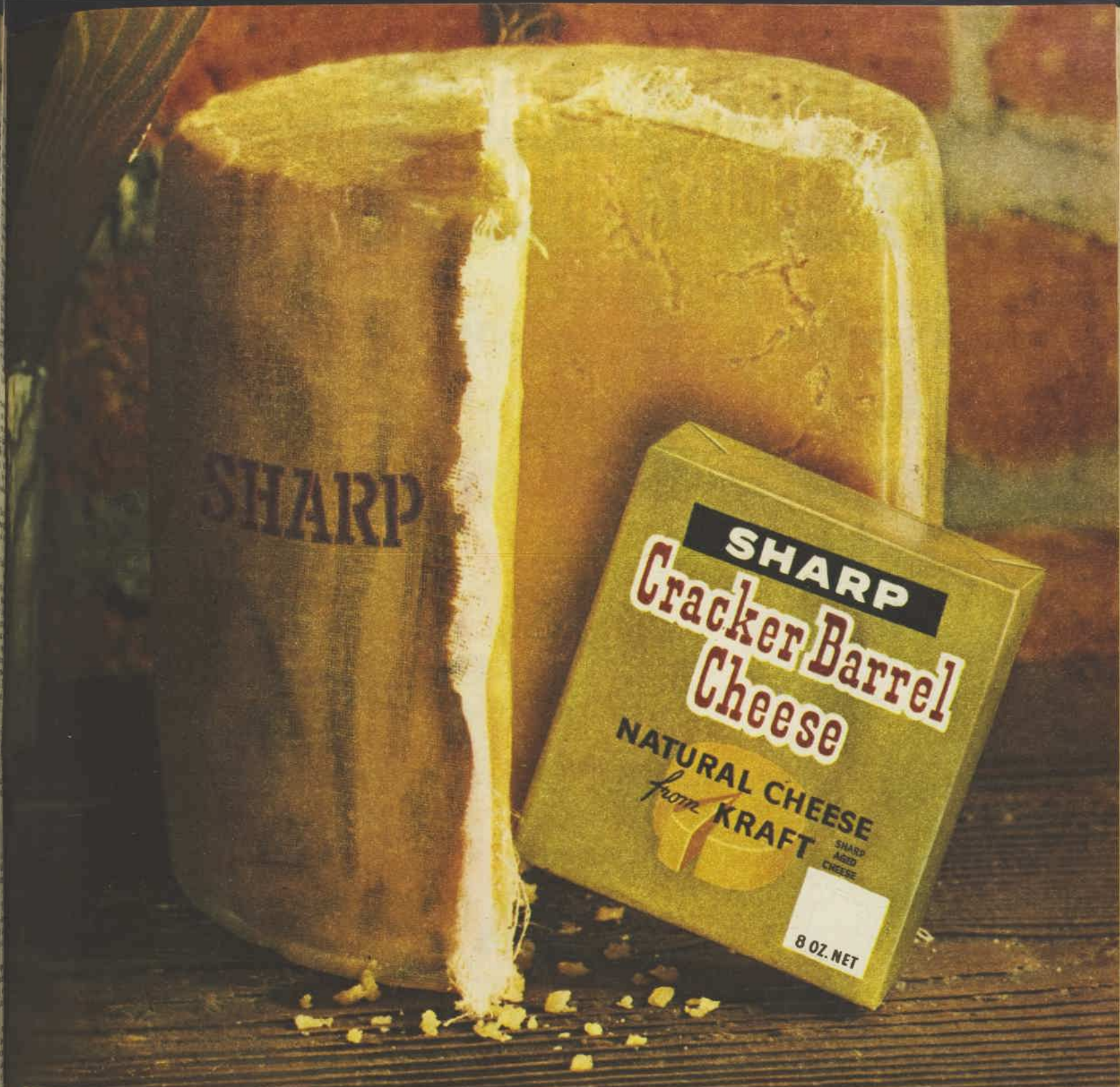
"But m'am, I only hoped for an appointment," Father protested. "We could not think of deranging you on a Sunday."

"The better the day, my dear sir, the better the deed. Indeed, I insist. I'm rather interested to jalousie how both of the two of ye will react to my orchids."

Father, for the first time, looked thoroughly taken aback, at a loss for words. But there was no escape. We were led by our sicerone up the avenue, along the terrace that fronted the imposing mansion, and into the conservatory, a great high Victorian erection of glass and ornate white painted ironwork that adjoined the far wing of the house.

We entered this crystal palace through double glass doors that were closed carefully behind us and, greeted by a waft of humid air, were immediately in the tropics. Towering palms rose to the high roof, mingling with giant ferns spreading enormous fronds far above my head, banana trees with bunched fingers of miniature fruits, strange twining creepers, spiky yuccas, great lily pads the size of tea trays floating on a pool, masses of luscious greenery of which I could not even guess the names, and amongst all this, colored wickedly, gleaming like brilliant jungle birds, the orchids. In my normal state how

To page 68



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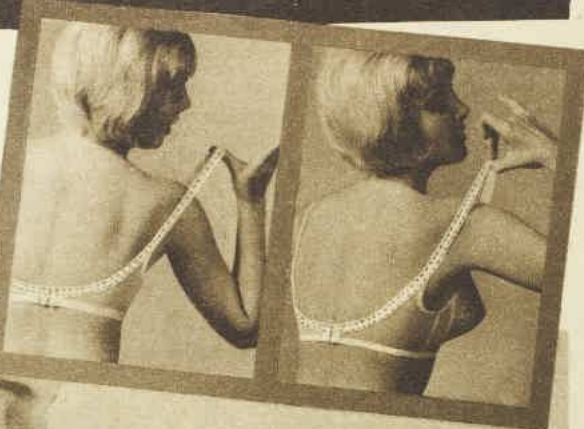


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WOOLWORTHS



A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Continued from page 66

ravished I would have been by this gorgeous materialisation of so many of my dreams. Even now my anxiety was half forgotten. I gazed in wonder, dreamily following our guide as, in a manner which had turned discursive, even pleasant, she demonstrated her specimens to Father. It was hot, extremely hot. Already I was beginning to sweat. Deep banks of pipes ran everywhere, emitting a rising steamy vapor, and was it my overstrained fancy that wherever the access of calefaction became most intense Father was made to stop, examine, and listen?

Looking at him directly for the first time since we entered I saw that he was suffering. Yes, suffering acutely, in his heavy woollen clothing. Great drops of perspiration were running down his face.

"Ye think it a trifle close, maybe. Will ye remove your cape?"

"Thank you ma'am, thank you, no," Father said hurriedly. "I am not at all inconvenienced. I rather enjoy a warm air."

"Then take a look at this verra special cattleya. There... you'll get closer if ye bend forward over the pipes."

Unlike the other orchids, which hitherto had been unremarkable for their odor, this cattleya seemed to emit a most distinctive smell. It smelled, in a word, as Father leaned over, of fish.

A fresh horror struck at me. Our trout, habituated to the chilly waters of the ocean, was not taking kindly to this equatorial pyrexia.

"Beautiful... extremely beautiful..." Father now scarcely knew what he was saying as, surreptitiously, he sluiced his drenched brow with a back-handed flick.

"My dear sir," broke in our tormentor solicitously, "ye're positively sweltering. I insist on ye taking off that heavy cape."

"No," Father gasped in a hollow tone. "The fact is... we are really grateful, but... an important engagement... already late... time getting on... we must be going..."

"Nonsense! I'll not hear o't. Ye havena' seen but the half of my treasures."

And while our temperatures mounted and the torrid emanations increased, this terrible little woman made us complete the slow suffocating circuit of the conservatory.

At last she opened the double glassed doors. Then, as we stood weakly in the blessed fresh air, she bestowed, first on me, then on Father, a grim yet somehow amiable smile.

"Don't fail to give my regards to your Dutch friend," she said, almost with benevolence. "And this once ye may keep the fish."

Father walked all the way down the avenue in total silence. I dared not look at him. How frightful must be his humiliation—the crushed abasement of a man whom I had hitherto believed capable of anything, of coming out top in the most embarrassing and alarming situations. Suddenly I gave a start. Father was laughing, yes, he had begun to laugh. I thought he would never stop. Turning to me with a look of complicity he clapped me companionably on the back.

"The old girl got the better of us, boy. And I'm hanged if I don't like her for it."

With these few words he reinstated himself. My faith

in him was restored. That was always Father's way—he had the knack of snatching victory from defeat. But just before we reached home he put a finger to his lips and lowered his left eyelid.

"All the same, we'll not say anything to your mother."

I had made my peace with Maggie, an act of amendment for which, afterwards, I had cause to bless my mother.

Consulting with her on the most appropriate means of atonement she suggested that I should spend my Saturday penny on whatever my betrayed friend liked best. I accordingly purchased, at Luckie Grant's, a ha'penny worth of black-striped balls and the same amount of colored transfers and carried these gifts to Maggie's home on the far side of the railway line.

She was seated by a dull fire in the dark little stone-floored kitchen that smelled of soapuds. She had a sore throat and wore a woollen stocking fastened round her neck with a safety-pin. Perhaps because of this she received me gently, so gently that I gave way to remorseful tears. For this weakness Maggie reproved me mildly in words I have never forgotten and which were so painfully true I must record them in Maggie's own native idiom.

"Och, Laurie, laddie, ye're a fearfu' greiter. Yer teabag is awfu' near yer e'en."

MAGGIE'S

mother was out, to my great relief, for I could not bear her, not alone because she nagged Maggie, but because, calling me "love" and other endearments which I knew to be false, she sought to pump me about my home with insidious questions such as did my mother get on with Father, what had she paid for her new hat, and why did we eat fish on Friday?

All that afternoon Maggie and I sat together at the wooden table and stuck the colored transfers on our hands and arms while sucking the black-striped balls. Cementing our restored amity, I gave her a lucky medal which I said would cure her throat. Actually this was a little silver St. Christopher medal of the size and shape of a sixpence, but as I dared not invoke the religious element, I made it out to be a charm. Maggie, who liked charms, was delighted, and when we parted she repeatedly assured me that we were friends again.

In spite of our mutual pledge, I did not see much of Maggie that winter. My poor friend was never free. Nevertheless, as I sat at my homework I was pleasantly aware, listening with one ear to my parents' conversation, that good things were being prepared for Maggie and for her betterment.

As our circumstances improved, Father had been urging Mother to seek some help in the work of the house. He had never liked to see her scrubbing or sweeping, although I must confess that he rarely offered his assistance in such undertakings.

Mother, I truly believe, in spite of the apparent absurdity of the statement, enjoyed housework, but now twin circumstances induced a change of mind; the new piano demanded better care of her hands, and Maggie, now 14, was leaving school at the end of the month.

Mother had a tender heart. She was sorry for Maggie and had grown fond of her. She now made a suggestion to Father which he instantly

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To page 69

A SONG OF SIXPENCE

approved and of which I became the instrument when Laurie instructed me: "Laurie, dear, when you see Maggie tell her I'd like to speak to her mother."

Next day when Maggie stopped at our house during the lunch hour to say that her mother would "come round" on Saturday evening, Mother took the opportunity of sounding her out. Naturally, I was not present at the interview, but Maggie's expression, as she departed, was proud and happy.

WHEN I saw her at school that afternoon she had a new air, an important and entirely superior personality as, pausing only to beam a smile toward me, she confided to the other girls in her class that, freed of the tyranny of these everlasting milk cans, she was our maid, to have the small attic bedroom, a new dress, and a good wage.

Next day was Saturday. In the afternoon, following her weekly custom, Mother put on her best dove-grey costume and, taking me by the hand, proceeded to the village in the open and friendly manner which invariably adopted on such occasions and which was, of course, completely the reverse of the attitude affected by her husband.

On this particular afternoon she spent a very agreeable half-hour at Miss Todd's, the milliner's, choosing a dark dress and also a new pair of stockings and house shoes for Maggie. Thereafter she had a good gossip talk with Folly Grant, who now never failed to ask after my cousin Terence, then, emerging from the grocery, she

actually received a bow from Mrs. Duthie, elderly wife of the village doctor. Things were looking up for Mother. And this was not all. As we turned to go home we encountered Pin, who pegged hard across the road to intercept us.

"Have you a moment, Mrs. Carroll?"

Naturally, Mother had as many moments as were desired. Pin, a bachelor, was always shy with women. He took a quick breath, which I knew to be the prelude to a longish speech delivered with the same involvement that, no doubt, had marred his sermons.

"You have a bright boy, ma'am. Some of his compositions are outstanding. I read them to the class. But it's not that I wish to speak to you about. The fact is, Lady Meikle is organising a charity concert for the Children's Home, to be held in the village hall on the fifth of next month, and I wondered, we wondered, if you would consent to perform a piano solo. I, we would be so pleased and grateful if you would favor us."

I looked sharply at Mother. She had blushed deeply. She did not answer for a moment.

"Oh, do, Mother," I cried. "You know how beautifully you play."

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "I will play."

On the way home Mother, ordinarily so discursive, remained completely silent. Yet from that silence I knew how deeply this recognition, so long delayed, had gratified her.

In the kitchen Father was brewing some herbal tea at the stove. His cold was apparently not quite gone and

he had taken to dosing himself with a concoction of his own. Now, he looked seedy and in a mood that was far from propitious. When Mother disclosed her great news he stared at her.

"Naturally you told them to go to the devil."

"No, Conor." Mother shook her head firmly. "It's a good thing. It means that they're taking to us at last."

"They've only come to you because they need you."

But Mother had known he would be difficult. She was determined to have her way. Countering all his arguments, she talked Father over. In the end he became reconciled; in fact, quite puffed up with the idea. Realising that Lady Meikle was "behind it" he was inclined, with the vanity of a reformed lady-killer, to attribute the invitation to his influence upon her, the result of that memorable meeting.

"You see, boy," he gave me a conspirator's nod, "she hasn't forgotten us."

That jocular glance of Father's seemed to set a seal upon the new pattern of our life. We were getting on in the world. Father was prospering, Mother was to play at the concert, I had been praised by Pin for the little essays he set for the weekend homework, and, to crown all, in the village people were actually beginning to like us. What a lucky boy I was, and how shining a future stretched before me.

That evening, as we were seated by the fire, variously engaged, the front door bell pealed. An unusual sound. Looking up from the pursuit of knowledge in Pear's Encyclopedia, I wondered, in mild alarm, who had come to breach our little castle. But Mother, knitting placidly, merely said: "That'll be Maggie's mother. Run, Laurie, and ask her to come in."

I went to the door and presently returned.

"She says she'd rather not come in."

Mother looked surprised but, rolling up her knitting and spiking it with her needles, she immediately got up. I followed her halfway to the door. Already I surmised that something was wrong, but nothing had prepared me for the violence or the virulence of the attack.

"You're not to have my Maggie."

Mother seemed dumfounded.

"If it's a question of a little more money . . . I'm quite willing . . ."

Was she drunk? No, peering into darkness, I saw a face possessed, distorted by rage and spite. I shall not attempt to re-create the stupid and malicious abuse she launched at Mother. When I first contemplated this story of my childhood I pledged myself to record no ill of anyone. But Maggie's mother was that unfortunate creature, a woman so envenomed by misfortune she sustained herself on hatred. Maggie had always been her drudge, the outlet for her rankling grudges, the living, ragged evidence of her own ill usage. She could not bear to think of her escaping to a happier and more comfortable life.

Mother was trembling now under a fresh tirade in the midst of which, after the words "you and your papist medals," I saw something thrown, a small silver disc, that hit the floor and rolled on its edge to my feet. The lucky charm I had given Maggie. As I picked it up I saw that Father had come silently forward, still holding the newspaper, which somehow increased his air of studied calm.

"My good woman." He

spoke moderately, without rancor, yet in a voice of ice.

"You have said enough. We are all fond of your daughter here. Anything we have done or proposed to do has been with the best intentions. But as you so obviously dislike and distrust us, we can only yield to your wishes. And now will you please withdraw."

She was silenced. She had expected invective and was prepared for it, not for this dignified restraint. Before she could collect herself, Father quietly closed the door.

How I admired Father at that moment. Knowing him to be capable of the most inflammatory tempers, of truly majestic displays of contemptuous satire, he might well have reduced the incident to a vulgar brawl.

On Mother's account Father was obviously put out, the measure of which was that he lit a cigarette. He did not smoke—he hadn't the inclination, or perhaps he was vain of his beautiful teeth and did not want to discolor them—but in rare moments of stress he would resort to a Mitchell's Special No. 1.

NEXT day at school news of Maggie's predicament had reached the playground, and obliquely, from the corner of my eye, I could not fail to note the ring of her tormentors. But Maggie, though downcast, was tough, and could give back as good as she received. After class she waited, and, taking my hand, walked down the road with me.

"Anyway, we're still friends, Laurie. And one of these days I will come and work for your mother."

But Mother was still upset. She had not the heart to practise for the concert. However, on the evening of the last day of the month, after she had prepared supper, she went to the piano while waiting for Father's return. I was in my place at the window, yet so absent in my thoughts that the whistle of Father's train reached me from another world. Yet, vaguely I had begun to be aware that he was a long time in coming from the station when I heard the familiar nightly click of the front door. Mother immediately broke off and went to meet him.

Suddenly, through the side window, I saw two men moving slowly up the road. Pressing close to the glass and rubbing away the mist of my breath I made out Jim, the station porter, and the signalman who worked the level-crossing gates. They were passing now very slowly in single file with bent heads, carrying something between them. At first I did not take it in, yet I received so sinister an impression from that sagging elongated thing and from the slow pace of the men who bore it that suddenly I was terribly afraid.

I ran to tell Father. He was standing in the lobby with Mother. He had not taken off his hat or coat. His face was white with shock. In a voice I did not recognise, he was saying to Mother: "Her foot must have caught in the points, the train comes in so slow. But, Grace," his voice broke, "if you'd seen the poor thing we lifted up."

Mother, with a terrible cry, covered her face with her hands. Dumb with horror, I knew no immediate pain, only that Maggie had done with the milk cans for good.

To be continued

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The novel, "A Song Of Sixpence," is published by Heinemann.

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RIVETS



Continued from page 33

"This is all bad, but not unforeseen. My main reliance is on sealing the town, which is done within moments after the theft. I assure you, it was impossible for the thief to escape. At three in the afternoon the trap slammed shut. Somewhere in Silver Beach we had Boussinesq — of that, I was never in doubt.

"A search of the houses would have been tedious, but quite feasible. But, as it happened, we escaped that task. Although it was a cold, windy day, with a high surf running, the thief took to the water — a most foolish thing.

"We found a vital witness on one secluded beach. He was of that fanatical breed that pursues fish. He stood just before the waves with

a huge rod, oh, much taller than a man, and repeatedly flung a barbed hook into the surf.

"It was he who told us of the tall, thin man who brought a bundle down to the shore, opened it, and inflated a rubber raft. And in this, the madman, none other than Boussinesq, of course, went out to sea — with a gale blowing.

"All day, even after dark, we kept our watch, and all the next day. Finally the helicopter found the empty raft, several miles out at sea — upside down. There was nobody aboard, or clinging to it. Clearly the Chameleon had drowned, taking the necklace with him to the bottom, one presumes."

Middlebie's shaggy eyebrows rose, and Black, knowing him, guessed that the old man's imaginative mind was frenetically active; one could visualise computer lights flashing.

At that moment the phone rang. At the professor's nod Black answered it.

"For you, Inspector," he said, holding the instrument out to his visitor.

"Allo, oui, Inspector Rameau. Jourdain — *quoi*? What are you saying? *Mais*, it is impossible — unbelievable!" He added some hasty instructions and hung up. When he turned back to Middlebie, his eyes showed a pathetic kind of bewilderment.

"I do not understand. Already one of the emeralds has turned up with a — what is that word? — fence. Yes, a fence. After only four days — and the Chameleon dead. Could he have left it with some body? But no; that wasn't his method."

"Inspector," the professor asked softly. "This witness—the fisherman on the beach. You questioned him carefully?"

"But of course. He was a born fanatic, as I said. All the time fishing; he would not even turn to me; no, I had to move in front and dodge his great fishing rod. There he stood, like a tree, with big feet planted wide, tossing out that silly hook. After I left he stayed until dark, my men told me, in that freezing wind — and catching nothing, *naturellement*."

"What did he look like?"

"A small, round man—on vacation — from Texas," he said.

FOR a moment the professor seemed about to speak and Black felt a little stir of excitement. But Middlebie only expressed sympathy, and then changed the subject completely. It was only after Rameau had left that the old man unburdened himself.

"It's clear why the emeralds are turning up," he said. "Because obviously Boussinesq isn't dead; he never went to sea at all."

"What-ah?" The sergeant was incredulous. "The witness couldn't have known him, and yet the description is exact."

"Illusion again," Middlebie said dryly. "The witness was Boussinesq."

"Hold on! Face, yes; or clothes but you can't make a tall, skinny man into a short, round one."

"The roundness was padding; that's simple, and the easiest part of the illusion. Remember, the man didn't move until after dark."

"What does that mean?" Black demanded. "Would moving change his build?"

FROM THE BIBLE

● "The Word of God is living and active, sharper than any two-edged sword, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart."

— Hebrews 4:12.

"Let me show how. Before stealing the gems Boussinesq hides a few props on the beach. One of his props is the raft; the other, I'd stake my life, is a gimmicked pair of waders."

"Gimmicked, how?"

"Rameau mentioned the man's big feet—which he never shifts until after dark. I suppose he took a pair of waders, removed the sole and merely passed his legs through—into holes dug in the sand. His feet and about eight inches of lower leg were buried, and above them pressing apparently on the solid beach, were the soleless empty ends of the boots."

"All right, after misdirecting the Inspector, Boussinesq continues casting until dark. Then he slips out of the trick waders, buries them, and leaves the area. In the dim light they can't see his height; no doubt he crouches to make sure. Then he hides until the roadblocks are lifted when the upturned raft is sighted. The man's a genius, Black!"

"Why didn't you tell Rameau?"

"I didn't have the heart—then."

He sighed. "But I guess we'll have to before he goes back. Maybe next time the Chameleon won't fool him."

"Wanna bet?" Black grinned. (Copyright)

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FOR A GIRL . . .

TWO cars prizes in road safety contest

● YOU can now have your say about road safety—and, perhaps, win a FREE car in which to practise what you believe!

THIS week we open a road safety contest offering as prizes two brand-new Volkswagen 1500 sedans—each (worth £1125) for the winning boy and girl.

Read the rules shown at right and, if you are eligible, sit down with a pencil and several sheets of paper.

Read the 30 suggestions for improved road safety carefully and then tick out in which order of importance you think they should go.

For instance, if you think the compulsory wearing of seat belts would do more than any of the others to cut the road toll, then that is your number one choice. You might think that more road safety instruction in schools is the most important. Then that would be number two. And so on.

No entry limit

When you are sure of your selection cut out the entry form and number the suggestions in order of importance, from one to 30, in the squares provided. You must enter a number in each square.

You can put in as many entries as you like as long as each entry is on our entry form.

Before you post your entry (all must be received in Sydney on or before October 6, 1964) read the rules again and check your entry is correct and that you haven't forgotten to include your name, age, and address. It would be a pity if your



THE PRIZES are two Volkswagen 1500s, each priced at £1125.

contest

otherwise good entry were disqualified for an oversight.

Don't forget, either, to complete the sentence "I resolve . . ." (in no more than 12 words altogether). In case there are two or more winners with otherwise identical entries, the best personal resolution would provide a winner.

Expert judges

The best order of suggestions submitted by a boy will win him a car, and the best order submitted by a girl will win her a car.

A panel of experts from the Australian Road Safety Council will be the judges.

The judges are:

Dr. J. R. Darling, C.M.G., O.B.E., Chairman, Australian Road Safety Council.

Mr. D. R. Coleman, Commissioner of Motor Transport, N.S.W.

Mr. A. G. Brown, Co-ordinator of Transport for Victoria.

Mr. F. A. Manning, Deputy Commissioner, Department of Transport, Queensland.

Inspector R. A. Wilson, Officer-in-Charge, Police Traffic Branch, South Australia.

Mr. H. R. Irvine, Acting Commissioner, Department of Transport, Western Australia.

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CONTEST RULES

1. **WHAT TO DO.** On the entry form (below) indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance the 30 suggestions for improved road safety. In the event of a tie between two or more boys or of a tie between two or more girls the prize will go to the entry including the best resolution for road safety expressed in no more than 12 words (the total to include the words "I resolve"). Send as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a published entry form.

2. **CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on October 6, 1964.

3. **WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to males and females who have not turned 25 on or before October 6, 1964, and who, on or before October 6, are old enough to hold car drivers' licences in the State in which they live.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., its associated companies, the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport, and members and staff of the Australian Road Safety Council and the State and Territorial Road Safety Councils are not eligible to enter this contest, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

● Contest rules continued on page 74.

YOUR ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 30 suggestions for improved road safety in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.) Complete the personal road safety resolution.

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ Establishment of more training centres for learner drivers. | ☐ Maximum 60 m.p.h. speed limit for the open road. |
| ☐ Stricter control of pedestrians. | ☐ Ban regrooved motor vehicle tyres. |
| ☐ All vehicles to stop before moving on to a level crossing. | ☐ Compulsory suspension of licences of drivers repeatedly convicted of moving-traffic offences. |
| ☐ Greater use of "horror" in road safety education campaigns. | ☐ Compulsory wearing of seat belts by drivers and passengers. |
| ☐ More built-in safety features in new cars, such as padded dashboards, safer door locks, and collapsible steering columns. | ☐ Increase minimum age for driving licences. |
| ☐ Uniform road signs and markings throughout Australia. | ☐ Stiffer practical tests for driving licence applicants. |
| ☐ More road safety instruction in schools. | ☐ Stricter enforcement of traffic laws. |
| ☐ Cancel licences for serious offences such as drunken driving, excessive speed, and dangerous driving. | ☐ More commercial and community support for road safety. |
| ☐ Probationary licences for new drivers. | ☐ More divided highways with controlled access from side roads. |
| ☐ Uniform, easy-to-understand traffic laws. | ☐ Failure to wear seat belts to be deemed contributory negligence in legal action. |
| ☐ All new cars to be fitted with seat belts. | ☐ Compulsory safety helmets for motor cyclists, scooter riders, and their passengers. |
| ☐ Maximum speed limit of 40 m.p.h. for newly licensed drivers (for first year). | ☐ Compulsory attendances at lectures and films by drivers convicted of traffic offences. |
| ☐ More traffic police. | ☐ Compulsory chemical tests for drivers and pedestrians suspected of intoxication. |
| ☐ Compulsory annual inspection of all motor vehicles at Government testing stations. | ☐ Better street lighting. |
| ☐ Greater use of Press, radio and TV for road safety education for young people. | ☐ Organise road - accident - prevention courses for youth organisations. |

NAME (MR./MRS./MISS)

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

STATE

I RESOLVE

Mail Your Entry to "ROAD SAFETY CONTEST," BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY

CONTEST CLOSING OCTOBER 6, 1964



KAYSER KB's
WHITE COTTON BRIEFS

soft as a breeze...
cool as a breeze!

These wonderfully soft, white cotton briefs fit women of all ages so snugly, so comfortably. In two weights, 'Breezeweight' and 'Cuddle-Soft', KB's are the finest quality cotton briefs available in Australia. Test them for yourself — you'll quickly prove it! And KB's feature nylonised non-sag leg bands, plus a replaceable elastic waist band.

KB's BREEZEWEIGHT BRIEFS 7/6
also KB's Cuddle-Soft BRIEFS 7/11

FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF KAYSER INTERNATIONAL

Page 74

Letters

Fijian holiday a worthwhile investment

I AM 18 years of age and have recently returned from a three-week holiday in Fiji. As a holiday that is reasonably inexpensive, perhaps more young people could take a holiday of this nature during their early working years, instead of buying cars and generally living it up.

As I went to school in Fiji for some years, I am quite familiar with native customs. A holiday there would give our teenagers a chance to see a race of people who enjoy the simple pleasures of community life, a people who have next to no juvenile delinquency problems (specially in the outer islands), and a people who do not own cars, TV sets, attend race meetings, or have the headaches of normal city business life.

I believe the Fijians have achieved the ultimate, the perfect way of life, a life which the Australian teenager could really learn from.

Divorce is as uncommon as unhappiness among the Fijian women. I recommend a holiday in Fiji as a worthwhile investment.—Christopher Trethick, Queenscliff, N.S.W.

Book club

RECENTLY a group of friends and myself formed a book club. We made a list of all the books we had read and then catalogued them. We placed a rating beside each one and a brief precis on each book. We also made a list of all the good books we thought we should read.

We have found that by doing this our conversation has improved — we have discussions and arguments about various authors and their methods of writing.—Diane Wallace, Frankston, Vic.

Be yourself

I SAW a girl at a party bouncing around and giggling in order to impress one particular boy. Yet that was not her real nature. She was actually rather shy and feminine. If she had succeeded in capturing the boy he would have eventually discovered what she was really like, then felt cheated. The rule "be yourself" may sound a little trite, but it is still the wisest rule to follow.—"Logi-cal," Brisbane.

Integration . . .

I'VE been noticing, with great satisfaction, the acceptance of aboriginal children in our school. The white child seems genuinely warm toward the colored child, and regards him as "one of me mates." This is specially noticeable within the classroom.

Perhaps, within our schools, we are attaining a degree of assimilation unheard of in any Government-inspired programme — through the inherent friendship and lack of bigotry children possess. — John Beck, Coonamble, N.S.W.

. . . in schools

IN the school which I attend (a co-educational high school) there are 24 nationalities represented and 26 languages spoken. Yet a dispute between pupils concern-

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"I was just saying to my rich eccentric friend, that I suppose the waiter is worried about us cheque-wise?"

ing nationality or color is practically unheard of.

Why, then, can't the adults of our modern world follow this example and try to live together in peace and harmony instead of developing for their children a community in which a person is judged by color instead of character, by skill instead of by skill, and by nationality instead of by knowledge?—Vicki Grayson, Green Valley, N.S.W.

NEXT WEEK

• Billy Thorpe, of the Aztecs, shows you how to do The Swim — the latest dance craze from America. Color pictures show you it's as easy as falling off a log with a splash, and loads of mad fun to do. Try it at the next party.

Pupil's poem

FROM nine to four I work each day,
But come Friday I draw no pay.
I wander home with heavy bag,
No wonder my poor shoulders sag!
And then at night from six to nine,
I do a lot of overtime.
Why's my life one long mad whirl?
I'm just another poor school-girl.—Lynn Hatch, Umina, N.S.W.

Question and answer

NOT long ago a reader wrote about carrying a notice to answer questions asked during school holidays. For when old family friends call, I think it might be a good idea to carry one reading:

"Yes, I am the little baby you saw 14 years ago."

"Yes, I am growing a big girl."

"Yes/no, I do/do not like school."—C. May, Dalkeith, W.A.

Expensive to ski

THERE are many teenage skiing enthusiasts who find the high cost of a snow holiday in Australia prohibitive. It costs a fortune to spend three or four days skiing.

Throughout Europe there are hundreds of youth hostels which accommodate teenagers for only a few shillings a day. Is there some way a similar system could be introduced in the Southern Alps for young people? — Leo van Biene, Collaroy, N.S.W.

Our stamps

THE introduction of decimal currency will create an excellent opportunity for the Post Office to issue a series of definitive stamps approaching an international standard. We have only to compare our present drably

monochromatic issues with those of New Zealand or Guinea to realise the impression that must be created abroad.

Surely Australia's flora and fauna merit full-color representation. Dull browns, blues and greens bring out none of the beauties they try to present. — Laurence MacYarrambat, Vic.

Long nails

WHY do teachers have to be so strict on finger nails? I agree that nail-polish looks quite ridiculous in school uniform, but I fail to see why schoolgirls should have long fingernails so long as they are well cared for.

Girls of our own age have left school have long nails, and their nails do not interfere with THEIR work. — K. Moreing, Bega, N.S.W.

Party . . .

MOST overseas visitors to Australia are surprised by the "segregation" of the sexes at social functions.

Australia is the only country in the world where cultured people are so conspicuously anti-social, and there are many theories to account for it. Mine throws the blame on the early pioneers, who, due to the isolation, rarely saw anyone to talk to. When they did they found it more relaxing to talk man to man, and woman to woman. Hence the custom which still exists today, even though there is reason for it.

If a girl or a boy desire to mix with the opposite sex, he or she is immediately branded as a wolf or a flirt. Can't we break the bonds of outmoded tradition and be in line with the rest of the world? — "Anti-Segregationist," Dinningup, W.A.

. . . problems

I OFTEN talk to my mother about her teenage life. Those days girls and boys mixed at parties and dances and girls were only able to dance with their escorts for the first, last, and super dance.

This seems to me far better than the system today, when you have to stay with your escort the whole night, never meeting any new, eligible boys. What do other readers think? — "Want a Change," Malvern, Vic.

Adults begin it

TEENAGERS are a class apart, and unique, though they don't act like it, letting other people do their thinking for them. After all, it is adults who make fashion fads, and hit records, and so on. The teenagers are on the receiving end.—Peter Young, Collie, W.A.

ROAD SAFETY CONTEST RULES

Continued from page 73

Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries in which there is any erasure or illegibility or which are received after closing time, will be disqualified, and all entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

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The result as published shall be a condition of entry to accept such result as final and binding. No correspondence will be entered into on any interview granted. It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements resulting therefrom (whether mentioned in the conditions or not) shall be final and binding on all competitors and that every entry and agreement or transaction entered into or made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are binding in honor only.

Billy J. Kramer likes simple life

• Nobody knows what the "J" in his name stands for, but millions of disc buyers all over the world know Billy J. Kramer as one of the most outstanding teenage stars to emerge from Liverpool since The Beatles.

It comes as no surprise to discover that the man behind Billy is the incredible Brian Epstein, whose magic touch in creating stars like The Beatles and Gerry and Cilla Black has amazed and confounded the disc world.

Billy has been recording for only two years, yet during that time he has notched up an impressive disc success and his fan club is fast reaching the 20,000 mark.

His first release was the Lennon-McCartney number "Do You Want to Know a Secret," and it shot the unknown Billy right into the limelight. He also used Beatles compositions for his follow-ups, "I'll Keep You Satisfied" and "Bad To Me," and the results were just as spectacular.

Billy's most recent disc was the American song "Little Children," and it aroused so much interest in America that Ed Sullivan called Brian Epstein an immediate offer for Billy and his accompanying group, The Dakotas, to appear on his New York television show.

In Britain the song went to No. 1 spot within two weeks of release and earned yet another Silver Disc for Billy.

Billy's real name is William Ashton and he has come a long way since the days when he worked as a fitter in a British Railways workshop by day and sang in Liverpool clubs in the evenings.

He now earns around £20,000 a year and from a weekly salary of over £40, which he hardly ever spends. Like the rest of the teen idols his earnings are invested for the future. After The Beatles, Billy is probably Epstein's hottest property, but Billy remembers the time when stardom was just a dream in the mind of a 12-year-old.

"I used to spend Saturday afternoons working at guitars in the Liverpool music shop," Billy said. "At Christmas one year I had saved enough to buy my first. It cost

£4 and I began playing with groups whenever I could."

Billy's early days as a guitarist are a dim memory now, but he played in most of the clubs and coffee bars that gave The Beatles and Gerry their first taste of show business.

When schooldays were over Billy had to decide what to do, either carry on trying to make some kind of living out of playing guitar or get a steady job. He decided to compromise and took a job with British Railways.

But as soon as work ended Billy tore home to change and get out to the clubs. It was in one of them that he had a fateful meeting with Brian Epstein. He still hasn't forgotten the result of that meeting and the moment when he decided to stake all on the faith that Brian Epstein had in him.

His parents took the news with a calm understanding. The man Billy really feared was his boss at the workshop:

"When I went in to tell him I was leaving to become a singer I felt terrible. I thought he'd call me stupid or get angry, but he just shook my hand and wished me luck. I'd stuck it there for four years and hated it most of the time, although it was a steady job with good prospects. But I'd always wanted to be in show business."

Billy is a tall, fair-haired lad with film-star looks and stocky physique. His teeth are pearly white and his voice is the hard nasal sound of the Merseysider. He speaks bluntly, yet laughs easily. Like most of the Mersey lads, he seldom sees the city that gave him his start.

Big debt to fans

"We don't get home much these days," he said. "When we do it's for hours rather than days because the fans are always hanging around. Usually they're well behaved and pleasant and I maintain that the way they behave depends on how they're treated. I always try to be helpful to mine because I owe them a great deal."

Billy also owes a great deal to the group that backs him on stage and on his records, The Dakotas. They're a Manchester group who built up a big reputation there before moving to Liverpool.

Each one comes from a very different background. Tony Mansfield, the 20-year-old drummer, decided to take up the sticks after watching Ringo Starr playing at a holiday camp. Mike Maxfield, 19, was brought up on Gilbert and Sullivan and began playing piano at the age of seven. Later he turned to the guitar. Lead guitarist Robin MacDonald comes from Scotland and always wanted to be an architect.

On tour Billy is a big hit with the girls, who flock around the stage doors hoping to catch a glimpse of their idol. He doesn't have a steady girl-friend and holds out little hope of getting one.

He said, "I don't like girls who are fabulous lookers. I prefer them shy and reserved. But where can I get to know girls like that? It takes time to do that and time is something I haven't got at the moment. When on tour all you see is hotel walls and the stage. You sometimes don't know whether you're in America or Germany. But I mustn't grumble because I'm doing what I always wanted to do and there must be plenty who envy me."

"I'm a company now," Billy said, "but I still haven't got a car or a house. I'd like a car, but it doesn't have to be anything flash like a sports car. My clothes are pretty reserved and that's the way I'd keep my car."

"What I'd really like is to buy Mum and Dad a house so that Dad could stop work at the docks, but I don't think they'd know what to do with themselves if they moved from our street. I don't get there often now, but it's still home, you know."



BILLY'S STAR —AND YOU...

BILLY J. KRAMER was born on August 19, 1943, under Leo (July 22 to August 21) — the sign that produces people whose object is to bring happiness and benefit to others. In this, Billy is entirely typical. His aims are so high that I have to tell him they may take some time to achieve.

Leo people are extremely frank and open — sometimes those who are less so find this irritating.

Billy's job means a great deal to him — much more than most in his position. But a word of warning! He should beware of suggestions to team with another as performers. It would be a bad mistake. I predict that he will be hitting the headlines strongly this month.

I predict that he will have a record at No. 2 or No. 3 in October and top the charts next February.

Do you share Leo with Billy...

Have you noticed how people seem to talk and talk when you're around? Hardly giving you a chance to get a word in edgeways? That's your big fault. You're extremely sympathetic, very faithful, and just a bit too generous. That's why people find you such a marvellous listener! You're capable of feeling very deeply for others.

Leo types make good organisers, public relations officers, doctors, and managers. I predict that an obstacle at work will play you, but you'll overcome it.

I predict that you may be tempted to overextend. — MAURICE WOODRUFF



BANDSTAND

How the hit parade charts are decided

● How do the radio stations decide what goes into their pop charts?

SOME stations—I'm making Sydney an example—survey selected stores in the city and the metropolitan area. They vary the stores on a rotating schedule each week so that the stores don't know when they will be contacted. They then check the information received from the record companies, saying which are their best-sellers, against the sales in the stores. They also carry out weekly independent surveys among the public.

Another station rings 17, say, of the biggest record distribution stores in the Sydney area each week and

bases its chart exclusively on sales.

Some stations who don't have a survey determine their hits by looking at a record's progress in overseas charts and overseas trade magazines.

Naturally, the nearest to accurate is the one with the greatest number of sources and one which covers the widest cross-section of the industry.

But it is still as impossible to compile a 100 per cent. accurate chart as it is to know the exact number of people listening to a radio station or watching a TV show.

Some recording artists sell

as many as half their discs in country areas. Because of this they would have difficulty making a showing on the city charts. And if they don't make the charts, their records aren't recognised as hits.

So next time you look at a pop chart, consider the fact that the record you like might be a hit, after all.

* * *

THERE is talk that a record you can partly EAT may soon be on the market! Metronome Records, in Hamburg, Germany, have made inquiries in the U.S. for information on the subject. It involves a silver foil wrapper which can be used to wrap candy bars. You eat the candy, then play the foil on your record-player.

* * *

TOP albums around at the moment . . .

"Della Reese At Basin Street East" (R.C.A. stereo): One of the world's favorite singers is in top form — especially with a number that has become closely identified with her, "You Came A Long Way From St. Louis."

"Edith Piaf" (R.C.A.): This is a classic collection of best-loved songs by the most French of French singers, who died last year after an incredible life moving between mass adulation and personal heartbreak and ill-health.

"Kissin' Cousins," Elvis Presley (R.C.A.): Not by any means his best album, but this is a must for fans of the King. It features material from his new film, in which he plays dual roles, one as Josh, the Army lieutenant, the other as Jody, the blond-haired country boy. At one stage "both Presleys" appear on the screen at the same time singing the title song.

This is known as split-screen technique. Each Presley is filmed separately, then the two halves joined together by a method known as optical printing. It's a fairly simple operation, but its success depends on how skilfully the job is done so that no join is seen.

The same set is used with one character standing in one half, which is filmed, then the "twin" character is filmed standing in the other half of the set. The camera mustn't move, otherwise the background would appear to jump. When the process is completed it looks

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

AL MARTINO . . . booked for Sydney.

like two people standing in the same room.

You might remember this split-screen technique was used in "The Parent Trap," in which Hayley Mills played twins.

* * *

AL MARTINO will appear in Sydney for four weeks, starting on November 2. It doesn't look as though he will get to Melbourne this trip, as he wants to be home for Christmas.

Wayne Newton, previously scheduled to sing in Sydney in November, will now open on September 14.

* * *

ONE of the best musicals of all time — "My Fair Lady" — is still going strong after eight and a half years.

Now look out for a big comeback in the record field. To coincide with the release in October of the film, starring Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn, new albums featuring Ferrante and Teicher, Nat King Cole, The Kirby Stone Four, and R.C.A.'s Living Voices and Strings are being released.

There will be a jazz version by Andre Previn, a middle-of-the-road version by Percy Faith, another vocal by Andy Williams and Sammy Kaye. And, to top it all, Columbia will re-release the original cast album.

* * *

A MINIATURE radio has been developed in New York, half the size of a sugar cube. Probably the newest status symbol in the States will soon be "wearing" your radio — in necklaces, brooches, cufflinks, or attached by chain to your watch.

* * *

THE HIT musical "Oliver!" is still in its fourth year in America and continues to play to capacity houses, as does the Anthony Newley musical "Stop The World, I Want To Get Off."

Meanwhile, Newley and Leslie Bricusse have just finished their second musical, which is called "The Roar Of The Greasepaint — The Smell Of The Crowd."

BY

Duan Henderson



ROUND ROBIN

SPEAK TO HERR OF LOVE!

● If love makes the world go round, things will be pretty much at a standstill soon in East Germany and Cuba.

IN East Germany recently a new dictionary accidentally omitted the word "love."

And, in Cuba, an advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist told a girl Castro revolutionary that she should drop her anti-Castro boyfriend.

The girl described herself as a "militant" of the Castro's United Socialist party but said that her boyfriend was a Gusano.

("Gusano," meaning "worm" in Cuba, is the name given by Fidel to opponents.)

The deletion of "love" from the dictionary will make things tough for future East German romances.

"You never tell me you — me," a forlorn fraulein will complain.

"I can't," the young man will have to counter, "there's no such word."

"You just don't — me, that's all," the lass will sob.

"But I DO — you. Listen (singing): '— Is a Many-Splendored Thing!'"

East Germans will probably even have to listen to songs such as The Beatles' "Can't Buy Me —"

The Cuban edict poses problems for young — there, too.

When a boy asks a girl out to a party she will doubtless have to say: "Which party—United Socialist or Gusano?"

It might be all right for a pretty Cuban girl to pick and choose.

Even then a Beatle-loving Gusano should have all over a square United Socialist.

It's simply a matter of choice between Lenin and Lenin.

Unattractive girls will probably take what they can get.

In which case, it will be the old story of the burly "bird" catching the "worm."

— Robin Adams



MUDSPATTERED, but unharmed, Col Joye grins as he leaves the track at Windsor Speedway, N.S.W., after spinning and crashing out of a stock car race recently.

THE CLASSICS

SIBELIUS: First Symphony

SIBELIUS wrote his first symphony in 1899 at the age of 35; it is a work that belongs essentially to the 19th century and to the romantic Nationalist movement, though in it Sibelius already shows signs of the lonely individuality that characterises his later symphonies.

At present those later works are unjustifiably neglected in concert programmes and recording lists, but the first two symphonies hold their places in the repertoire by virtue of their emotional richness and drama.

These qualities are brought out (even, perhaps, a little over-emphasised) in a dynamic performance of the first symphony by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under conductor Lorin Maazel, recently released by Decca.

Sibelius' music of this period is imbued with his love of his native Finland, though in the Symphony there are no obvious "nationalisms" such as the use of folk melodies. This disc is filled out with a minor orchestral work of more distinctly patriotic purpose — the Karelia Suite, originally written for an historical pageant in 1892.—MARTIN LONG.

Christine Eustrakides, the star mannequin in Castillo's Paris fashion house this season, is the envy of all French teenagers — for she is only 14.

Christine is a Paris top mannequin at 14

SHE is the youngest mannequin ever to model for a top Paris designer and her career as a photographer's pet is assured. She was a great success at showings lately.

The fact that Antonio del Castillo chose her does not mean, however, that he is planning to design his clothes for the teenage group.

Christine indeed looks very much older than her years. She is tall, slender, but immature, and has enormous slanting green eyes. When made-up and with her hair raised in a neat high chignon, Christine easily passes for 20.

She uses a soft but natural eye make-up and a very pale rose lipstick so that she will lose none of her childlike freshness.

Christine uses make-up only when she is modelling, however, and usually wears

her hair in the long, straight bob so popular with Paris teenagers.

She had been hoping for a chance like this ever since she was four years old and modelled children's clothes for a season.

Mag, who was a friend of Lucky, the famous Paris mannequin who died last year, now runs the mannequins' school founded by Lucky, and is also a friend of Christine's mother, and it was she who introduced Christine to Castillo.

Christine is a true Parisienne. She was born in Paris, as were her mother and her grandmother. Her father is Greek.

Her parents have agreed to let her model for Castillo on condition that she continues her studies and passes her exams.

"I am having private tuition, however," she said, "because I really cannot face being a schoolgirl any longer, and also it is difficult to fit in modelling with the school term."

ISLAND IS "MANE" LAND TO GLENDA

WHEN Glenda Bayly, of Stradbroke Island, Queensland, enters her teens next year, she will have a lot of fun with her horse, Swaggie.

Glenda will leave her 111 mates at the island school at Dunwich and enter Clayfield College, Brisbane, as a boarder. Her elder sister, Anne, is already there.

"But on holidays I'll rush back to Swaggie and gallop the days," she said. "Swaggie is a dapple grey, five years old, and stands 16 hands high, and is very special to me."

"You see, for many years I longed for a horse, and I saved my pocket-money to buy one. We couldn't get a suitable one on the island, so I gave up the chase and bought a wrist-watch instead."

Then a friend, whose

home is also on the island, came back from his school at Warwick and brought Swaggie to the island with him. When he went back to school I took care of Swaggie. Then, to my great joy, he decided to sell him to me."

Glenda's pocket-money had all gone on the watch, but she coaxed a loan from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Bayly, and Swaggie was hers.

"It is great fun to gallop across the golf course," said Glenda. "I love riding through the bush, too, and over to the ocean side of the island. Sometimes I take Swaggie in for a dip. We swim about together, and Swaggie enjoys it."

"I have had him two years now. He is my best friend, and I hate the thought of leaving him behind, but I can't very well take a horse to college."



GLENDA BAYLY on Swaggie

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 9, 1964

By
Marcelle Poirier

Christine's mother allows her to go out only twice a week, and she has to be home, like Cinderella, before midnight.

When she does go out it is usually to spend a few hours

"ICE-BREAKER" CONTEST RESULTS in next week's issue

with friends in a St. Germain des Pres cafe named Le Bilboquet.

Here the young people talk about sports cars, new

discs, clothes — and, of course, boy-friends — while they sip soft drinks.

In spite of her apparent maturity, Christine is still a typical teenager. Castillo shudders when he sees her munching enormous sandwiches (she has a voracious appetite), and he fears that she won't be able to get into her clothes when they are ready.

Christine, however, assures him that she can eat anything and not gain an ounce.

"If I needed to I could be careful," she says, "because I am determined to be a good mannequin. Lucky once told me that if I wanted to succeed I must be proud of my profession and work hard at it."

CHRISTINE models an organdie afternoon coat from Castillo's summer collection.



Beauty in Brief:

PRELUDE TO SLEEPING

REALLY sound sleep is the natural foundation of all good looks and it's a wise girl who makes sure she gets her share of it. One nice way is to take a warm bath that is oatmeal-softened and violet-scented as a prelude to sleep. It unwinds the tensions, sets the mood for relaxation. Then add to its pleasure by climbing into a pretty nightgown and fresh sheets, and lay your head on pillows that have been lightly scented. No need to copy the minx who said that the only thing SHE ever wore at night was a little Chanel Number Five, but why not a touch of perfume, too, just for the sheer glamour of it? A small perfume sachet tucked between pillow and pillow-case will do the trick.

—CAROLYN EARLE.

His job really keeps Ross on his toes

● Ross Coleman, 15, stands about 5ft. 3in. —but he's a big man in the dance world.

ROSS, of Undercliffe, N.S.W., teaches dancing to about 60 pupils (including three ballet teachers and about 25 Sydney models) and does the musical and choreography arrangements for a young dance team.

"I guess I do lead quite a busy life," said Ross. "I also have to go to seven dancing and one or two piano lessons myself and practise whenever I can."

"And sometimes I dance in television and stage shows. I have made a few TV commercials, too."

He has danced 21 times on TCN9's "Comedy Capers," a children's show, and last year he made a guest appearance on "The Lorraine Desmond Show."

Ross left school last Christmas and is now a full-time dance student. He learns classical and jazz ballet and tap dancing.

Ross started learning dancing when he was five.

When he was eight Ross played one of the babes in "Babes in the Wood" with Patsy Ann Noble and Robyn



ROSS COLEMAN

Alvarez before they became stars. He also played the juvenile lead in the musical "Music Man" in Sydney when he was eleven.

His brother Barry, 13, who played "Noddy," is also a dancer and a budding actor. He has already played the juvenile leads in the stage shows "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Sail Away."

Barry and two sisters—Diane and Deborah Meadows, 13 and 11 respectively—formed their own dance group, The Topcats,

last year and have appeared more than 20 times on "Comedy Capers."

"I do their choreography and musical arrangements," said Ross.

For the past eight months Ross has held two dancing lessons every week. On Saturdays he teaches ballet and tap to 25 children and on Mondays holds a class for ten, including three ballet teachers.

"The dancing teachers probably know much more than I do, but they come to limber up once a week," he said.

And last month Ross began teaching jazz ballet in a Sydney model agency and holds six lessons a week for about 25 pretty models who take lessons two or three times a week.

When he was 12 Ross won the Enrico Cechetti Medal, an annual award for classical ballet.

"I'm supposed to be the only boy in Australia to have won it," he said. "Girls usually take all the places."

Ross earns about £15 a week from his teaching and he doesn't want to take a full-time job.

"I'd like a part-time job, but I don't want jobs to interfere with my study."

Ross' "greatest thrill ever" was to meet his hero, famous dancer Rudolf Nureyev, in Sydney last April. Ross was taken to a backstage party for Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn by his classical ballet teacher, Valerie Tweedy.

WEDDING COST GROUP £3000

THE SEARCHERS calculate that they lost about £3000 because of the recent wedding of their guitarist, John McNally, to Mary Hollywood, 20, in Liverpool. The money would have come from bookings they cancelled to let the couple snatch a few days' honeymoon.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

She's a nail biter

"NOT only do I chew my nails but also the quicks around them, and consequently my hands look awful. I am nearly 16 and I am going steady. When my boyfriend holds my hand he runs his fingers over my nails, which don't even reach the end of my fingers. I'm afraid of losing him. Can you tell me where I could purchase a set of false fingernails and how much they cost?"

"The Chomper," N.S.W.

Bitten-down nails do look awful, but why not try to remedy your own before going to the expense of buying false ones.

Set yourself on a no-nail-biting campaign.

Wear gloves whenever possible; paint your nails with bitter aloes; keep an emery board with you all

the time and file away every little roughness. IMMEDIATELY it occurs; pin magazine pictures of beautiful hands on your bedroom wall; and, if you can, have a regular fortnightly appointment with a manicurist.

If you must invest in false fingernails they can be obtained from most major department stores and should not cost more than about £1.

After the ball

"A T dances sometimes boys ask me if they can take me home. I am nearly 14. I have always managed to get out of it because they have never asked me directly but give hints. But if one boy gets really serious one night, how should I tell him that I can't go home with him?"

"Worried," W.A.

You are too young to allow boys to escort you home, and even, I feel to be going to dances.

But when a boy does ask if he can take you home, simply tell him that you have promised your parent not to go home with a boy until you are older and that you must go home with the girlfriend who accompanied you to the dance.

Physique complex

"I AM an 18-year-old boy, weigh 84 stone, and stand 5ft. 3in. in shoes. I have no physique at all, and worst of all, no girlfriends. I have never even kissed a girl. I am a student at university, and when I go to dances I see all the girls dancing away merrily with some great husky footballer and I can read their minds when I come up to ask them for a dance. They shudder inside. I could never ask a girl out since I know that she would rather be with some of her idols and not a tiny little runt like me. I seem to get along O.K. with my boyfriends and have plenty of them. I mix well with the crowd, but when girls come on the scene I look at my friends' fine physiques and realise I don't stand a chance."

"Anxious," Qld.

If you think that every girl goes overboard for the husky, muscle-headed footballer type, then you have a lot to learn about women.

Girls go for personality, kindness and intelligence.

The biggest hurdle you have to jump is your own inferiority complex. DON'T walk up to a girl convinced that she is going to "shudder" at the sight of you.

Talk to her because you genuinely want to find out about her—think of her and not yourself.

If you get along well with boys and the rest of the crowd, I feel you probably have a very pleasant personality just waiting to be discovered by someone who is fed up with the conceited he-men you think most girls idolise.

But if you think it's going to help you feel surer of yourself, then why not improve your physique?

Most gymnasiums have body-building classes for boys with the very same problem.

Clothes clash

"WE are three girls at boarding-school, and one of our friends who is terribly fat insists on wearing very tight purple slacks with an orange jumper. We are afraid to tell her that she wears clashing clothes as we fear she might be color blind and might get upset. We are doing this for her benefit and hope you can advise us."

"Dress Sense," W.A.

Robbie Burns hit the nail on the head when he wished for the girls "to see ourselves as others see us."

Your girlfriend probably thinks she looks very dashing in her purple pants and orange jumper, and you must help her see the light as gently as possible.

Admire clothes on other girls that you think would suit her.

Have a wardrobe-planning session one afternoon with clothes belonging to all of you.

Plan outfits which "go," and when your girlfriend's turn comes around discourage her if she starts putting horrifying combinations together.

Say things like "that looks as bad as orange and purple together" or "yes, those slacks might be nice on a terribly skinny girl."

Let's hope she gets the message.

Is there a chance?

"WE are four very attractive girls and we are all in love with this married man in our office. We can't concentrate on our work and it has caused a terrible misunderstanding between us, as we used to get on so well together. We are all waiting on the day he decides on one of us. We think he is unhappy because he never talks about his family to us like he did once. Do you think there is a chance for one of us?"

"Frustrated Four," N.S.W.

No, I don't.

And, furthermore, I don't wonder that this poor man seems unhappy with four go-getters like you hanging on his every word.

Leave him alone, and when you are in the office concentrate on your work.

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pure
Irish
Linen

it's lovely
it lasts

Baking away your "blues"

By JENNY IRVINE

● You're madly in love, having a whirlwind romance—then suddenly it's over. The phone stops ringing; he stops visiting; it's the end of the world. What do you do?

BAKE your "blues" away with this well-tested recipe . . .

Ingredients:

- One day of solitude.
- A group of girl-friends.
- Batch of his photographs, letters, and all mementoes he left you.
- Family photograph album.
- Your "life savings."
- A bubble bath.
- Pencil and paper.
- Four or five interests.

Method:

● Take your day of solitude and use it! Your pride has taken a terrible beating. Don't be ashamed to cry, scream, throw a tantrum. Ease your feelings. Spend the day in "mourning."

● Ring your girl-friends—mix them all together. Spend an afternoon with them. Tell them your troubles and get HIM off your chest. Girl-friends are tireless listeners—they've been through this, too, and know you'll be listening to them some day.

Another thing—they're right on your side. Your ill-treatment becomes something to revel in—you'll happily agree, with tears in your eyes, as they say, "He's so cruel" . . . "He's just not worth worrying about" . . . "Who does he think HE is to act like that—especially with those ears!" . . .

● Take all the photographs, letters, and

everything that reminds you of him and get rid of them. Screw them up, burn them, have a bonfire, or store them in the bank until you are able to look at them and laugh—"How could I have liked HIM?"

● Take out the family photograph album and look through the pictures of you from babyhood until now. You never knew him when you were six years old . . . you were happy then . . . you got by without him for years. You can get by without him now.

● With your "life savings" (any amount will do) go out and buy yourself something . . . a new hairdo . . . a dress . . . those darling red patent shoes that are impractical but make you feel good . . . gold eye shadow . . . a black silk, lace-edged sleeping mask—anything that makes you feel GOOD.

● Now it's time for your bubble bath. Your mother's bath salts and bath oil would help, too. Just lie in the bath for hours and hours—imagine you're Cleopatra. You'll feel wonderful and what's more you'll look wonderful after such treatment.

You'll be able to look at your face in the mirror and say, "Poor HIM. He didn't know what he was doing when he walked out. Me—I could have anyone." Once you've convinced your reflection that you're "tops"—convince yourself.



● Take a pencil and paper and write down the name of every man you know. Your brother's friends, the butcher, the paper boy—don't exclude anyone. You should have at least 40 names. See—HE'S not the only man in your life—there are plenty more.

● Now it's time to use your interests. Get among people and forget yourself. Do anything that keeps you occupied, interested, and fascinated.

You're well on the road to recovery.

HOME & FAMILY

Suddenly it's Spring!

ISSUE



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Spring in the garden—planting for colour—Gay blinds to make—Spring-cleaning Tips that count—Luxury Look, low-cost Project Homes—Spring Painting hints.

FAMILY HEALTH:

When a husband drinks too much

H102

Page 79



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